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MISSILE

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"The Ultimate Weapon" by HANSON W. BALDWIN

MARCH 16, 1956 • FIFTEEN CENTS



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March 16, 1956

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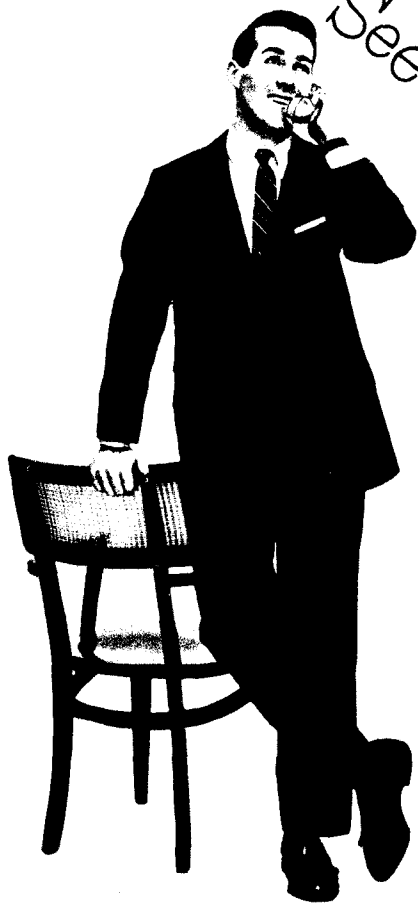
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Collier's

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How good are **your** teeth ?

Only circus performers, like the one shown here, risk life and limb by using their teeth. Nevertheless, good teeth are mighty important to all of us . . . and we should prize them as much as the aerialist whose lofty feats prove how strong and durable the teeth can be.

Your teeth deserve good care for many reasons. They aid in maintaining general health, for unless food is chewed properly, it cannot be easily digested for the body's nourishment. Healthy teeth also make us look more attractive; help us speak clearly and distinctly. Moreover, as anyone who has experienced the pain of a toothache will testify, good teeth contribute a lot to comfort.

Yet, almost none of us escape dental troubles. The magnitude of this problem is shown by these findings from the American Dental Association:

1. Too many Americans have lost half of their natural teeth by age 40.
2. The number of cavities occurring in the teeth of children between 6 and 18 years old runs into the

millions—all of which should be treated.

Fortunately, dental discoveries of great value to children have been made in recent years. For instance, authorities believe that direct applications of the chemical sodium fluoride to a child's teeth may prevent as much as 40 percent of the cavities that otherwise would be expected to occur.

Because early dental care is so important, authorities recommend that visits to the dentist should start around age three. While little or no treatment may be needed at this age, it is a good idea simply to let the child become acquainted with the dentist. This is because the first visit, if made pleasant and interesting, can give the child a favorable attitude toward dental care that may last for the rest of his life.

Adults should also see the dentist regularly . . . at least twice a year. His examination, including X-ray studies when necessary, can reveal hidden trouble such as an abscess at the roots of an apparently healthy tooth . . . or a small break, no larger than a pinprick, which can be the start of decay. If these and other unhealthy conditions of the teeth and gums

are not treated early, they may lead to premature loss of teeth . . . to say nothing of costly and extensive care.

Today, many dental procedures have been vastly improved. New anesthetics, for instance, are now used to deaden pain and they seldom cause unpleasant after-effects. Even the dental drill has been modernized. The techniques of making and fitting bridges and dentures has also become such a fine art that wearers soon cease to be conscious of them.

The big job of preserving the teeth and gums also depends largely on good daily care, including regular brushing and proper diet. Care of the gums is particularly important because healthy gums affect both general health and good appearance. In fact, good daily care, coupled with regular dental check-ups, can greatly increase the chances of keeping most of one's teeth throughout life.

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Appointment with O’HARA

By **JOHN O’HARA**



IT IS always a dangerous thing to put the label, Artist, on a man whose work you admire. In your enthusiasm for his work you may be doing him quite the opposite of a favor. After a man has been called an artist often enough (or too often), he begins to think he can do no wrong; that his entire work is Art and thus instinctively and automatically right, above criticism, and capable of understanding only by the elect. I’m afraid that’s especially true about comedians. I suspect it would have taken much less persuasion than he got to convince Chaplin that he was an artist, but what he got was enough to change him from what he was to what he is: from the master of his work to an arrogant little man.

That’s why I hesitate to say in print what I frequently say in private: that Jackie Gleason is an artist of the first rank. When you call a man an artist you are likely to be asked why, and asked to say what an artist is. And there, as they say on Broadway, you may be in a little trouble. A satisfactory definition of art has been baffling the creative and the critical for centuries, which does not keep me from trying, but does give me an out if I fail. Like other men who attempted to define art, I can avoid committing myself to a definition, but permit myself to state a few of the characteristics of art.

One of them is that an artist puts his own personal stamp on all his mature work, making his handling of his material uniquely his own. But of course that is not the all-inclusive or all-exclusive definition of art; there are plenty of performers who put a personal signature, so to speak, on their material without ever qualifying as artists. I believe we must concede that originality of treatment is an absolute essential, since there are no new plots and, when you go basic, no new characters. But by the time Gleason gets through with his treatment of the bombastic, sentimental, universally frail bus driver, he has created something. And of course where he is lucky is in the fact that millions of people who don’t give a damn about art have been quick to recognize a creation. The country as a whole would be in a bad way if we didn’t somehow know how good Ralph Kramden is, a character that we might be getting from Mr. Dickens if he were writing for TV. (And before we all get carried away, let me say that nobody has to stop writing when he gets to be as good as Dickens. Dickens was good, but he was not the final, supreme best. There is no writer, present or past, who is the final, supreme best.)

I offer one more characteristic of art and the artist: when everybody agrees on the artist or his work, brother, he’s dead. And it doesn’t make any difference when he was born.

I am hopeful, therefore, that I can make these random remarks about Gleason and his art without their having any damaging effect. An artist in Gleason’s racket gets enough adverse criticism to keep him in line, and right now he has a whole network trying to put him out of business—NBC, of course, not CBS.

For the millions who have been awaiting my remarks on the Como-Gleason simultaneous broadcast situation, here is my attitude: I can hear Como any old time, but when I miss a Gleason show I’ve missed it forever. And that’s bad.

★ ★ ★

THE RESPONSE to a few random remarks here recently about motor-ing manners proved, if nothing else, that the auto is here to stay, and, that being the case, I shall from time to time toss out a cultured pearl on the subject.

For this issue I offer a game I’ve invented. On a longish motor trip I find it a pleasant pastime to sentence bad drivers, as though I were a sitting magistrate. For a minor offense I sentence the guy in the black sedan to a week’s suspension of his driver’s license; for major offenses without serious consequences I take away the blue convertible’s license for six months. For major or minor offenses with dangerous implications, suspension

for a year. And so on. It may sound like a rather patronizing game (and it is), but since I started playing it I notice I drive a little more carefully myself, if only because I don’t want to have to banish myself to the company of those other jerks.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE WE GO BROKE spending all that money on highways, it might be a good idea to ask ourselves what the highways are for.

They are for automobiles, yes. But what manner of motorcar? A highway that was constructed in 1936 is still okay for the 1956 car, and was okay for the 1916 car as well. But I hope the engineers and designers who are planning new highways are taking into consideration the fact that the power plants of automobiles are going to get smaller and smaller, until by 1976, if not before, the family vehicle will get all its power from a unit about as big as a pack of cigarettes.

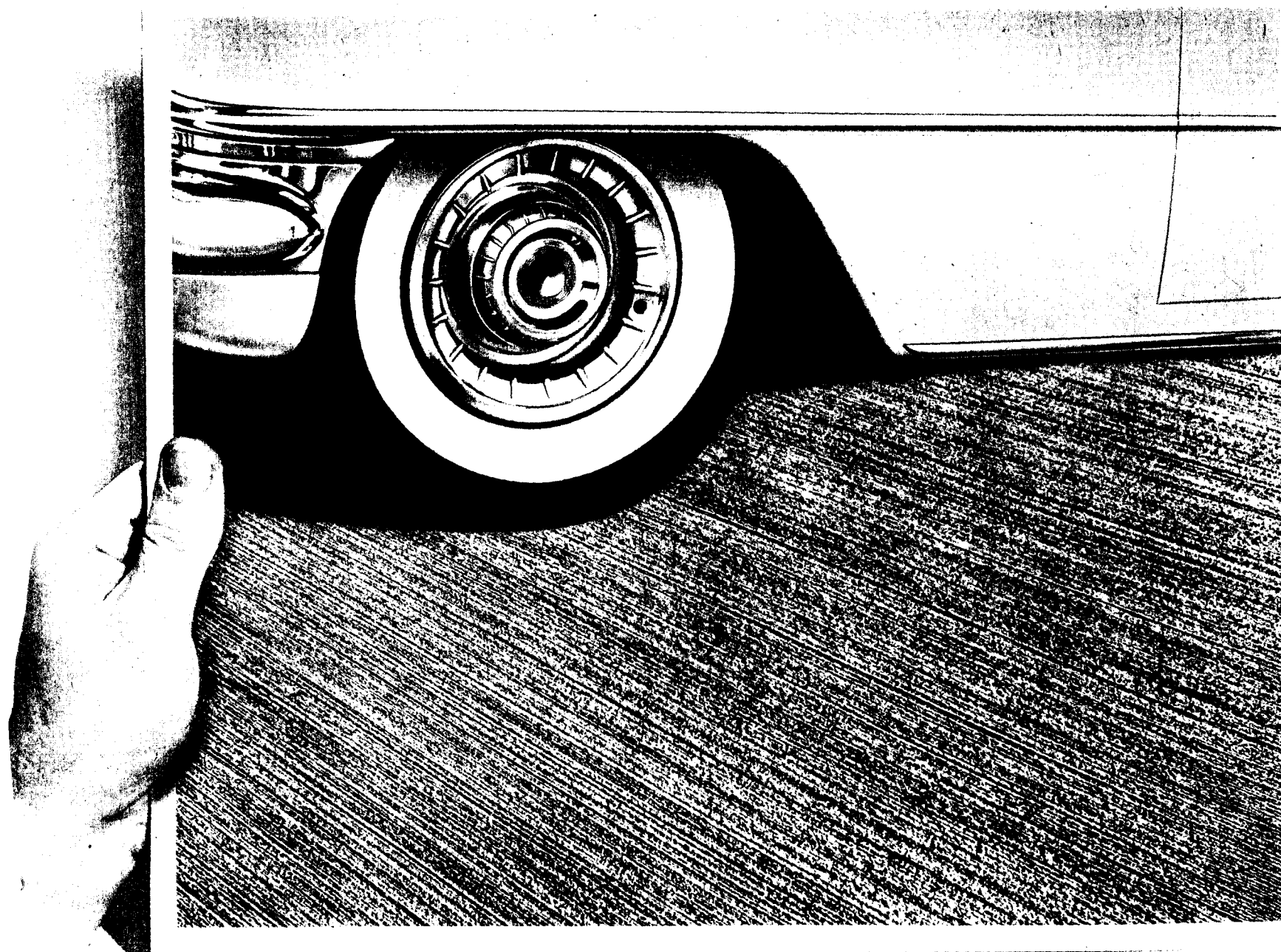
Inevitably cars will get smaller and smaller. The beetle cars that we occasionally see at sports rallies will be the usual thing, and probably a good thing. Our cars today are overbuilt. Too long, too fat. But that’s the car they have in mind when they plan these new highways, or so I infer from the drawings I’ve seen. Those big Locomobiles and Pierces and Wintons were splendid, handsome conveyances, but in those days you had a whole county to park in, and a six-cylinder motor took up most of the space under the hood. There will have to be a whole new conception of body design; it’s on

AL HIRSCHFELD

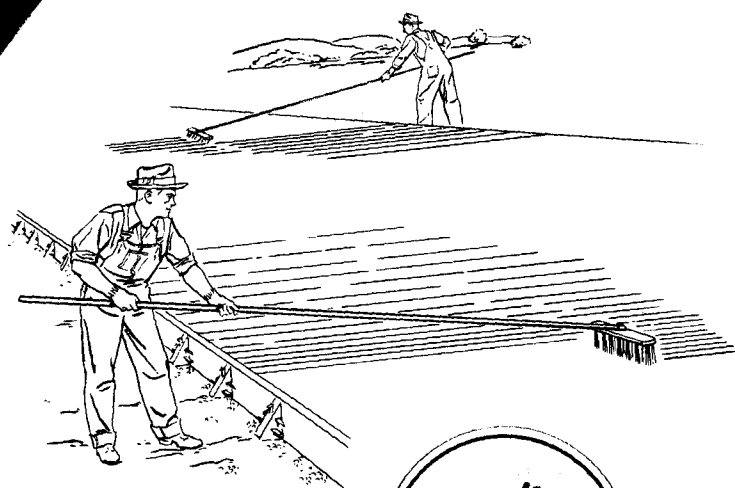


Here is my attitude on the Gleason-Como simultaneous broadcast situation . . .

Collier’s for March 16, 1956



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the way. And we'd better plan our highways accordingly.

Now you may think the highway engineers need no help from a man who never advanced beyond rod-man in an engineering party. And you may be right. But experts make mistakes, too. You probably would not think a chorus girl could have helped the designers of one of the finest theaters in the United States. And yet if they'd shown the blueprints to a chorus girl they'd have saved themselves a lot of money.

You see the architects forgot to put in a dressing room, so the builders had to buy a building across an alley, tunnel the alley, and, I suppose, borrow some make-up to cover their red faces.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I took a trip to the Dominion of Canada, going first to Quebec, then to Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto and home. The itinerary was more or less accidentally chosen: I started at the top and moved downward, and that's how it worked out from the point of view of interest. Short trips are a good idea. From Monday to Monday I visited the leading cities of eastern Canada, and I came away knowing which cities I would like to go back to. I would most like to return to Quebec and I have the least interest in Toronto. I suppose Montreal is the most Canadian city of those I visited, in that it is less U.S. than Toronto and less French than Quebec, but Quebec is a place that I could visit again with profit and pleasure, and if I had happened to visit it, say, twenty-five years ago, I might have stayed there.

The only traffic on the St. Lawrence was that of the ferryboats Cité de Lévis and Cité de Québec, running, obviously, between the larger city and the town across the river. On the night we arrived in Quebec the sturdy Cité de Lévis was caught in the ice for five hours, and I later spent hours watching the two boats as their skippers changed course for each trip. It's only half a mile from one dock to the other, but that five-hour crossing tells a lot about river conditions and how they had to be dealt with. At night the skipper would use his searchlight to pick his spots in the seemingly solid ice, then turn off his lights and rely on the searchlight from the sister ship. But both men had something as valuable as their searchlights and that was their own skill. It's always a pleasure to watch a pro at work.

As soon as we got to our room I learned that the hotel was on DC and had no television, which freed me for other investigations, the first of which was the ferryboat business. But the view from our room was so magnificent that even without the rivermen's show I could have stood at the window endlessly. You get the feeling of gazing at a living topographical map, the St. Lawrence proceeding past the Island of Orleans to the sea, and Europe—France—seems not so far away. We

took a limousine for a tour of the city and France became even closer. The almost universally American cut of the men's suits and overcoats and the Quebec-made shoes took away some, but not much, of the sense that you were only a sleeper-jump from Rochester, New York. Those were not Rochester faces in the semi-drapes or Detroit faces in the two-door sedans.

In Quebec, as in Ottawa, we had a look at democracy at work. It is so much more elaborate to say that you had a look at democracy at work than to say you attended Parliament. In Quebec, where I was not bothered by what they were saying since they were saying it in French, the atmosphere was casual, quite informal, as though a small group of well-to-do gentlemen had come in out of the cold into a comfortable club-room, and were conversing politely on topics of general but not vital interest. The man who was doing most of the talking was Mr. Duplessis, the premier, for when Mr. Duplessis talks, apparently Quebec listens. What I did not understand completely until I read the next day's newspapers was that Mr. Duplessis, in his easygoing, humorous way, was giving the American owners of newsprint plants a rather rough time.

The people who have lived in Quebec through the years and the centuries must have loved the place. The proof is that they have made a city there in spite of the steep hills and the climate of winter, steeper hills than San Francisco's and winters more severe. And while they went about the business of building a city they did so without sacrificing the amenities, or that's my impression. I've never encountered such uniformly good manners, simple common politeness, anywhere else on the North American continent. And come to think of it, on no other continent either. It is a mistake to try to make visitors feel at home; but it is pleasant to be made to feel welcome. I shall have more to say about my trip to the North.

WOMEN, AND MEN, who look to the oversigned for comments on Milady's fashions in clothes are not getting their money's worth this season. Unless I am very much mistaken, which is the case when I am mistaken at all, the 1955-'56 styles have not been provocative in any way you choose to use the word. Indeed, I might even call them non-descript. The hats are only silly, not damned silly. The day clothes are routine. I think there is an elegant simplicity about the evening dresses, simplicity of line, and plenty of chest showing; but instead of freakish design the boys who think up the evening dresses have given the ladies more expensive fabrics.

You know what? The dames have gone Ivy League on us. But I imagine the boys are up to some deviltry for next August. If I hear anything, I'll let you know.

Collier's for March 16, 1956

Good
news,
any way
you
look
at it

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DICK STONE

We discussed marriage and divorce and men. Martha made all her flirtations sound so amusing

A Woman's Place

By CAROL GRACE

ONE late spring evening at a party at the Whittleys', I met Martha Tye. She sat next to me and joined the conversation I was having with Jean Whitley. I was telling Jean about my plans for going to Europe for the summer. I told her how I had bought a suit to travel in—a size too small for me, because it was the model and cost quite a bit less than one that would have fit. Jean suggested that I wear a waist cincher under it. She said that she could practically fit into her little girl's clothes when she wore one.

I told her that I couldn't afford to buy one more thing if I was to have any money left for the trip. Martha said she had two nylon waist cinchers that she never used, and had bought them only because they were so pretty. She insisted that I borrow one for the trip.

In the fall when I came back from Europe I called Martha to tell her that the waist cincher had been laundered and was ready to return to her. I asked her when I could drop it off at her house. She suggested the next evening and asked if I would have dinner with her. She said she had some new records and that it would be just the two of us, and that we'd have a chance to talk.

When she opened the door Martha was wearing black velvet treader pants and a white blouse and bright red, spangled slippers. My heart sank. I was wearing blue jeans and a shirt that had belonged to my ex-husband. We both said at the same time, "Darling, you look wonderful."

"I'm dying to see the children," I said.

She said, "Oh, dear, they've already gone to bed. They're always in bed by seven thirty on school nights."

I said, "I'm sorry I'm late. Mine take so long to organize for the night. I'm always late."

I wasn't thinking about what I was saying. I was looking all around at the big, beautiful white living room, lighted by candles and a lovely fire.

Candy was in candy dishes, cigarettes in cigarette boxes, fruit in a fruit bowl, nuts in silver dishes. The room looked ready for a party or a lover. I couldn't help thinking of the one ash tray and package of cigarettes that I carry all over the house with me, even when I have a friend to dinner.

Martha asked me what I would like to drink and suggested a Martini. I said yes, because I knew that it would be very dry and very cold. She handed me the drink and raised her glass to me and said, "Here's to divorce."

We were both divorced and we each had two children. She lighted a cigarette and the record on the phonograph changed from *Bohème* to the love music from *Tristan and Isolde*.

I thought she was going to settle down for a talk, but she went out of the room and came back with a small silver tray with *pâté* and biscuits. She sat down and asked me about my trip. Halfway through my answer she said she had to see about the dinner.

While she was gone I thought how nice it was that she kept her life going this way, even though she wasn't married, and that tomorrow I'd get busy with my own house and fill up all the cigarette boxes and light the fire and play the phonograph. We ate a casserole of chicken with herbs and had *pot de crème* for dessert. The music had changed to all the tunes from *Carousel*.

I remember the last time I had had a friend for dinner and how, about an hour after she'd arrived, I'd sent out for some Chinese food, and how we'd spent the evening sitting cross-legged on my bed crying and smoking.

I asked Martha where she ate when she was alone. She said she either had dinner on a tray in front of the fire or in the dining room with her children. I thought of how I ate dinner alone, either eating the children's leftovers at the kitchen sink or having a peanut-butter sandwich and a Coke

sitting on the floor in front of the television set.

We had coffee in front of the fire. On the same tray she had bottles of white *crème de menthe*, *chartreuse* and brandy. The music had changed to songs from *Pajama Game*. She said she was going to New York soon to see all the shows. She asked if I'd seen any plays in Europe. I told her I'd been to the *Comédie Française*. She talked about how marvelous it was and asked if I'd seen any English plays. I told her that I had seen *Intimacy* at 8:30. She was reminded of a new Shakespearean recording and put it on the record player.

While it was playing I made my plans. I would start my life again too. I'd make conversation again and live my life with all the nice little things that I had forgotten. I'd be gracious and dressed up. By tomorrow night at this same time, my house would be like this one, and I wouldn't eat dinner at the kitchen sink. I thought how silly it was to think you need a man to keep ice in the ice bucket.

When the record was over I was excited about my plans.

THEN, SOMEHOW, we started a discussion about marriage and divorce and beaux, mostly beaux. Martha said that she barely had time enough for all of her friends and that she had just got rid of a beau who had tried to absorb all her time. She said she had told him that after all she had a home and family and responsibilities. She said that most of the men she knew were really very hard going, and that she'd rather spend a quiet evening at home any time.

She described having dinner with a man she left nameless. She said that he had barely said a word to her all evening and that at the end of the evening he had made a pass at her, not because he liked her but because it was practically a reflex on his part. She said she had burst out laughing and that he never asked her out again.

She talked for a long time about what she called the "I-love-you bit." She went on at great length about how ridiculous it was for a man to say "I love you" simply because he thought you wanted to hear it. I told her I liked a man to say it even if it was a lie, because everything would seem so all wrong without it.

She made all her flirtations seem charming and funny. I tried to trump up some triumph of my own to tell her about. I told her about a mysterious man who kept coming all the way from New York to visit me, and said that I found it more and more difficult to find time to see him. I didn't mention that he was married or that I was in love with him.

By this time I realized that it was rather late and that I'd have to relieve the baby sitter. Martha said she wanted to show me the house.

I saw her son sleeping in a perfect little boy's room, with his clothes all laid out for morning. Her daughter slept in a perfect little girl's room, with a fresh dress ready for morning.

Then I saw her bedroom. There was a big polished brass bed turned down for the night. It had lovely Irish-linen sheets, and there was a challis blanket cover. Her nightgown and robe and slippers were laid out. On the night table at one side of her bed were a lamp and a jug of ice water, a glass, and a bowl of fruit. On the other night table was a pale-blue velvet engagement book and a Meissen-china cup filled with cigarettes and a pale-blue monogrammed book of matches. There were pale-blue shutters at the window. The slats were open, and the moon was shining through. It looked enchanting, and I thought she was marvelous.

I told her that she'd have to come to my house for dinner very soon. As I said it, I pictured my house and how it would look and how I would look and how I was going to feel from now on. Martha was saying something about what a pleasure it was to go to bed and not have to worry about the moods and habits of a husband, when my eyes suddenly struck a small pillow among the big pillows on her bed. It was a tiny, white linen baby pillow and embroidered across it in stitches of pale-blue thread was *No Tears*.

THE END

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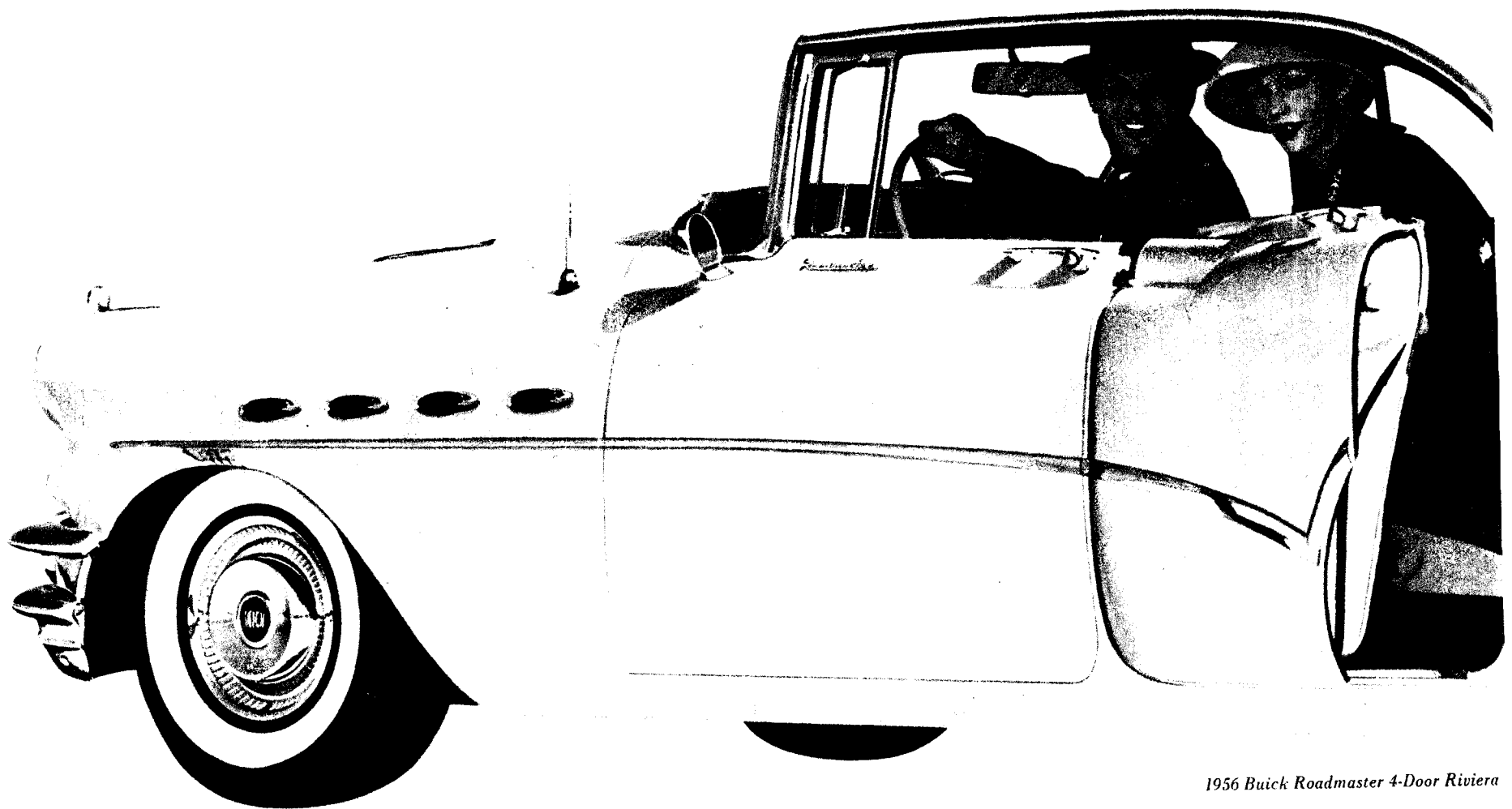
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GENERAL M

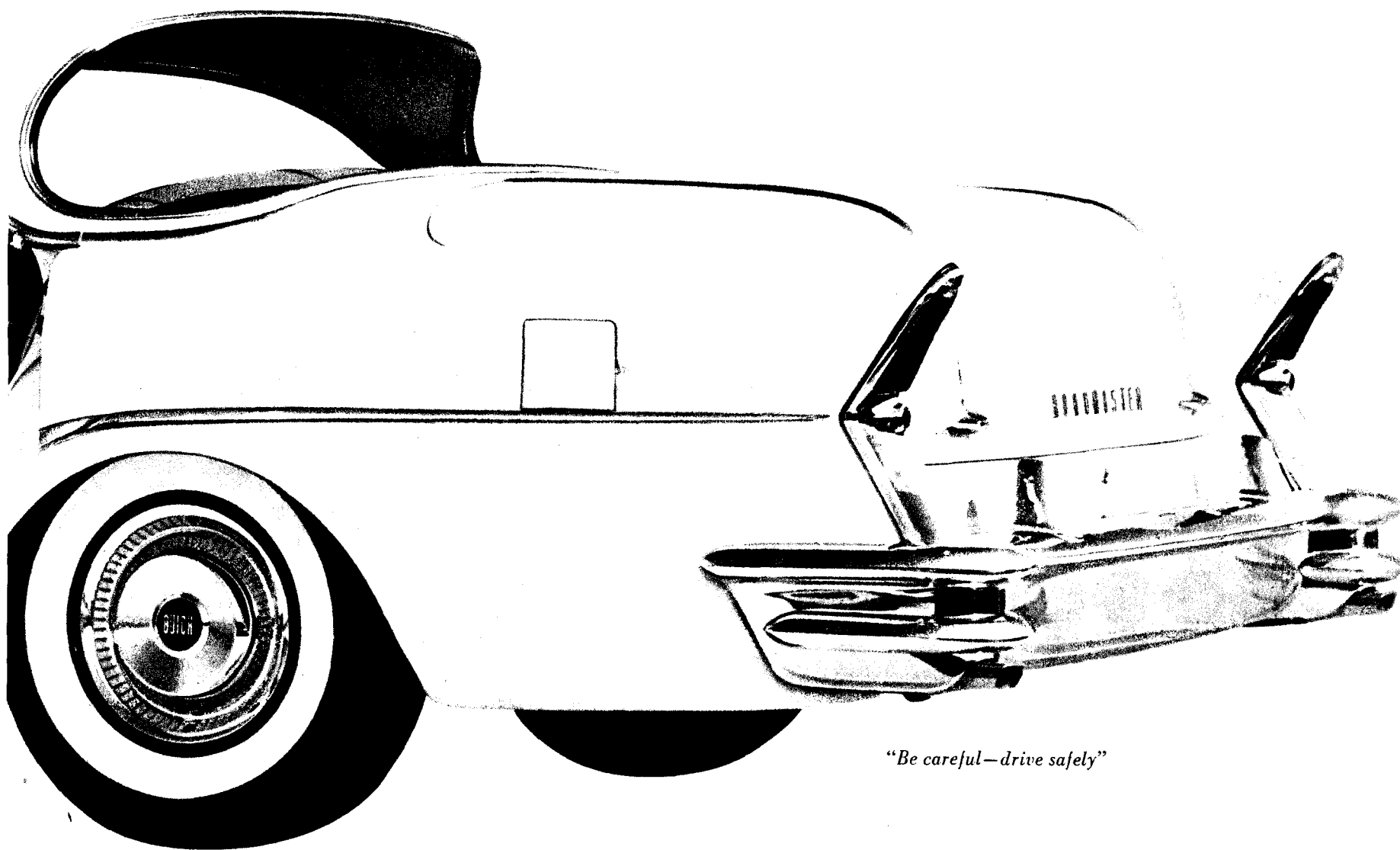
OWN idea -

IT'S PLAIN to see that General Motors designers have stolen another march on the field. Not since they introduced the original hardtop has any body style so completely captured the public's fancy as the new four-door hardtops now available in all GM cars.

No one has to tell you the reason these cars have set the fashion pace. You can see it in their dashing fore-to-aft sweep of roof and body lines unbroken by center window-posts—and by the way they combine sedan roominess and ease of entrance with an entirely new American concept of functional beauty.

They are dreams to handle, too, with extra reserves of power in their new higher-compression engines — instantly available at throttle-touch through their advanced automatic transmissions. And they are safety-engineered with many new improvements including Precision-Aimed headlights and Double-Locking door latches. Also, Power Steering, Power Brakes and Seat Belts are available.

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UNIVERSAL

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

EDWARD J. GULLY is a disaster-relief expert for the Red Cross whose last three summers have been interrupted by a tornado, a hurricane and a flood. When he calls his Alexandria, Virginia, home from his Red Cross office nearby, his wife Shirley tells herself, "Here we go again."

That's what she said last August, when Hurricane Diane brought floods to Connecticut and the Red Cross sent Gully scurrying up there (page 92).

"We'd been watching this storm for two or three days as it came up the coast," Gully recalls. "I think most of the disaster-relief staff in Alexandria had their bags packed. Early Friday morning, August 19th, we were at headquarters when it became obvious that New England was hard hit. I got orders to direct flood relief in Connecticut. I called Shirley at 8:00 A.M. She finished packing my suitcase, picked me up at the office and drove me straight to the airport. I was in Newark before lunch, where I got into a helicopter that had been sent down from Hartford."

"The pilot had been doing rescue work most of the day, and as we crossed Connecticut he radioed his fellow pilots for flood reports. They reported in from all parts of the state while I took notes. It gave me a grim and effective picture of the situation, so that even before I had set foot in Connecticut I had formulated plans."

As he stepped from the helicopter late that day in Hartford, Gully didn't realize it would be almost seven months before he went home again.

WE HAVE just piped three new members aboard. Art Editor Leonard Jossel comes to Collier's from Look magazine with a thorough background in the arts which began when he studied at the Art Students League, New York University and Cooper Union. He was and is artist, photographer, consultant, teacher—not necessarily in that order.

Barbara Hewson, formerly editor in chief of Better Living magazine, is our associate editor in charge of family-living features, has been in the magazine business since she left the Parsons School of Design. She believes in calling a stove a stove. "I don't like the fancy words, like 'range.' When people say 'homemaking,' I say, 'It's house-keeping and I'm a housewife.'" She should know; she has a husband and four kids, from four months old up.

Associate Editor Gene Cook is an expeditious fellow who was studying to be a lawyer and had worked his way up to chief clerk in a law office. "I ran into all sorts of good stories," he recalls.



Left to right, Jossel, Hewson and Cook



Smart Carol Grace as dumb Miss Logan

"and I fed them to reporters with such success that I decided to write them myself." Cook quit law and worked on papers in Camden, Philadelphia, St. Paul and Chicago. He was with Time and Life magazines—except for a brief hiatus as a Marine combat correspondent—until a couple of years ago. He is now overseeing our entertainment stories.

IN A BROADWAY play called Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?, Carol Grace plays the part of Miss Logan, a dumb secretary. Miss Grace isn't a dumb one, though, for she considers herself a writer as well as actress, and has a short short story in this issue (page 10) to prove it. Furthermore, she wrote an unusual short novel last year called The Secret in the Daisy, which Random House plugged proudly as "top-drawer stuff."

Now she's writing a play. "I can't tell you what it's about," says Miss Grace, "because the plot keeps changing as I go along. The main feature of it is that I have the best part, the best lines, all the laughs and all the tears, and I wear beautiful clothes."

THERE'S more to Virginia City, Nevada, than The Territorial Enterprise, Bob O'Brien seems to be saying in the last paragraph of his story Clamor on the Comstock. O'Brien is a New Jersey-born, Connecticut-raised Yale grad (1933), a former newspaperman now free-lancing on the West Coast.

"My wife Mary-Agnes and I like Virginia City so much we even bought a home there," he answered when we asked him about it. "It's a six-room, bow-windowed, eighty-year-old house down in the lee of St. Mary's-in-the-Mountains, on the brink of Six Mile Canyon. We lived in it for more than a year after our marriage in 1953, still own it and plan to hang on to it, though we're living in San Francisco now."

"We both love Virginia City's C Street at midnight in the middle of the winter, when it's deserted and the wind off the mountain whistles in the cracks of the telephone poles, and the only light on the street comes from Pat Hart's Brass Rail saloon."

"And we love it at midnight in the middle of the summer when something outside your window wakes you up, and it turns out to be wild horses up from the canyon to nibble sage in the vacant lot across the street, behind the Episcopal church."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Collier's for March 16, 1956



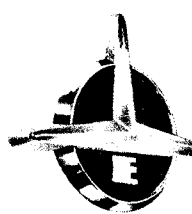
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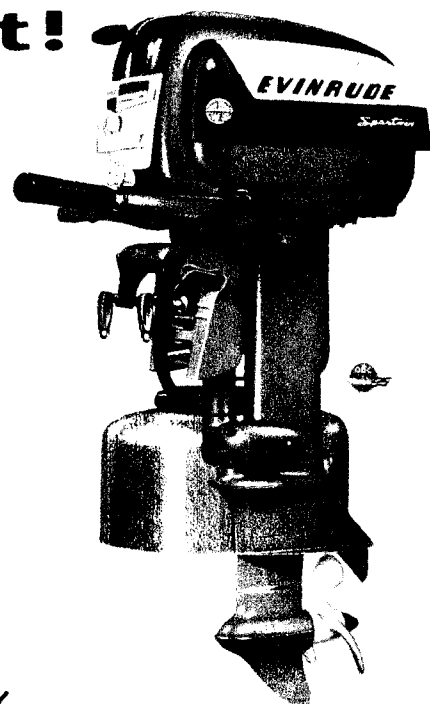
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House of Morgan

EDITOR: After reading John O'Hara about Robert Benchley (Appointment with O'Hara, Jan. 6th), I wondered why the name Henry Morgan didn't occur to him as the man to play Benchley in that "inevitable movie." Perhaps he doesn't know how fond Benchley was of Henry and how like Benchley Henry thinks and talks. . . .
MRS. EVE L. MORGAN, Hollywood, Cal. (Henry's mother—who else?)

Breathless

EDITOR: I would like to tell Duncan MacDougald, Jr., author of For Garlic Lovers Only (Jan. 20th), how to expunge the odor of garlic. Slice half a dozen cloves in a cup of milk and simmer a half minute. This tastes like oyster soup. . . .
F. E. WETMORE, Nevada City, Cal.

. . . Louis Vaudable, proprietor of the famous Restaurant Maxim's, gave this advice on how to open a French restaurant in New York: lay in a large supply of garlic, particularly for frogs' legs. Second, *flambé* something—pancakes or Ping-pong balls or anything. Third, flavor all meats and salads with garlic. . . .
ALICE REGENSBURG, New York, N.Y.

. . . Three million American vegetarians endorse and applaud For Garlic Lovers Only. . . .
SYMON GOULD, The American Vegetarian, New York, N.Y.

Witnesses or Brethren?

EDITOR: In Letters (Jan. 20th) a lady from Texas states that President Eisenhower's parents were Jehovah's Witnesses. True? . . .
GEORGE OCHS, Bronxville, N.Y.

Two of President Eisenhower's brothers have stated that the family belonged to the River Brethren. The River Brethren are not connected with Jehovah's Witnesses, and there are some major differences between the two; for instance, Jehovah's Witnesses have no churches or ministers.

. . . I had intended to write you immediately after reading Caspar Nannes' excellent article on Dr. Edward L. R. Elson (The President and His Pastor, Nov. 11th). Mr. Nannes brings a trained mind to such studies. His work

is always thorough, comprehensive, balanced. He presented a distinguished religious figure in such fashion as to bring pride to all communions. . . .

G. BROMLEY OXNAM,
Bishop of the Methodist Church,
The Washington Area

. . . In regard to a comment on a letter in your December 23d issue which stated that Thomas Jefferson regularly attended services in Christ Episcopal Church, here's what Jefferson himself said: "I confidently expect that the present generation will see Unitarianism become the general religion of America." . . .
MRS. RICHARD A. DAY,
Peterborough, N.H.

Jefferson also wrote: "I have considered religion as a matter between every man and his Maker in which no other, and far less the public, has a right to intermeddle."

This IS America

EDITOR: My most enthusiastic congratulations on your superb editorial, "People's Capitalism"—This IS America (Collier's Comment, Jan. 6th.) For here, in my opinion, is one of the most arresting pictures of the heart of the difference between ownership by a police state and the democracy of American capitalism to appear anywhere. The story it tells should be heard around the world.

G. KEITH FUNSTON,
President, N.Y. Stock Exchange

After Geneva

EDITOR: Arnold Toynbee's article Disarmament After Geneva (Jan. 20th), excellent as it is, leaves out some things of considerable importance to the problem of security and peace. In comparing the power of Germany against Russia in the two world wars and applying this today, he does not take into account the tremendous military growth of Russia since World War II. Dr. Toynbee speaks of Russia liberating Finland. When did this occur? . . .

ROY L. MYERS, Eagle Pass, Tex.

. . . Please don't call Toynbee a historian unless as Ambrose Bierce said, "History is lies agreed upon" . . .

MARK TABER, Chicago, Ill.

. . . So we are to have faith in Russia and Russia in us. How long does this faith last under the corrosive effect of

The Cover Sanford H. Roth

Marlon Brando, the brilliant Academy Award-winning star who switches with ease from Shakespearean roles to the raw neorealism of films such as *On the Waterfront*, is an alumnus cum laude of a novel institution known as the Actors' Studio. The studio, in New York City, is a school for stars—a place where new hopefuls and established actors study together to improve their art. Brando is only one of the famous—Julie Harris, David Wayne, Shelley Winters, Montgomery Clift, Tom Ewell—who once attended classes there. Many of them still do. For the story and pictures of the stars of today and tomorrow, at work in the Actors' Studio, turn to page 26



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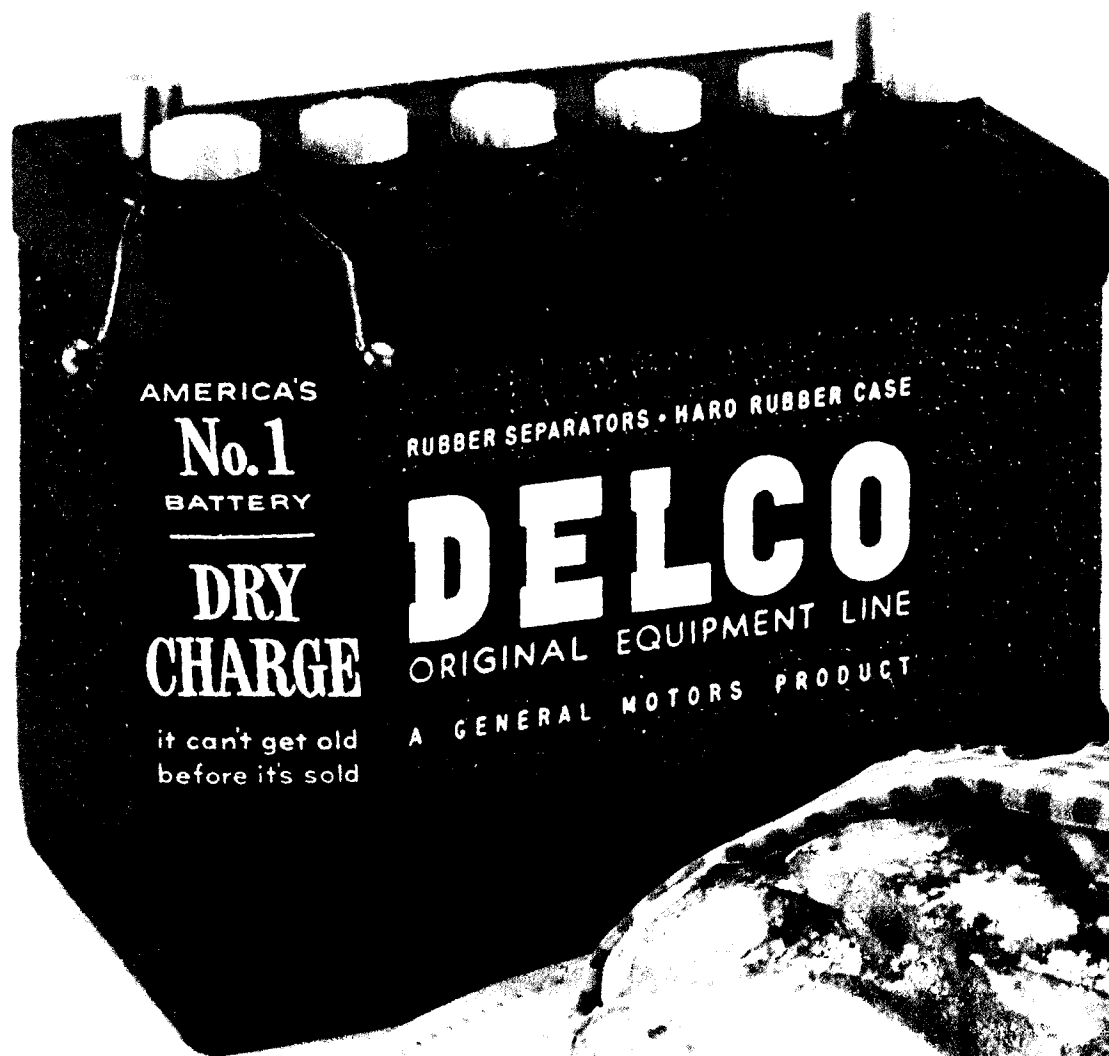
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LETTERS continued

mutual inspection teams from air, sea and earth? We don't have inspection teams in Canada. . . .

DAVID LIEBOVITZ, New York, N.Y.

Slums and Taxes

EDITOR: Moralizing will never accomplish slum clearance as per your editorial Spruce-Up Time (Jan. 20th); tax reform will. Neither a rich man with a bunch of "cheapies" to rent nor a poor man with his own home is going to make improvements if he knows it will automatically increase his taxes. Conversely, under taxation of land values only, no one can afford not to improve his property when he knows that his taxes will be just as high as those of his neighbor who already has made improvements. . . .

DR. E. D. WOODHOUSE,
La Crescenta, Cal.

Foundations

EDITOR: The Foundations and Freedom (Collier's Comment, Feb. 3d) was an excellent statement of the case for private universities and colleges. You are right in saying that they hold no exclusive franchise for stimulating independent thinking, but that they are the essential counterpart to the state-subsidized institutions. . . .

WALTER POPE BINNS, President,
William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo.

Bomb Man

EDITOR: No doubt your article, Wanted—The Man Without a Face (Feb. 3d), will prompt letters from amateur detectives but they may have an idea that the police could use. A man so apprehensive that he would get rid of his penknife would carry his bomb in New York as little as he possibly could. On a map of New York City spot the points where the bombs were planted, and you will see that the Port Authority Building (formerly the bus terminal) would offer the safest base of operations. Since the bomb man fears the New York police, he would feel fairly safe riding the bus in from New Jersey and then running away to New Jersey after planting his infernal machine. . . .

JOSEPH B. LICHTANSKI,
Hackensack, N.J.

A New Road

EDITOR: In Where Are Those New Roads? (Jan. 6th) you mention "old Suicide Alley out of Baltimore to Washington" and show a picture, the caption of which says "Roads like this would be modernized." But you make no reference to the new Baltimore-Washington Expressway which bypasses old "Bloody One." This new highway—the peer of any of our highways—has been open to the public for more than a year. . . .

CHARLES T. LEVINESS, State Roads
Commission, Baltimore, Md.

Conservatives

EDITOR: I wonder if Collier's realizes Report on the Republicans (Jan. 20th) comes from the "liberal" faction of the G.O.P., since Roscoe Drummond is known to belong to this faction of the party or thinking. What about the vast body of conservative thought in the Republican party, or the Taft wing as it used to be called? We represent a con-

siderable element in the party, yet hardly a word is mentioned about our tremendous influence. The party is indeed in trouble unless it can come up with someone outstanding, like Senator Knowland, Senator Jenner or someone of their ilk. . . .

E. A. NEW, Vineland, N.J.

Storm Warnings

EDITOR: Professor John Q. Stewart is guilty of a shabby bit of indefensibly harsh criticism of the Weather Bureau (What's Wrong with the Weather Bureau, Jan. 6th). In one breath he acknowledges the enormously complex problems involved and then proceeds hypercritically to condemn on the basis of a few isolated "toughies" over a 20-year period. I have been vitally concerned with the daily forecasts on a 365-day basis over a 30-year period and I have experienced the benefits of steadily improved techniques and co-operation from the bureau. . . .

WM. A. XANTEN, Supt., Division of
Sanitation, Washington, D.C.

. . . The weathermen down here are doing a marvelous job. If Dr. Stewart so distrusts the Weather Bureau, my advice to him is to get himself a good cat. Preferably a big bruiser of a tom, afraid of neither man nor beast. When a hurricane is in the offing and the barometer is dropping and that cat begins to dog your every footstep or slink under furniture . . . hold your hat, Dr. Stewart, for the center is headed your way. EDITH D. MOSES, Bluffton, S.C.

Fogged Lens

EDITOR: "It's the story of an improbably proper Britisher, Mr. Phileas Fogg (David Niven) . . ." So Niven is the leading man of Around the World in



ZINN ARTHUR

80 Days, about which you ran an article in your February 17th issue. So in all the 26 pictures with the article, not one of Niven. Was he too proper, too improbable? . . .

W. T. TONE, New York, N.Y.

So above is Niven as Fogg.

Memory Lingers On

EDITOR: That Old Gang of Mine (Jan. 20th) was terrific. Just thinking about that 1936 Benny Goodman outfit will cause a lapse in anyone's memory. Benny says he opened at New York's Pennsylvania Hotel in the spring of 1937. Actually he opened there in the fall of 1936. . . .

FRANK SIEVERMAN III, Saginaw, Mich.

Collier's for March 16, 1956



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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

She was, according to a report just received from Mr. James Bundell, "a solid-gold looker." A traffic-jamming lovely. She was standing on that street corner in Richmond, Virginia, Mr. Bundell goes on, doing her best to mind her own business. Up to the curb

itive pleasure to be smacked in the kisser by a silly old twelve-inch mortar, a contact to which to date we've been peculiarly allergic.

★ ★ ★

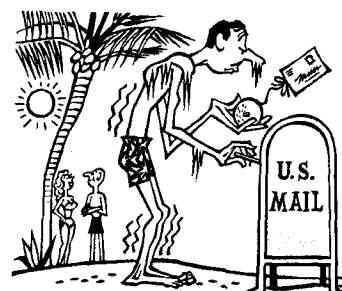
The envelope came from Minneapolis. All it contained was a small item. To wit: The lady at the wheel had just fractured some traffic rule and the cop ordered, "Pull over." She pulled over, got the ticket and the next day was fined \$25. So that her husband shouldn't know about it she entered the incident on the stub in her check-book: "One pull-over \$25."

★ ★ ★

Read every word of a book Mr. Jack King gave us in New Orleans, Louisiana: full instructions on how to win at poker. Practically memorized it. We hunted up a game, sat in, lost 97 cents. But at one stage of the game we found ourselves \$1.80 behind. That book and a new-found reckless courage saved us from ruin.

★ ★ ★

Very friendly letter here from a lady in Wheeling, West Virginia. Says she reads us constantly and never fails to be strengthened, encouraged and thoroughly informed thereby. "And in



IRWIN CAPLAN

whooshed a great, big, beautiful convertible with a great, big, beautiful boy sitting at the wheel. "And I," crooned he to her, "am lonely and driving to Florida." She said, the thermometer dropping swiftly: "Oh, what fun. Send me an orange."

★ ★ ★

We've received a number of letters setting forth ways and means of promoting and preserving peace among the nations of the world. We shall get busy without delay on plans to put them all into operation. But somehow we doubt that anybody has defined—or will define—peace more accurately or acutely than the original Mr. Henry Ford. Mr. Ford, one of the wisest men we shall ever know, said merely: "Peace? Why peace is nothing but common sense."

★ ★ ★

It is with some pride that we now pass on to you a bit of thinking hot from the brain of Mr. Tim Mendelssohn, whisk jockey in one of Chicago's better night clubs. This country, says Mr. Mendelssohn, is just about out of things to blame juvenile delinquency on, and if we're not very careful we may have to give up juvenile delinquency.

★ ★ ★

The hardships motorists face as they careen up and down our broad land were brought home forcibly to Mr. Robert Perkins when he read the sign on a filling station near Waterville, Maine: "Stop. Fill Up. No other gas station for 500 feet."

★ ★ ★

While we were sitting around trying to think of something else to say, a guy on the radio told us that new ideas in population-eliminating war equipment were popping up so fast that such antiques as flying missiles, hydrogen warheads for the artillery, atomic-powered pigboats and the like were becoming quite conventional. So we're back at our typewriter thinking it will be a pos-



closing," says she, "would it be asking too much for you to write something that will keep pigeons off the eaves of my house? Thank you."

★ ★ ★

Haven't heard whether Mr. Jonathan Meigs, of Washington, D.C., decided to visit Egypt. Last we heard from him, he was teetering. He was, just about persuaded by a note in a beckoning travel folder. It promised the tourist that Egyptian drinking water was "pure, free of bugs, clear, sanitary, palatable, germless, hygienic and guaranteed to flow through you easily and harmlessly."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Margaret Lucas, of Crane, Missouri, insists there's nothing personal in this. She suggests merely that we take time out to read what she spotted in the Rolla (Missouri) Daily Herald. It says: "If you agree with everything the editor writes, you have no more sense than the editor."

Collier's for March 16, 1956



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NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

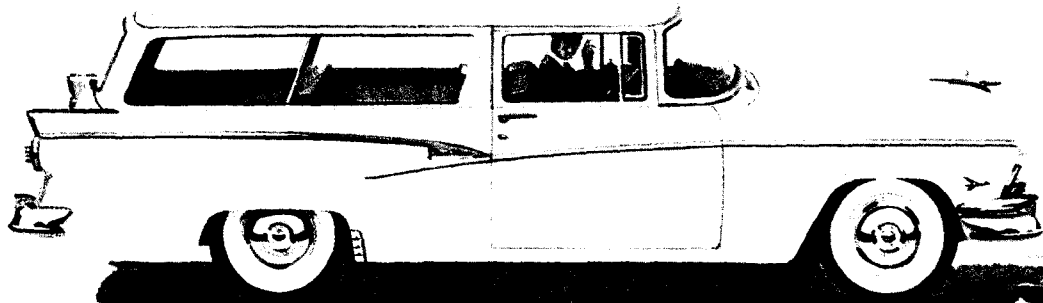
CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

Wherever you go... wherever she goes

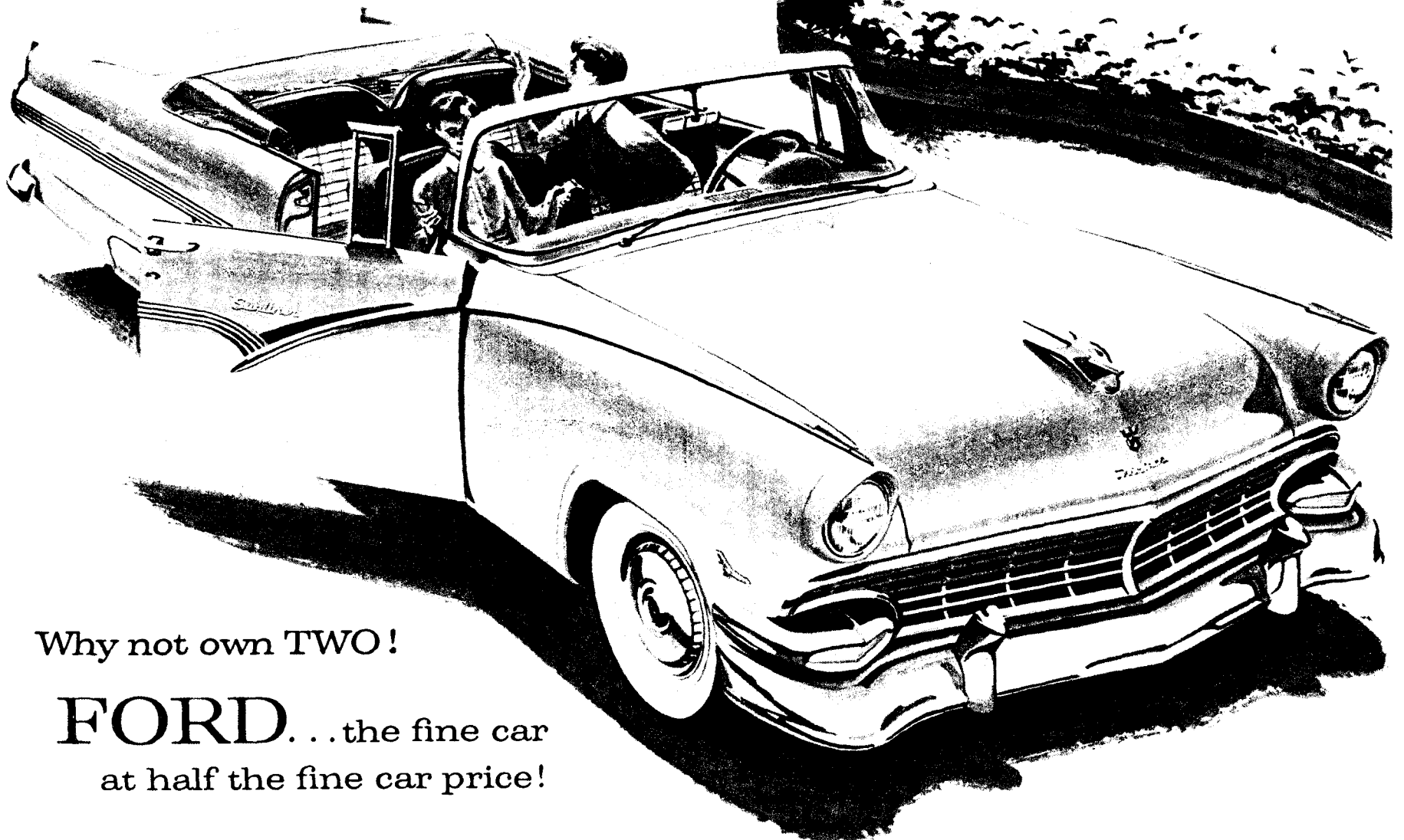


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Then, too, you'll have new confidence in the instant passing might of Ford's new Thunderbird Y-8 . . . the standard eight at no extra cost in Ford Fairlane and Station Wagon models. And wherever you drive, you'll bask in the envious glances which Ford's Thunderbird styling draws everywhere.



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FORD . . . the fine car
at half the fine car price!



The U.S. and Russia are engaged in a race whose outcome may determine the course of history. The goal: development of the most frightful weapon conceived by man—a virtually unstoppable 16,000-mph intercontinental ballistic missile that can drop a hydrogen warhead on a city 5,000 miles away. At stake is not only the security of the free world, but our position as the world's leading technological and industrial power. On the next page begins the full, dramatic story of the . . .

ICB

By HANSON W. BALDWIN

As Military Editor of The New York Times, the author is one of America's best known and most respected military analysts. A 1924 graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, he spent three years in the Navy aboard battleships and destroyers. In 1928 he joined the staff of the Baltimore Sun (of which his father, the late Oliver P. Baldwin, was managing editor) and a year later shifted to The New York Times. He became military and naval correspondent of The Times in 1937 and Military Editor in 1942, the same year he won a Pulitzer prize for his articles on the South Pacific war. Since World War II, he has toured Europe and Asia, witnessed three atom-bomb tests, covered peacetime maneuvers, and lectured at the National War College, Naval War College, Armed Forces Staff College, Air War College, and Command and General Staff College.



MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

ICBM

Is the ICBM the ultimate weapon?

How destructive is it?

Is there any defense against it?

What will happen if Russia gets it first?

IT WILL not be long. In ten years—five years, perhaps only two or three—the historic count-down will start: “Ten—nine—eight—seven—six—five—four—three—two—one—” At zero a new era will open up on the earth—the era of push-button war. A giant rocket, 100 to 135 feet high, will lift slowly from its launching pad and, with voice of thunder, tongue of flame, disappear into the stratosphere. Some 20 to 30 minutes later and 5,000 miles away, the world’s first intercontinental ballistic missile will plunge toward the earth.

Where will it come from?

It *could* be launched from Cape Canaveral, Florida, at the U.S. Air Force Missile Test Center, to splash harmlessly into the South Atlantic near Ascension Island. . . .

Or, the missile might be launched from a Russian desert to arch—in unseen ellipse—high above the uninhabited tundra of the north. . . .

It will make a difference—at most, the difference between peace and war; at least, the difference between added security for the West and possible Communist domination of more of the world.

Dubbed ICBM in our research laboratories and Pentagon offices, the intercontinental ballistic missile has been called “the ultimate weapon.” This giant ocean-spanning, mountain-leaping rocket—mated to a hydrogen warhead with a destructive capability of megatons (millions of tons of TNT)—is a supreme instrument of offense. It arches so high (600 to 800 miles above the earth), and moves so fast (12,000 to 16,000 miles an hour) that, once it has been launched, defense against it will be nearly, if not entirely, impossible. The German V-2, the small 200-mile range forerunner of the ICBM, bombarded London during World War II, and even the conventional explosives then used in the warhead caused thousands of casualties and blew whole buildings apart. The ICBM will—when developed—threaten every city on earth, not merely with damage but with destruction.

The implications are frightening—and sobering. In the early period of the coming ICBM era, before radar missile-detection and possible antimissile defenses are developed, an enemy could probably devastate the United States with a surprise ballistic missile bombardment before we could even detect the attack—much less before we could launch a retaliatory attack. One or two missiles for each of our 50 biggest cities might cause 10,000,000 to 50,000,000 casualties, knock out perhaps a third of our industrial capacity, and turn parts of America into radioactive deserts.

But if we beat Russia in the race to develop the first practical ICBM, the weapon could be still another deterrent to nuclear war and to overt, large-scale armed aggression of any sort. Our capability of retaliation against aggressors would be considerably increased; the aggressors would have certain knowledge that they might have to pay a very high price indeed.

How is the race going?

No one—in Washington or Moscow—can answer that positively. “We just don’t know,” a high U.S. official says.

But many of our Intelligence officials and some of our scientists believe Russia leads today. The Communists are *not* ahead of us across the whole broad band of the missile spectrum. We don’t think Russia has anything to equal our Nike or Terrier antiaircraft guided missiles, or the Army’s short-range surface-to-surface bombardment missile, the Corporal. We are “fat” with other good missiles—air-to-air and ship-to-shore.

But in the field of long-range bombardment missiles—in which the ICBM is the ultimate objective—the Russians seem to be off to a head start. There is unmistakable evidence that last year they tested an intermediate-range ballistic missile—a bombardment missile of unknown accuracy but with a range of at least 800 miles, far greater than that of anything we have yet

fired; a missile which is clearly a first cousin to the ICBM. Moreover, Senator Henry M. Jackson, chairman of the Military Applications Subcommittee of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, warned in the Senate last month that “there is a danger” the Soviets may fire a 1,500-mile ballistic missile before the end of this year. Possession of even these two intermediate weapons would give Russia the means to bombard from her own territory most, if not all, of our allies in Europe and Asia—the means perhaps to blackmail them into throwing in their lot with the Soviet bloc, denying us their bases and isolating the United States.

The truth is that the Russians have emphasized the finished “hardware,” and they are getting it. We have emphasized research and “refinements,” and ultimately this approach may pay off. However, our policy has been questioned within the administration itself; last month Trevor Gardner, who has urged a bigger, faster missile program, resigned his post as Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Research and Development as the culmination of his long disagreement with the Pentagon on that subject.

Policy disputes aside, there is little doubt that time is important. We are coming into the homestretch of the race. In a year or so—perhaps less—the first earth satellites will be launched into outer space, and Russia may put hers upstairs first. The earth-satellite program, despite the general scientific knowledge it will produce for all, is really a dress rehearsal for the ICBM so far as the launching phase of the program goes. It will supply, too, some data—much needed for calculating accurate ballistic trajectories—about nature’s unknowns in space. So the heat is on.

Last month Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson took cognizance of the need for speeding up our efforts by announcing that he shortly would name a special assistant to direct all our various ballistic-missile projects.

“We have always been under pressure,” a missile scientist working on the ICBM says—“only more so now. We cannot afford to believe in a twenty-year peace; we have to pace our development as if war were just around the corner.”

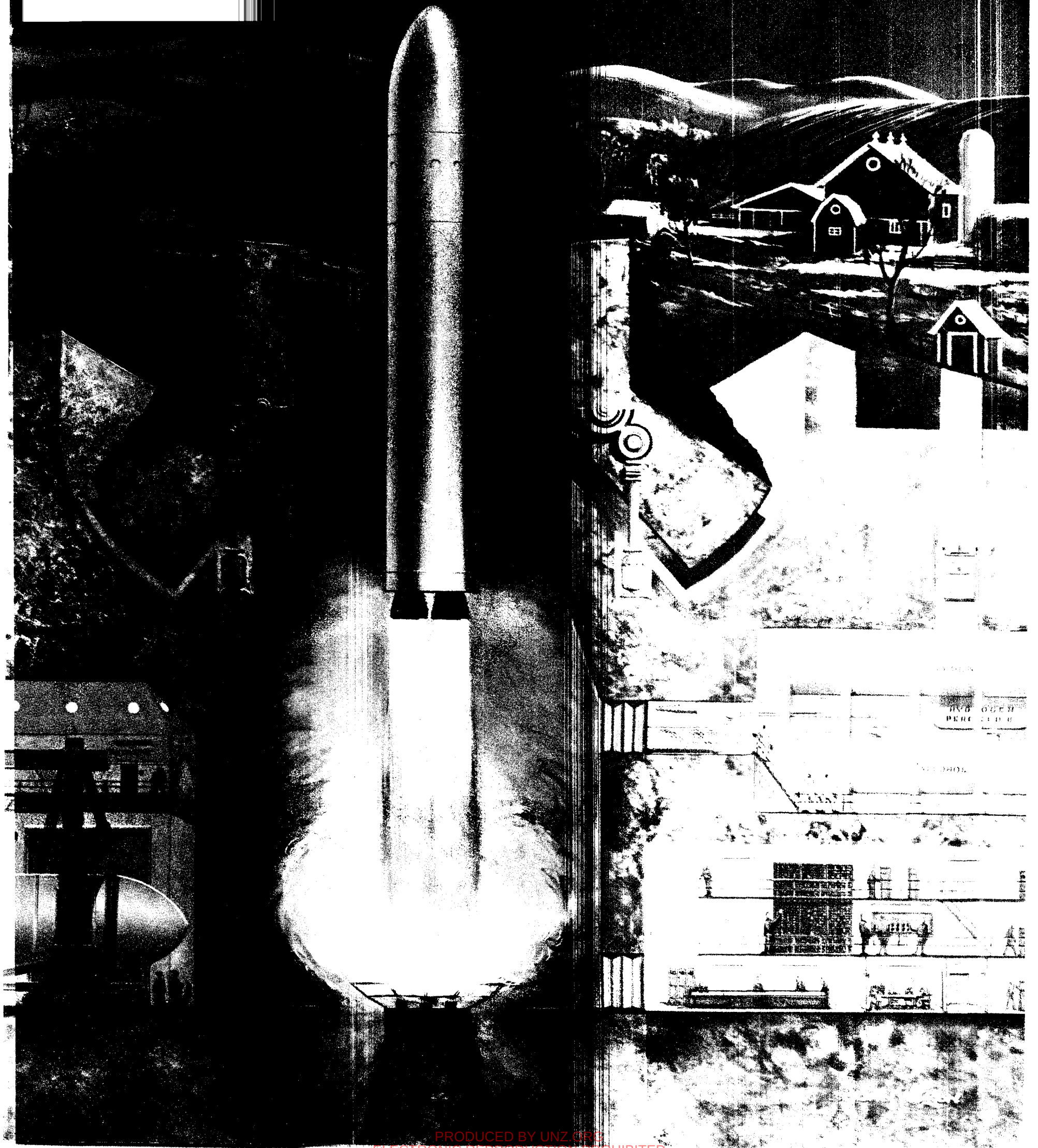
We must learn, then, whether we like it or not, to live with the ICBM, and hence we must understand not only what makes it tick and how it fits into our military armory, but what effect its development will have upon war and peace, strategy and society.

Let’s suppose, for a moment, that the worst happens and Moscow does win the race for the most powerful offensive weapon known to man. The Soviet advantage would be temporary—and brief. No matter who wins the race, the other power will not be far behind—six months, one year . . . three years. Moscow, then, would have a transitory advantage in offensive delivery capabilities, a temporary monopoly of long-range ballistic weapons. But this could not be an “absolute” advantage; the ICBM won’t cancel out all other offensive and all defensive systems, both active and passive. It won’t mean world domination for the Kremlin—unless Russia also develops a virtually airtight defense against all other nuclear-explosive delivery systems, well-nigh an impossibility.

But Russia with an ICBM would be like a bully (*Continued on page 74*)

Artist’s conception of how the ICBM may be fired: reinforced launching pit is camouflaged on surface to resemble a farm. To right of main pit are fueling room and control center; at left, the assembly room where hydrogen warhead is stored. Final shape of missile and number of stages it will have are secret; this concept contains two propulsion units and warhead

Collier’s for March 16, 1956



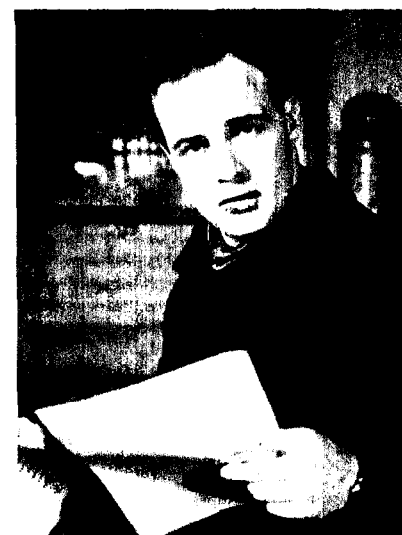


In class at Actors' Studio, Margaret Feury illustrates for fellow students a technique of projecting emotion on stage. Miss Feury has occasional stage and TV jobs, is considered one of the most promising actresses in the studio

Director Lee Strasberg oversees all studio classes, prods his students into intensely realistic performances with sharp, severe, illuminating criticism. "Acting is no mere imitation of life," he told them recently, "it is *living*"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED FEINGERSH

Academy Award star Marlon Brando, who studied at studio in its early years, is perhaps its most successful member



SANFORD ROTH

School for Stars

Actors' Studio creates stars by the galaxy.

Tomorrow's luminaries study there today

FOR tension and excitement, there are few theaters in the U.S. today which can rival a drab classroom in mid-town Manhattan. Here, with no bright lights, no sets and only an occasional prop, a hand-picked group of young performers works grimly and emotionally to polish the rough edges of their art.

The classroom is Actors' Studio, where, since its founding in 1947, a staggering galaxy of stars has been brought forth to achieve nation-wide fame and enrich the American theater. Among them: Marlon Brando, Julie Harris, Montgomery Clift, Eva Marie Saint, David Wayne and Karl Malden.

The student performers are professional actors—many of them little known—who had to hurdle a series of competitive auditions for studio membership. As the pictures on these pages show, they learn by acting and by watching, and they do both intensely.

The studio's mainspring, director Lee Strasberg (left), fires the youngsters' talents by cajolery, rough criticism and seemingly daffy exercises designed to shatter even the hardest-shelled inhibitions. The student performance may be a scene. It may be a dramatized song lyric. It may even be the portrayal of an animal, or an inanimate object (Marlon Brando remembers one acting class, in the days before his phenomenal Hollywood success, when he was asked to be a cash register. "You'd be surprised," he says now, "how natural you can get after a while, tinkling and ringing and punching at yourself.").

Often, a successful star sits enthralled in the audience. Marilyn Monroe used to attend studio classes regularly.

Grace Kelly, Rock Hudson, Shelley Winters, Franchot Tone, Viveca Lindfors have been there, too, to observe and learn. But the greatest challenge is to the apprentices, who live with the tantalizing knowledge that next week, next month, next season, a star may be born; and it could be any one of them.



Actors' Studio in New York City



Visitor Helen Hayes, first lady of American theater, sits engrossed in a performance. Studio is supported by voluntary contributions and overseen by Strasberg, producer Cheryl Crawford and Broadway director Elia Kazan



Guest Viveca Lindfors acts out a scene in studio class

Stars of Broadway



Studio-trained Paul Newman intently follows a class performance. A veteran TV star, Newman has advanced promising film career with M-G-M's forthcoming The Rack, is now making Somebody Up There Likes Me, story of Rocky Graziano



A serious Marilyn Monroe, simply dressed, without make-up, has often sat in studio class



Film star Dane Clark, actress Anne Jackson dissect a performance. Students often join director in criticism



Frequent observer Eva Gabor asks Strasberg about techniques after watching class work

and Hollywood often visit the studio. They aren't members; they just come to watch and learn





Shelley Winters, a regular studio observer, and Anthony Franciosa rehearse scene from *A Hatful of Rain*, now a Broadway hit in which both appear. A

drama about dope addiction, it was originally written, directed and acted by studio members and—even more unusual—was once staged as a class exercise

For stars or unknowns the formula
is the same: A guided talent—plus
hard work—equals a skilled actor



Director Strasberg notes flaw in scene just staged by Sidney Armus (center) and Stefan Gierasch, which they'd rehearsed by themselves



Dance star Joan McCracken watches the students perform



Actress Betsy von Furstenberg absorbs lecture on stage skills

Karl Malden, acclaimed for film work, still attends studio classes to learn





Strasberg (right, pointing) leads class comment on song-and-dance interpretation of an Elizabethan jig, just performed by Ann Hennessey and Fred Stewart (in the

center of floor). Such exercises are used at Actors' Studio to spur imagination of the students and help them develop flexibility in voices and body movements



THE HUNTERS

By JAMES SALTER

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Cleve had come to fight MIGs, but he had a deadlier enemy: one of his own men

BEGINNING A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

IT WAS almost noon when they crossed the Korean coast. Cleve stared anxiously at it, drifting past beneath the wing of the transport. Not much could be distinguished to show the war's damage: smooth blotches of snow mottled everything. But Cleve's eye was the flier's. He saw the hostile mountains, the absence of good landmarks, and the few places flat enough to land in an emergency.

Thousands of men had fought down there, on foot, taking weeks to move the distance he went in an hour. He was arriving like a tourist, in comfort.

Cleve had been a fighter pilot for six years, and he had won a limited renown. But it was a reputation based on achievement in gunnery meets and on acrobatic teams.

Until now he had had no chance at combat action, and that was the only real test of success in the life he had chosen to live. He had missed out in the last war and had been sent, in the waning days, to do his flying in Panama. Even now he felt that he might be too late for combat. At the replacement center in Tokyo, everybody else seemed to be on the way home, back to the States. He was moving alone against the tide. It was always this way, he reflected, the feeling of arriving late, after everything was over.

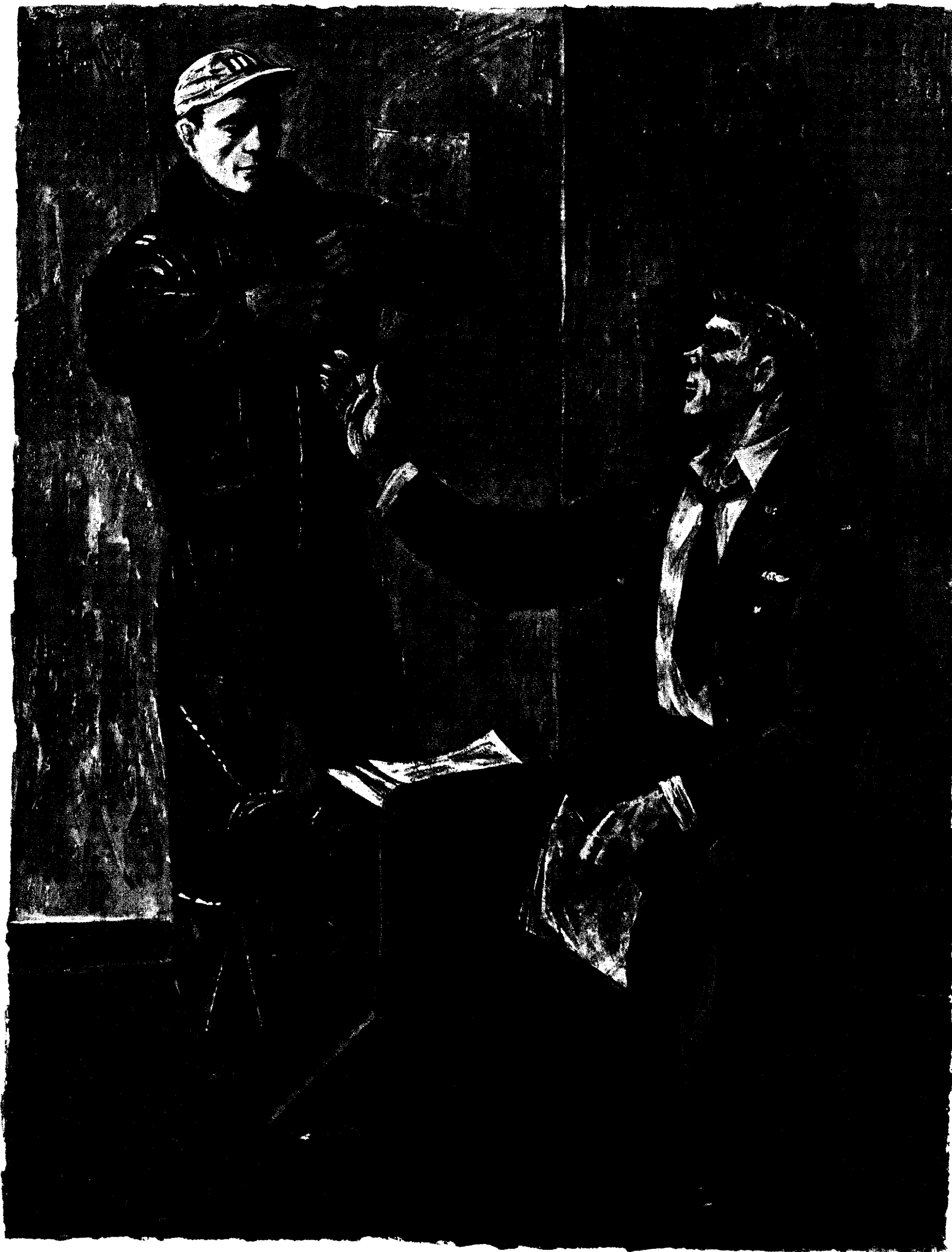
And there was one thing he was sure of: this was the end for him. He

had known it before he came. He was thirty-one, not too old, certainly; but his eyes weren't good enough any more. With an athlete, the legs failed first. With a fighter pilot, it was the eyes. He had reached the point, too, where a sense of lost time weighed on him. There was a constant counting of the tomorrows he had once been so prodigal with. He was frequently conscious of not wanting to die, which was not the same as wanting to live.

Within an hour they had landed at Seoul, and Cleve took a bus to Kimpo. The airfield was just beyond the town, and he had the driver let him off near the wing headquarters, a low brick building on the edge of the flying area. A mission was taking off. Two at a time the ships went, leader and wingman, booming down the flat strip and then lifting easily up. Cleve had recognized the distinctive markings of Colonel Imil's F-86 Sabre, leading north to the Yalu. A second squadron followed. Cleve watched until the final pair of ships faded in the distance.

He knew Colonel Imil, the wing commander, from his days in Panama. He knew that monumental head and walk like a boxing champion's. Dutch Imil, the eighteen-victory ace of the second World War, the first of the jet pilots, the golden boy—no longer really a boy—of the Air Force. He was the man you measured yourself by. Everybody who had seen him fly said that he was reckless, (Continued on page 82)

ILLUSTRATED BY FLETCHER MARTIN



The new second lieutenant offered his hand without standing up. "I'm Ed Pell," he said, eying Cleve insolently. "But just call me Doctor"

Selected by the National Association of Basketball Coaches

IN COLLEGE BASKETBALL

By BILL FAY

THE ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE BASKETBALL TEAM always has been an honorary line-up. None of Collier's All-America stars picked in previous years ever played together on an All-America team. However, this year's team will set a precedent. Next month, the All-America stars of 1956 will compete as a team for basketball's highest honor—the opportunity to represent the United States in the Olympic games.

Billed as the College All-Stars, the All-Americans will battle the nation's top-ranking service and Amateur Athletic Union teams in the Olympic qualifying tournament at Kansas City, Missouri, April 2d to 4th. The winner will supply the nucleus of the squad that will play for America at Melbourne, Australia, next November and December.

The College All-Star line-up will be selected by the National Association of Basketball Coaches, which also picks Collier's annual All-America. In order to avoid duplicate polls, the coaches will base their All-Star selections on the All-America balloting, in which 386 college coaches took part. So, the All-America stars nominated on these pages are automatic choices for the College All-Star squad.

Led by Bill Russell of San Francisco, voted Player of the Year by the coaches, the All-Stars will be drawn from an All-America whose first team includes Robin Freeman of Ohio State, Sihugo Green of Duquesne, Ron Shavlik of North Carolina State and K.C. Jones, also of San Francisco. "They'll make it rough for anybody in the Olympics," predicts coach Ed Hickey of Saint Louis University, chairman of the All-America Selection Committee. "There isn't a player in the world," he adds, "who can jump high enough to take the ball away from Russell under the basket."

Russell, six-foot 10-inch center for San Francisco's defending national champions, topped the voting in all eight N.C.A.A. districts.

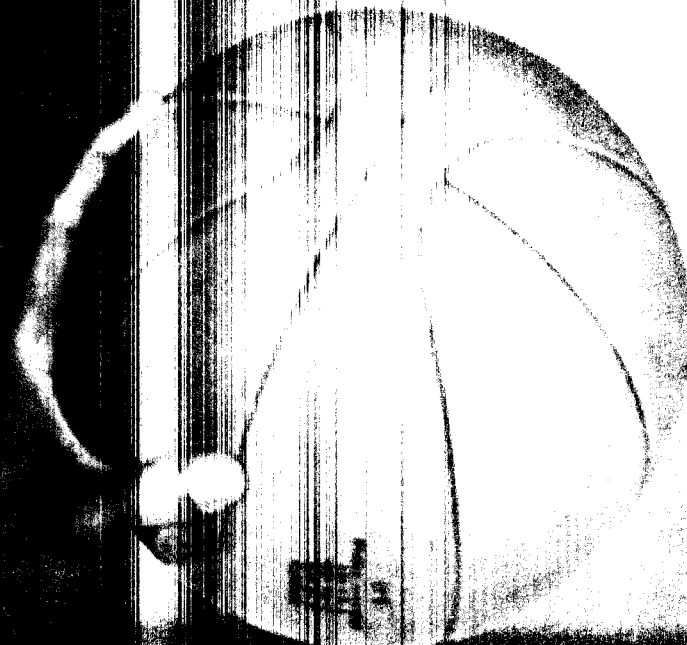
Actually, the skyscraping Player of the Year has been a marked man in college basketball circles since his sensational shooting and devastating defensive rebounding spearheaded San Francisco's conquest of La Salle in the

BILL RUSSELL, San Francisco's amazing center, goes high for his baskets. As strong on defense as on the attack, he was overwhelming pick for Player of Year

ERICA

MASON WEYMOUTH





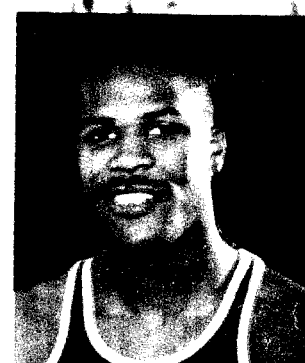
JOHN



SIHUGO GREEN
Duquesne



RON SHAVLIK
North Carolina State



K.C. JONES
San Francisco

The Southeast was the strongest district in the nation. It produced eight of the top 20 players in the All-America balloting

title game of the 1955 N.C.A.A. tournament. On that occasion, Russell frequently jumped so high for rebounds that his chin was level with the rim of the basket 10 feet above the floor. From this vantage point, Bill literally stuffed the ball down into the basket with a two-handed shot he calls "the dunker." Also, he made effective use of his so-called "convoy shot." When a teammate fired at the basket, he leaped high, huge hands spread like a funnel above the rim, and when necessary guided the ball down into the net.

After observing Russell demoralize La Salle's defenses, the college basketball legislators enacted a drastic rules change designed to reduce the effectiveness of tall players in general and Russell in particular. Specifically, the new rule widened the foul lane under the basket from six to 12 feet, while continuing to limit the time an offensive player can remain in the area to three seconds.

As things turned out, the rule did prevent Russell from loitering under the basket. Bill had to move around more this season; but, unlike many big men, he was agile enough to skip in and out of the restricted area in less than three seconds. As a result, he kept his average above the 20-points-per-game mark and rebounded as well as ever. Before the season was half over, San Francisco had shattered the all-time major-college record of 39 consecutive victories jointly held by Long Island University and Seton Hall.

IN AN ERA dominated by offensive tactics, Russell stands out as one of those rare high-scoring players who are equally valuable on defense. Coach Frank McGuire of North Carolina testifies: "I've never seen anybody like him. When he sticks those long arms up in the air, you just can't get a shot off within 12 or 15 feet of the basket."

And coach Forrest Twogood of Southern California adds: "We had a fast break going and our kid laid the ball up. Suddenly that Russell—coming from nowhere—swooped down like a big bat and pinned the ball on the rim before it could drop in. No man, I say no man, who ever stepped on a court could do that," Twogood concludes. "But Russell did it. I saw him."

Russell probably turned in his finest sustained performance when San Francisco swept through the Eastern Collegiate Athletic Conference tournament this winter. The Dons walloped La Salle by 17 points, Holy Cross by 16 and UCLA by 17. In all three games, Russell rebounded so effectively the opposition seldom got off more than one shot per downcourt drive.

Twenty-two years old, Russell is a senior and lives in Oakland. He's majoring in business and hopes to play in the Olympics, then go into pro basketball.

Although smaller and less spectacular than Russell, teammate K.C. Jones (six feet one, and 205 pounds) also earned first-team All-America rating by a substantial margin in the coaches' poll. Offensively, Jones was San Francisco's play maker. K.C.'s sharp passes keyed the Dons' deliberate ball-control attack, and his accurate shots from backcourt perfectly complemented Russell's under-the-basket maneuvers.

Jones' over-all value was demonstrated strikingly when the Dons whipped California, 33 to 24, for their record-shattering 40th straight triumph. California resorted to stalling tactics in an effort to counteract Russell's

height advantage. Center Joe Hagler of Cal once held the ball for eight minutes without passing or dribbling in a fruitless effort to lure Russell from his defensive post near the basket. The stall restricted the Dons' scoring production to only six baskets (Russell got two), but Jones provided the winning margin by sinking 13 of 15 free throws.

Defensively, Jones invariably neutralized the opposition's top scorer. "He played everybody nose to nose and stopped them all," comments his coach, Phil Woolpert. Jones, a twenty-three-year-old history major, is a senior and lives in San Francisco.

Scoring honors on the 1956 All-America go to Robin Freeman of Ohio State. Freeman (five eleven and 160) maintained a 30-plus average over the last two seasons. He was deadly with a one-hand jump shot from any distance up to 25 feet.

It is doubtful whether any player ever worked harder than Freeman to develop shooting accuracy. During summer vacations, Robin practiced four hours every day. When Ohio State practice workouts ended, he used to stay on court for an extra hour of solo shooting.

"Freeman practiced so hard," reports coach Floyd Stahl of Ohio State, "that he literally worked himself into a state of nervous exhaustion last season. He had to drop out of school for the spring semester to recuperate."

"When Robin came back for '56, he stopped those extra solo practice sessions on doctor's orders and almost at once—much to his surprise—he started to shoot better than ever. He simply discovered," Stahl adds, "that practice doesn't always make perfect. Sometimes, it just makes you tired."

Freeman was an all-Ohio guard at Hughes High in Cincinnati. He's twenty-one years old and a senior with a B average in pre-dentistry.

Freeman and Sihugo Green of Duquesne are holdovers from the 1955 All-America. Green (six two and a half and 200) again performed brilliantly for a subpar Duquesne team which never found a satisfactory big man to replace All-America Dick Ricketts at center.

"With Ricketts gone," coach Duddy Moore points out, "Green moved from forward to center and worked against a flock of big guys who were anywhere from six to 10 inches taller than he was. But Si's got such tremendous leg spring and anticipation, he outplayed them all—even held his own under the basket with that big seven-foot Bill Uhl of Dayton."

Best indication of Green's 1956 greatness is these statistics: on a mediocre club, Si maintained the average of 22 points and 14 rebounds per game he compiled last season with a powerful Duquesne team which captured the National Invitation Tournament championship.

Green lives in Brooklyn, New York. He's a twenty-two-year-old senior, majoring in advertising.

The coaches rated Ron Shavlik of North Carolina State, the South's representative on the '56 All-America, on a par with San Francisco's Russell in rebounding skill. Shavlik, who's six eight, grabbed 24 rebounds as State captured the Dixie Classic by walloping archrival North Carolina, 82 to 60.

Offensively, Shavlik has all the shots. "Ron hits one-handers from outside just as easily as he sinks hooks with either hand from up close," declares coach Everett Case. "Because of his versatility, I frequently use him as a

N.C.A.A. DISTRICT ALL-STAR

MAINE VERMONT RHODE ISLAND

TOM HEINSOHN
KEVIN THOMAS
GEORGE BURKE
JOHN LEE
RON CLARK

NEW HAMPSHIRE MASSACHUSETTS CONNECTICUT

Holy Cross
Boston U.
Massachusetts
Yale
Springfield

NEW YORK PENNSYLVANIA WEST VIRGINIA

SIHUGO GREEN
HAL LEAR
BILL THIEBEN
CHET FORTE
TOM HEMANS

NEW JERSEY DELAWARE

Duquesne
Temple
Hofstra
Columbia
Niagara

MARYLAND VIRGINIA SOUTH CAROLINA TENNESSEE LOUISIANA

RON SHAVLIK
JERRY HARPER
BOB BURROW
ROB HUNDLEY
LEN ROSENBLUTH
DARRELL FLOYD
JOE HOLUP

DIST. OF COLUMBIA NORTH CAROLINA KENTUCKY GEORGIA FLORIDA

North Carolina State
Alabama
Kentucky
W. Virginia U.
North Carolina
Furman
George Washington

ILLINOIS INDIANA WISCONSIN

ROBIN FREEMAN
BILL UHL
JULIUS MC COY
PAUL JUDSON
CARL CAIN

OHIO MICHIGAN MINNESOTA

Ohio State
Dayton
Michigan State
Illinois
Iowa

Honorable Mention

Gordon Ruddy, Conn.; Dmitry Vergun, MIT; Bill Von Weyhe, Rhode Island; Richard Kross, American Int.; Jim Houston, Brandeis; Joe Liebler, Holy Cross; Jim Francis, Dartmouth; Douglas Hawkins, Amherst; Ron Bushwell, Conn.; Frank O'Donnell, Saint Anselm's; George Waddleton, Holy Cross; Tom Hart, Middlebury.

Honorable Mention

Dick Gaines, Seton Hall; John McCarthy, Conisus; Angela Lombardo, Manhattan; Dave Smalley, Navy; Dick Duckett, St. John's; Mark Binsteln, Army; Charley Rolles, Corn.; Vincent Cohen, Syr.; John Riser, Pitt.; Joe Sturgis, Penn.; Charles West, Wagner; James Riley, Westminster; William Blair, Geneva; Henry Nowak, Conisus.

Honorable Mention

Vic Moladet, North Carolina State; Ron Mayer, Duke; George Linn, Alabama; Chester Webb, Georgia Teachers; Al Rachelle, Vanderbilt; Carl Widseth, Tennessee; Charles Tyra, Louisville; Bob Kessler, Maryland; Bob Emrick, Florida; Bill Yarbrough, Clemson.

Honorable Mention

Terry Rand, Marquette; Bill Logan, Iowa; Ron Kramer, Michigan; Lloyd Aubrey, Notre Dame; Bill Ridley, Illinois; Archie Deas, Indiana; Ron Sobleszczyk, De Paul; Dick Miller, Wisconsin; Paul Brownlee, Steubenville; Wally Choate, Indiana; Jerome Dommayer, Minnesota; Frank Nimmo, Cincinnati.

forward to draw tall opponents away from the basket, but Ron can work in the pivot, too. He's the best ball handler and faker I've coached—and I've been in this business for 35 years."

Shavlik set a North Carolina State record as a junior last season by scoring 707 points for a 22.1 average. He is twenty-one years old and lives in Denver. A physical-education major, he's married (his wife is only five two) and expects to play pro basketball.

Again this year, each coach cast two separate ballots: one for the All-America, the other for his district's All-Star team.

The N.C.A.A. divides the country into eight geographical districts. However, conference areas occasionally overflow geographical boundaries. For example, West Virginia University, located in District 2, competes mostly against Southern Conference foes in District 3; and the University of Iowa, located in District 5, concentrates on Big Ten opponents in District 4.

"When such conflicts occur," explains All-America committee chairman Hickey, "the coaches rate the players in the district where they compete rather than where their school is situated. It's the only way you can compare players accurately."

THE TALENT WAS so plentiful in the Southeast sector (District 3) that the coaches there picked an unprecedented seven-man sectional All-Star team. "Shavlik was top man by a big majority in the sectional voting," reports Alabama coach Johnny Dee, the district chairman, "but the vote for the other four positions was so close among six outstanding players that we finally decided all six of them belonged on our All-Star team."

Their judgment was verified by the respect shown District 3 in the national balloting. Darrell Floyd of Furman, and Bob Burrow of Kentucky, (both of District 3) earned second-team All-America status, along with Bill Uhl of Dayton, Tom Heinsohn of Holy Cross and Art Bunte of Utah. And three other District 3 stars—Rod Hundley of West Virginia, Len Rosenbluth of North Carolina and Joe Holup of George Washington—made the third-team All-America, which also includes Willie Naulls of UCLA and Hal Lear of Temple.

Jerry Harper of Alabama, seventh member of the District 3 All-Star team, finished 19th in the All-America balloting behind Carl Cain of Iowa (16), Paul Judson of Illinois (17) and Julius McCoy of Michigan State (18). Another District 3 representative, Vic Molodet of North Carolina State, was 20th. So, eight players from District 3 ranked among the nation's top 20 All-America contenders—a most unusual concentration of sectional strength.

In addition to selecting the All-America and eight N.C.A.A. District All-Star teams, the coaches also awarded honorable-mention ratings to outstanding players in each district. The players in the honorable-mention category are listed in order, according to the number of votes received.

The All-America balloting was supervised by a committee of outstanding coaches, including Edward Hickey of St. Louis, chairman; John Bunn of Springfield College, District 1; Ben Carnevale, Navy, District 2; Johnny Dee, Alabama, District 3; Frank O'Connor, Iowa, District 4; Jack McClelland, Drake, District 5; Buster Brannon, Texas Christian, District 6; Stan Watts, Brigham Young, District 7; and W. H. H. (Tippy) Dye, Washington, District 8.

THE END

SECOND TEAM



TOM HEINSOHN
Holy Cross

DARRELL FLOYD
Furman



BOB BURROW
Kentucky



BILL UHL
Dayton



ART BUNTE
Utah

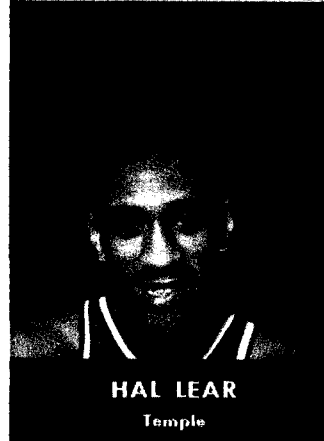
THIRD TEAM



ROD HUNDLEY
West Virginia



WILLIE NAULLS
UCLA



HAL LEAR
Temple



LEN ROSENBLUTH
North Carolina



JOE HOLUP
George Washington

TEAMS

PLAYERS ARE RATED WITHIN THE DISTRICTS WHERE THEIR TEAMS ARE MOST OFTEN SCHEDULED. IN DISTRICT 3, COACHES NAMED A SEVEN-MAN TEAM BECAUSE OF CLOSE VOTE.

MISSOURI
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEBRASKA
IOWA

DALLAS DOBBS
JOHN BOLDEBUCK
GARY THOMPSON
VORM STEWART
CLAYTON CARTER

NORTH DAKOTA
KANSAS
OKLAHOMA

Kansas
Houston
Iowa State
Missouri
Oklahoma A&M

Honorable Mention

Jim McLoughlin, St. Louis; Bob Hodgson, Wichita; Jim Ranglos, Colorado; Junior Born, Tulsa; Grady Smith, St. Louis; Willie Cerf, Drake; Bill Ebben, Detroit; Rex Ekwall, Nebraska; LeRoy Bacher, Oklahoma; Pachin Vicens and Jack Parr, Kansas State; Barney Cable, Bradley.

ARIZONA
ARKANSAS
TEXAS

DICK O'NEAL
RAY DOWNS
JIM REED
JIM KREBS
TEMPLE TUCKER

Texas Christian
Texas
Texas Tech
So. Methodist
Rice

Honorable Mention

Jerry Mallett, Baylor; Joe Durrenberger, Rice; Larry Showalter, So. Methodist; Ray Burrus, W. Texas; Gerald Barnett, Arkansas; Roy Young, Wayland Baptist; Dave Graybill, Arizona St. (Tempe); Max Newman, Wayland Baptist; Manuel Whitley, Arkansas; Joel Krog, So. Methodist; Ed Haller, Texas West; Fred Hopkins, No. Texas.

WYOMING
UTAH
NEW MEXICO

TERRY TEBBS
GARY BERGEN
ART BUNTE
JOE CAPUA
PAT DUNN

COLORADO
MONTANA

Brigham Young
Utah
Utah
Wyoming
Utah State

Honorable Mention

Les Rah, Idaho State; Herschel Pedersen, Brigham Young; Toby Roybal, New Mexico; Mickey Shannon, Regis; Gary Hibbard, Colorado A&M; Jim Powell, Denver; Morris Buckwalter, Utah; Lloyd Harris, Idaho State; Mary Motz, Adams State; Ted Smith, Utah State; Dick Brott, Denver; Bill Salonen, Montana State.

CALIFORNIA
WASHINGTON
NEVADA

BILL RUSSELL
WILLIE NAULLS
K.C. JONES
GEORGE SELLECK
MORRIS TAFT

OREGON
IDAHO

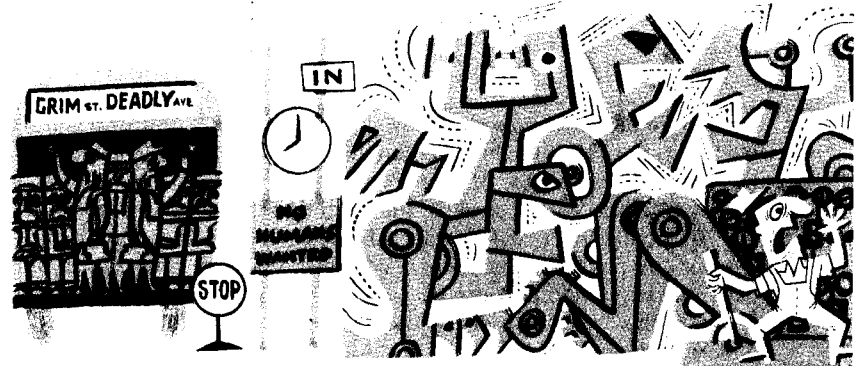
San Francisco
UCLA
San Francisco
Stanford
UCLA

Honorable Mention

Tony Psaltis, Southern California; Jim Coshaw, Washington; Bruno Boin, Washington; Larry Beck, Washington State; Max Anderson, Oregon; Barry Brown, Sanford; Dave Gambia, Oregon State; Jim Winters, Portland; Dick Stricklin and Cal Bauer, Seattle; Ermine Zappa, Pepperdine.



"Black pessimists have pictured automation as a Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse, leaving mass unemployment and degradation of the human spirit in its wake."



What is Automation?

By JOHN DIEBOLD

It is neither a messenger of doom nor a herald of Utopia, this expert says. But it can mean a whole new way of life for all of us—bringing more jobs and a four-day work week

AUTOMATION is a new word—it will appear in a number of dictionaries this year for the first time—yet it is already in danger of losing its meaning. Scarcely a day now passes that the public is not confronted with "automation" in newspaper headlines, magazine articles, speeches, editorials or TV commercials. It might be expected that such intensive publicity would increase our understanding of the impact of automation upon our times. Yet precisely the opposite seems to be happening. Automation has been extravagantly heralded by some as the threshold to a new Utopia in which robots and "giant brains" do all the work while human drones recline in pneumatic bliss. This is dangerous nonsense. At the other extreme, black pessimists have pictured automation as a Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse, an agent of doom leaving mass unemployment and degradation of the human spirit in its wake. This, too, is as unrealistic as to think of airplanes only as "things that may crash."

From earliest times man has ceaselessly applied his ingenuity to the task of improving his productive means—his skills, his tools, his machines. Aristotle dreamed of the day when "every tool, when summoned, or even of its own accord, could do the work that befits it." In the long run, automation promises to make Aristotle's dream a reality. Like every other important technological innovation, from the steam engine to electronics, automation will create a number of jobs—far more than any it could possibly displace. It will make a number of other old jobs more interesting and less arduous. It will create new products and new services. It will, in short, allow us to produce more goods for a wider market, and with less human toil.

The increased productivity made possible by machines in recent years has in turn increased man's opportunities for leisure—in the form of shorter working hours, earlier retirement, an increasing number of holidays and paid vacations. Automation promises not merely to continue this trend, but to accelerate it. Now a three-day weekend—every week—is actually in prospect within the next ten years.

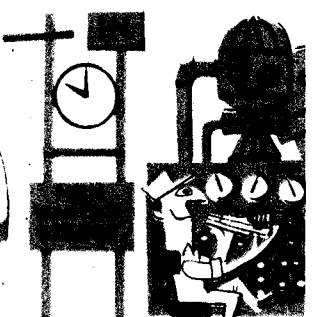
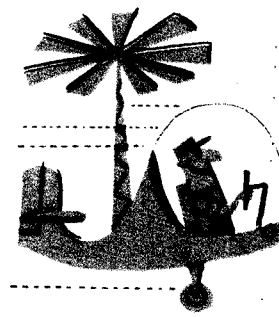
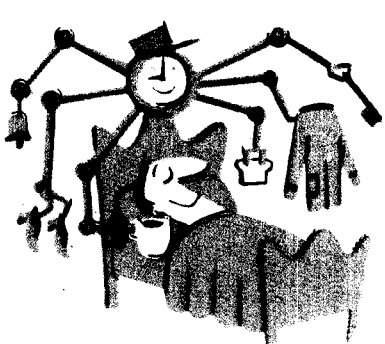
While it is obvious that in the long run automation will be of great benefit to us all, it is the short-run prospect that troubles many of us. We are, after all, essentially short-run creatures, with short-run stomachs and short-run bills to pay. Bright as the long-run view appears, it is only natural to wonder how automation will affect us—as individuals—in the transition period immediately ahead. It would be foolish indeed to pretend that automation is without its "growing pains." The real questions raised by automation are concerned not with averting change, nor even with adjusting to change, so much as they are with orderly planning for that change.

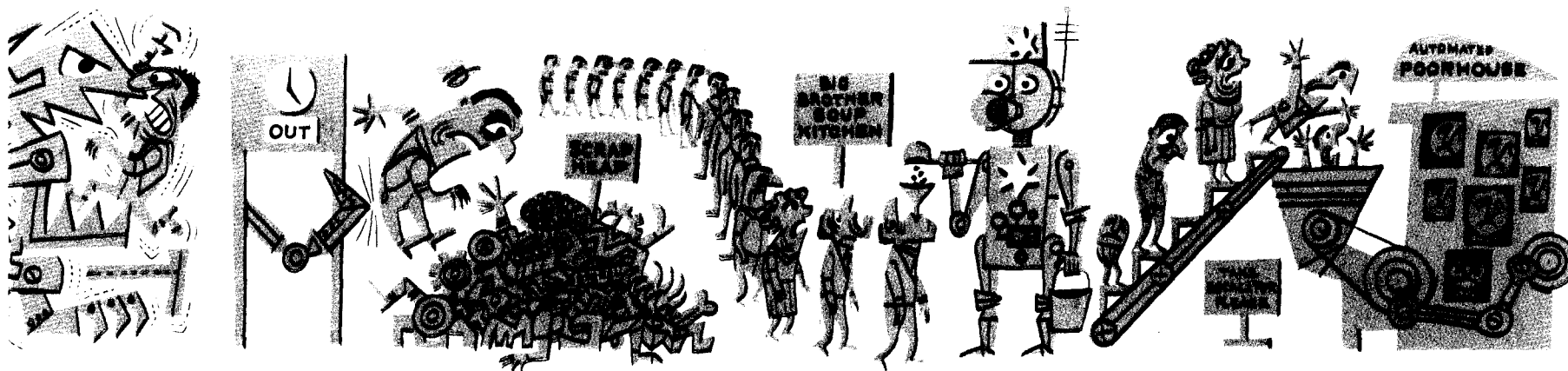
For management, automation poses the problem of adapting to new concepts and new methods of production—concepts and methods that require a complete "rethinking" of the purpose, as well as the organization, of entire production processes.

For the individual worker, automation raises the single yet vitally important question, "What will automation do to *my* job?" Many jobs are already changing, and this suggests the need to provide for the least disruptive adjustment to the new kinds of employment automation is creating.



"Automation has been heralded by some as the threshold to a new Utopia, in which robots do all the work while human drones recline in pneumatic bliss."





For the nation as a whole, automation increases the already urgent need for more and better educational facilities—not merely to provide the skills, technicians, engineers and managers required by new industrial methods, but also to prepare everyone for the responsibilities, as well as the opportunities, of increased leisure. Automation does pose a real and pressing problem for our society. However, the problem is not unemployment; our country no longer will tolerate mass unemployment. The problem is education—education for an age in which leisure is the center rather than the fringe of life.

The problems of automation, therefore, are of real significance to each of us, whether we seem to be directly affected or not. To meet these problems successfully, we must understand their real nature, and the real nature of automation itself. Let us consider some of the important questions raised by and being asked about this revolutionary new development.

Does automation mean simply the introduction of automatic labor-saving machinery into the factory?

No, it means much more than that. Automation uses labor-saving machines and devices, but they represent only a small part of the changes involved. Above all, automation is a completely new philosophy of production. It is a conceptual breakthrough, as revolutionary in its way as Henry Ford's concept of the assembly line.

Automation is a means of analyzing, organizing and controlling our production processes to maintain continuous optimum use of all our production resources—human as well as material.

FOR A SIMPLE ILLUSTRATION, take the development of a mattress factory. A mattress was produced originally by hand by a single craftsman. In the nineteenth century, however, mattress making was divided into a number of separate steps, according to the skills of individual workers. Thus, the springs might have been made on one floor of a factory, the frame on another, the cloth material on still a third and the whole assembled on yet another. Mechanization did not change this basic division; machines to make springs were introduced into the spring department, machines to manufacture frames into the frame department, and so on.

But to automate such a factory, the entire process would have to be revised into an integrated, self-regulating system. How could this be done?

The first step would be to analyze the manufacturing operation, to question not only the way things are being done, but why they are being done that way. We would have to "rethink" the product. Every phase of production, even the product itself, would have to be studied to determine what degree of automation would achieve the greatest economies. This might lead, for example, to a decision to redesign the mattress frame completely to permit the use of automatic machines, or the substitution of a new material for mattress padding—say foam rubber, which is easier to handle than cotton or wool. It might involve the design of special machinery to attach the springs and other parts to the frame in a single operation. This, of course, is an oversimplification of the complex management and engineering de-

cisions that would have to be made, but it illustrates the broad nature of such changes.

The second phase in the automation of the mattress factory would be to organize the actual production facilities into an integrated system—to "rethink" the manufacturing process, to combine or eliminate production steps and possibly rearrange them in a more efficient order. Once the ideal sequence had been determined, the machines could be linked together to keep production moving in a continuous flow. Wherever possible a part, once gripped, should not be released until its manufacture and placement were complete. Then in the automated mattress factory the end product would flow out as one, long continuous strip of finished bedding, to be sliced off automatically in appropriate sizes.

THE LINKING PHASE of automation is the form most familiar to the public, largely because of the publicity accorded its development in the automotive industry. Often referred to as "Detroit automation," it is fundamentally a new method for handling products between various steps in the mass-production assembly line.

Not long ago, for example, an automobile engine block was milled at one machine, removed by a worker and put on a conveyer, again removed by another worker and bored at the next machine, and so on as the engine moved spasmodically down the line. Today, complex handling devices, often as large as the production machines themselves, automatically remove the parts from the milling machine, turn and position them as necessary and hold them in place for the next machine's operation. Thus, an engine block goes from a rough casting to finished product—which may involve as many as 530 distinct operations—in a continuous, automatic journey. One such line, at the Ford Motor Company's Cleveland plant, performs the entire process in less than 15 minutes.

Detroit automation may profitably be applied wherever repetitive operations are to be performed on long production runs of identical parts. It has spread to large areas of the metalworking, electrical, electronic, meat-packing and food-processing industries.

Is there more to automation than this process of continuous production?

Yes, there is the element of control. Automation seeks to make the production system as self-regulating as possible. Actually, we are now leaving the push-button era and entering an era in which buttons push themselves.

What, for example, would happen to our continuous process if a single machine began to turn out parts slightly off-sized because of tool wear? It would be possible, of course, to station workers at each machine to gauge the parts as they are made and adjust the machine's performance accordingly. But then we should lose all the advantages of our continuous process. Obviously we must provide a machine or device capable of performing the same inspection and correction functions as the human operator—and without interrupting the production flow.

Behind the complex new self-regulation devices lies a simple principle. It is called "feedback." It was employed in James Watt's flyball governor to



Automation won't be confined to big industries, author Diebold says. It will be adopted by small shops, banks and offices

maintain his steam engine at constant speed, and by the Dutch to keep windmills facing into the wind. But it was not until World War II, when many of our best scientific minds were directed toward the development of radar and anti-aircraft-fire control, that an organized and generally useful theory of feedback control was developed.

The human nervous system may be described as a complex feedback system. When you reach for a glass of water, the way you guide your hand to the glass is quite similar to the way a feedback control system directs the fire of an anti-aircraft gun: your hand actually "zeroes in" upon the glass, first perhaps tending to overshoot, then falling short, and constantly being corrected according to the information provided by your senses. Similarly, in an industrial feedback system, information concerning the actual performance of an operation is continually compared with the desired result. Performance is continually corrected to minimize the difference. Thus, truly automatic operation, independent of changing conditions, is achieved.

How is a feedback system of automation different from what is commonly called "automatic" operation?

Consider, for example, an "automatic" street-lighting system. Typically, such a system turns on the electric lights at a certain hour and shuts them off again at another fixed time. Though the system starts and stops automatically, it cannot be said to be self-regulating. To make it self-regulating we would have to introduce feedback—in the form of a device which would operate the lights according to actual light conditions. Such a device would consist of a light-sensitive instrument, such as the light meter used in photography, which could be set to activate the lighting system whenever the natural light fell below a certain point, regardless of the time of day.

Is automation practicable for small as well as large-scale operations?

Thanks to the application of feedback, the answer once again is yes. But because so much of the discussion of automation has dealt with the more obvious achievements of the automotive and chemical-process industries (including oil refining and papermaking), it is often mistakenly assumed that the advantages of automation are limited to industries producing large volumes of a single product.

It is true that the huge special-purpose transfer devices and conventional "automatic" machine tools typical of Detroit automation cannot be changed from one product specification to another without costly and time-consuming adjustments. Therefore, they are of little use to the small manufacturer or "jobber," who may be machining an order of valves this week and an order of brake pedals next week. But feedback automation promises to alter this situation by making machines versatile as well as automatic. Such flexible control can be achieved by a number of means, but that most highly developed is "tape instruction." One of the most publicized of the tape-instructed machines is a large milling device designed at Massachusetts Institute of Technology; it has served as inspiration for many commercial machines. Today, a number of firms throughout the country are manufacturing and marketing a wide variety of tape-controlled milling machines, lathes, drill presses and the like.

These machines can be made to vary their operations over a wide range through the use of punched paper cards or tapes—or even magnetic tapes, much like those used for sound recording—upon which operating instructions have been coded in a series of dots which the machine translates into electric impulses. The control device "reads" its instructions—just as a teletype machine "reads" the news, or a player piano "reads" the music on a roll—and, in effect, produces a finished part direct from the original blueprint.

With such "tape-instructed" machines, it no longer is necessary to turn out a six-month supply of a product in order to make a job-lot production run worth while. Two or three pieces can be machined as required and the tape stored until further parts are needed. Since most of this country's production is in the form of job-shop runs, this is an important accomplishment.

Although until recently feedback control has been used most extensively

in such process industries as chemical manufacturing and oil refining, it is now being introduced into metalworking and, through the medium of the electronic computer, into offices as well. In fact, entire industrial and commercial enterprises actually are large feedback systems, containing the means of their own regulation and correction. All that is needed is to organize all parts of the process—production, pricing, advertising, sales, design and so on—in such a way that the control centers have continuous and accurate information concerning the operation of every part.

That's where the automatic high-speed information-processing machines come in. Of all the machinery of automation, these great computers have most strongly aroused the curiosity of the public, perhaps because of the seeming incredibility of their performance. They're at the heart of the complex network of instruments and controls that exemplify the feedback-system approach to automation.

Modern computers deal with words as well as with numbers, and can solve simple logical problems as well as complex mathematical questions. Every major advance in the speed, accuracy or storage capacity of electronic computers makes possible the solution of problems that were previously considered insoluble.

At Harvard University, the Mark IV, an electromechanical machine, has been used to compare thousands of Biblical manuscripts in order to discover the chronological sequence in which they were written; the machine uses the gradual changes in text from one era to the next as the basis for classification. The 701, a large-scale scientific machine built by the International Business Machines Corporation, is being used by the United States Weather Bureau at Suitland, Maryland, for experimental weather forecasting.

Less spectacular, perhaps, but no less significant, are the roles computers have played in solving the problems of engineering and industry. The machines are used daily to find the answers to questions involved in the design and testing of aircraft, guided missiles and warships. (Use of an "electronic brain" enabled the DC-7 airliner to fly six months sooner than would have been possible if conventional methods had been used to make all the necessary calculations.) Computers also have been used extensively in atomic research, by the Army Ordnance Department in ballistics studies, by public utilities and by a number of government agencies engaged in statistical work.

But surely the most significant application of computers has been to modernize and speed up office paper work in American business. The changes have only just begun, but for some time now Bell Telephone has been operating an Automatic Message Accounting system which records calls, assigns them to the right subscriber, and computes and prints bills—all automatically. American Airlines

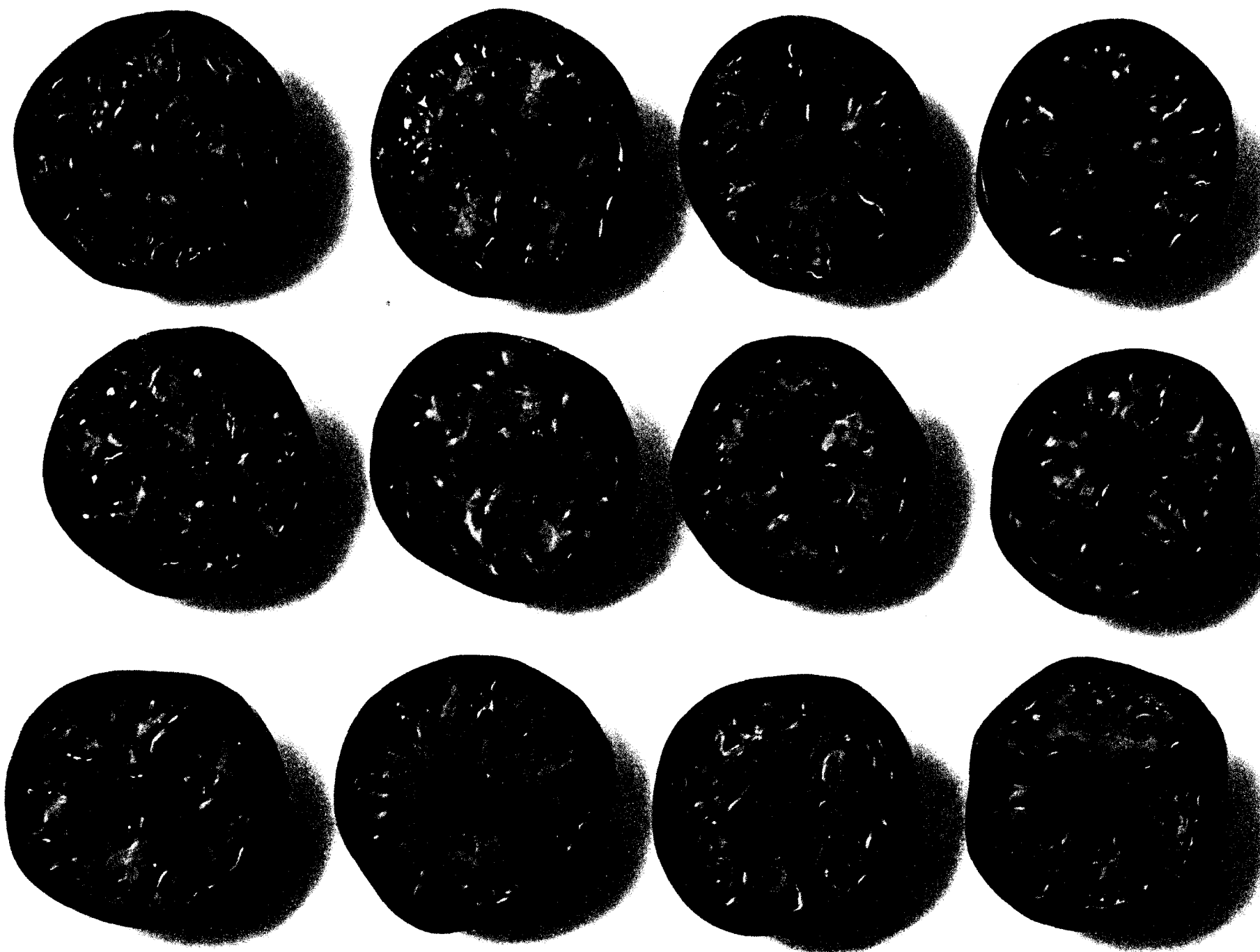
is keeping track of ticket reservations on a central magnetic-drum "memory" unit. The Toronto Stock Exchange handles bid and asked quotations by a similar device. And a number of large department stores have begun to record their sales with electronic "tag readers," eventually to become part of central data-processing systems.

Another important development in this field was revealed recently when the Bank of America announced that it has tried out and intends to install a \$750,000 electronic computer named ERMA (Electronic Recording Machine—Accounting), capable of handling all the records for some 50,000 checking accounts. This machine, being installed at the San Jose, California, branch, credits individual accounts with deposits, debits withdrawals, stores details of all transactions, maintains correct balances, accepts stop-payment and hold orders, warns if an account is overdrawn, and sorts checks.

Actually, electronic computers of all sizes are being used today by hundreds of corporations for payroll computations, market analysis, billing, inventory control and similar jobs. Yet the revolution has scarcely begun. Where a little more than a year ago no more than a dozen large-scale computers were on order for business use, today orders for more than 200 are waiting to be filled. Most of today's machines are dinosaur-sized. They are the room-filling forebears of small, transistorized low-power-



The author, a recognized expert on automation, is himself a characteristic product of the booming young science he writes about here. Not yet thirty, he heads his own large firm of management consultants. When only one year out of Harvard Business School he brought forth the first book to be published on the practical uses of this new technology, *Automation—the Advent of the Automatic Factory*. It has since been translated into French, German, Spanish and Japanese. Many of the innovations he proposed then are already accepted practice in key American industries. He has personally installed his automation ideas in enterprises as diverse as marketing securities, making cattle fodder, printing, metalworking, electronic manufacturing



Can you find the Campbell Tomato?

All of these tomatoes probably look pretty good to you—and they are. But our tomato experts say that only one is good enough to be an ideal *Campbell Tomato*.

Here are a few hints to help you tell *which* one:

The Campbell Tomato is the same red, all over and all the way through. Our people call this shade "Campbell Red."

The outside of the Campbell Tomato is round and shapely. The inside has small seed sections. It's plump with thick sidewalls and lots and lots of firm, ripe tomato "meat" in the middle.

That's all we can show you in a picture. But, if you could sample the Campbell To-

mato, you'd know it by its flavor—true and fresh, not too sharp or sweet. Or a laboratory test would show you its balance of acidity which gives a special edge to flavor—"sparkle" as the Campbell Chefs call it.

In the Campbell Kitchens, the blending art of the Campbell Chefs brings out the best of all the good things in the Campbell Tomato—color, flavor, "sparkle"—so that you can enjoy them all in products prepared with the Campbell Tomato. Oh, the Campbell Tomato? It's the one at the left in the top row. A plump, red illustration of what we mean when we say:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

*"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."*



Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices

Franco-American Products

Swanson Products, including "TV" Brand Dinners

Thanks to automation, a few girls now control a whole atomic processing plant. But thousands of new jobs also were created

consuming data-processing machines of tomorrow. In another ten years today's computers will be regarded with much the same nostalgia and curiosity with which we now look back on the Model T car.

What can automation do to improve business management itself?

Savings in clerical costs are in no sense the most important justification of the automation of data processing in business offices. Perhaps the most exciting aspect is the greatly increased control the computers give management over business operations. By providing better and far more current information—new *kinds* of information—computers promise to be the greatest "management tool" yet invented. For the first time, management will be able to adjust production to changing market conditions by basing its decisions on accurate information about demand, inventory and rate of production. The great competitive advantage that this kind of information affords management is one of the most significant—and least understood—of all the benefits of automation.

Do computing machines really "think"?

A great part of the nonsense spoken and written about automation in the past has suggested that the machinery of automation—especially electronic computers—will replace not only certain of the many functions now performed by humans, but eventually will perform the entire range of human occupations. It portrays automatically controlled machines as robots, mechanical men with human faculties. Even responsible scientific journals frequently refer to computers as "giant brains" and "thinking machines" that have such human faculties as "memory," "reason," "choice," "intelligence" and "learning."

The truth is, a machine can calculate, conclude and choose only as it is instructed to do so, and only according to the information, instructions and criteria man provides. Computers cannot be creative, nor can they be clever; they have neither imagination, volition nor purposefulness—the attributes that most clearly distinguish the human mind from that of animals.

Will automation bring large-scale unemployment?

Second only to the myth of the "giant brain" in popularity is the notion of the "workerless factory," a great hive of busy, humming machines controlled by an electronic computer. Yet the "workerless factory" is no more feasible than the perpetual-motion machine.

There will be a certain number of automatic factories, it is true. But they will hardly be news. There have been automatic factories since Oliver Evans built his first automatic grain mill on the banks of Red Clay Creek in Delaware in 1785. But automatic factories never have been, and never shall be, "workerless factories."

The few examples that exist today make this quite clear. At the atomic processing plant at Oak Ridge, although the entire operation is controlled by a few girls at a central control panel, hundreds of skilled workmen are required. They do little of the direct work themselves, but for the most part replace defective equipment, which is sent back to the manufacturer for disassembly and repair, thus requiring still more indirect labor.

THIS INCREASE in indirect labor as compared to direct labor is typical of automation, and is extremely significant in attempting to assess the nature of the impact of automation upon the economy. It is a temptation, when we read about automated plants run by six or ten workers, to compare this figure with the 20 or 30 operators the same process once required—then throw up our hands in alarm and call the difference "unemployment."

The economics of automation are not quite that simple. If we are really interested in determining the effects of automation upon employment, we must take into account not only the increase in indirect labor, but the increase in employment made possible by expanding and more efficient production. It may well be that although the labor required per unit of output declines, more workers will be needed to supply the increased output demanded at lower prices in an automated economy.

A recent survey by the International Association of Machinists, for example, showed that among 346 metalworking plants which had installed some form of automation, total employment had actually increased. The same trend is evident in our highly automatic process industries.

In practice, automation has created new jobs even before its machines have wiped out old jobs. Most people are aware that technological progress always creates more jobs—eventually—than it destroys. What they worry about is the time lag—the period during which men have no work between the old jobs and the new. There was such a delay during the first industrial revolution. But this time a new pattern seems to be developing.

Automation has already produced one new industry in America. There are now more than 1,000 companies engaged either wholly or partly in the manufacture of automation equipment. Their aggregate output last year totaled more than \$3,500,000,000—and the industry is one of the fastest-growing in America.

Will automation make a robot out of the ordinary worker?

Of all the myths and fears that have sprung up about automation, there is surely none quite so absurd as the contention that automation will debase the worker. Although there are few of us today who would not agree that mechanization and our industrial civilization in general have greatly improved the condition of human labor, there is certainly some truth in the frequently voiced criticism that production in many modern plants and factories seems to subordinate the worker to the machine.

Will automation aggravate this situation?

The answer is an emphatic "No!" It is precisely this one great drawback of all other forms of increased mechanization that automation promises to eliminate. Since, as we have observed, the very function of automatic-control devices is to perform the merely routine and repetitive tasks of factory and office, automation must by its very nature free human beings from the domination of the machine and thus further improve the job satisfactions of human labor.

What are the positive benefits of automation?

Too often, perhaps, we concentrate on how automation will affect our present way of doing things, and do not give enough thought to the things automation will enable us to do for the first time. Automation has opened a whole new world to us. Feedback controls have made it possible to reach entirely new levels of achievement.

WE WOULD NOT, for example, have developed nuclear fission were it not for feedback-control devices. No human could operate valves or hand controls deep within the dreadful flux of the atomic reactor. Nor would the manufacture of common plastics be possible without the use of feedback control. Polyethylene, used to package many products we use every day, requires operational precision in reacting time, temperature and pressures. Without automatic control of this process, the product would turn out to be a useless wax.

Automation can make economically practical many products now considered impossible to produce. Moreover, were it not for feedback-control devices, we would be without many products that we have long taken for granted. It has been estimated, for example, that if the more than 50,000 control devices in American oil refineries were to be removed, our whole economy would be faced with disaster: automobile engines would have to be radically redesigned to perform with inferior fuel, and because of higher waste and lower yields, we would be using up several times as much crude petroleum.

We Americans have grown to expect a steady and substantial increase in our standard of living. We hope and we expect that, as time passes, we shall need to devote a decreasing proportion of our time and energy to the task of earning a living. Being realists, we understand that this increase in productivity will not just "happen," but can be brought about only by the intensive development of all our productive capacity.

Population trends indicate that the total population is currently increasing faster than the labor force. The age of retirement is decreasing, while (because of the increasing proportion of our youth entering college and military service, among other factors) the age at which new manpower enters the labor market is increasing. These trends indicate a relative decrease in the labor force at a time when the increasing population requires a greater output of goods and services. Here we have the basis for what some observers have called a potential labor shortage within the next ten years—the period when the great changes of automation will be made.

If we are to increase productivity at the same time that we increase leisure—indeed, even if we are to maintain what leisure we have—we shall need more machines and more automatic controls. In short, we not only shall be able to tolerate automation; we shall urgently need it.

What problems does automation present?

Despite the fact that in today's industrial revolution new jobs are being created before the old ones are destroyed, and that the pressure will be on us simply to maintain our present standard of living with a smaller percentage of our population in the work force, there still exists a danger of some temporary dislocations of workers.

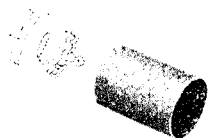
Automation, like the automobile or the printing press, is going to make a certain number of skills obsolete. Because it will also create a number of new jobs—jobs requiring a higher level of skill and training—automation, it is often said, will cause an "upgrading" of labor. Over the long run, this is obviously true. Yet, in the short run, it is not labor that will be upgraded, but a certain number of jobs.

The man who runs the drill press today may or may not be the same man who services its tape-controlled replacement tomorrow. If he is, he must first have been trained for the new job. If he is not, he must go out into a labor market in which his old skill is becoming valueless. In order to pro-

The TAREYTON Twosome



the perfect choice for better smoking



HERBERT TAREYTON

For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh... that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.



FILTER TIP TAREYTON

All the pleasure comes thru... the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

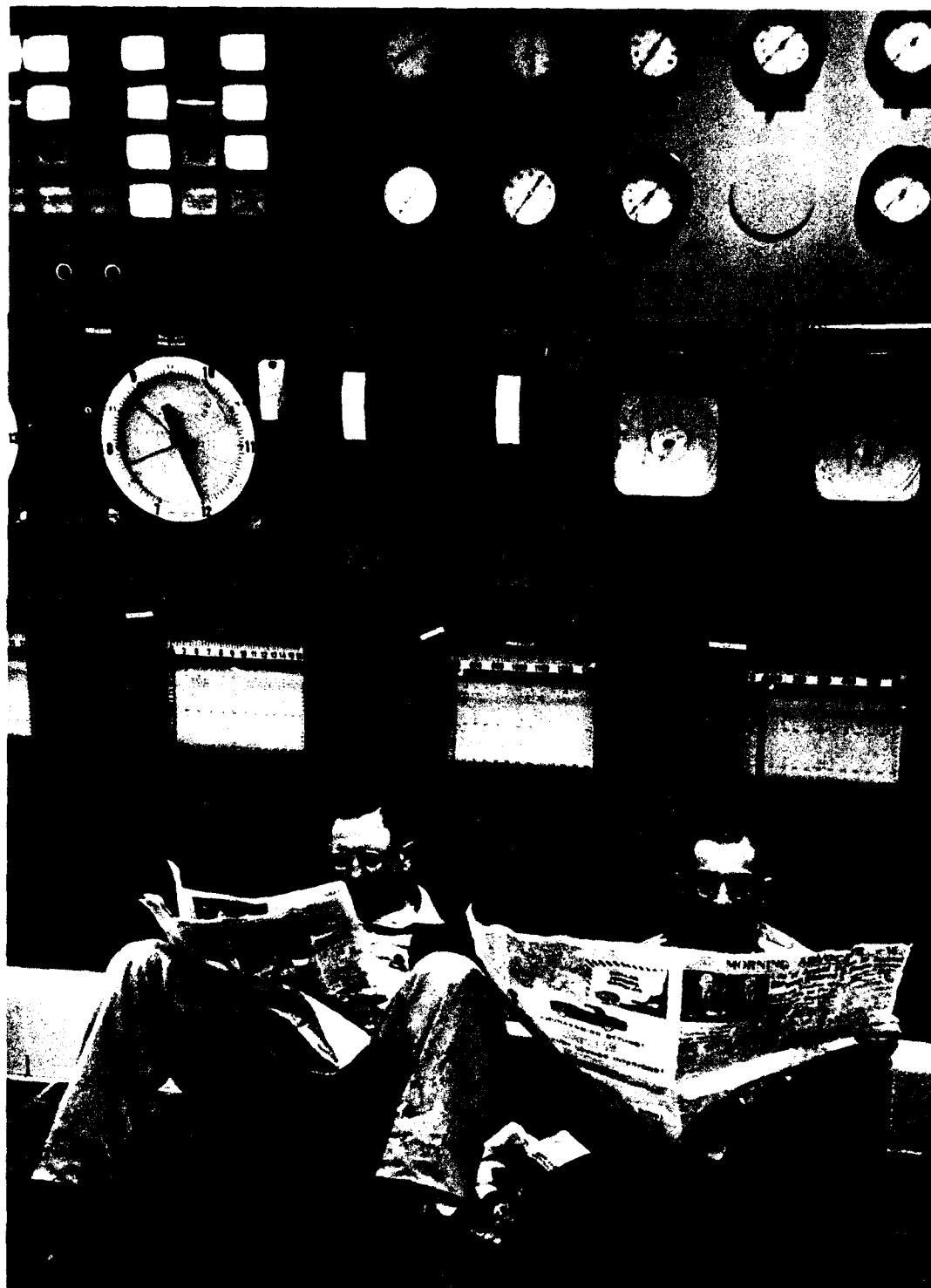
Only FILTER TIP
TAREYTON
gives you
Activated Charcoal
filtration

PRODUCTS OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

"With foresight, the transition to automation can be made with far less disruption than has characterized some of the great innovations in industry in the past."



Above: At heart of any large-scale automation system lies an electronic computing machine. This machine is NORC, built by IBM for use in U.S. Navy's ordnance research projects. Right: Here is control room of Esso Standard Oil Co.'s Baton Rouge (Louisiana) Refinery, with workers waiting to begin shift. Oil-refining industry was one of the pioneers in the automation movement



vide some basis of security for the future, he probably will want to learn a new skill, perhaps one of those created by automation.

In the short run, we have a responsibility as a nation to help bridge this period of transition. We must make it practical for men whose specific jobs may someday be replaced by machines to begin training in the newer skills which automation demands. Frequently those workers with the greatest seniority cannot readily be transferred to new jobs. Advance planning must be undertaken to deal with each such problem. With foresight, the transition to automation can be made with far less disruption than has characterized some of the great innovations in industry in the past.

Automation also presents a challenge to our whole educational system. Automatic factories will require a greatly increasing number of technicians and skilled maintenance men. Even today, according to the statisticians, we need 75,000 more technicians each year than we are training. But in order to create the automatic factories and offices in the first place, we shall also need a great number of engineers with a broad understanding of all phases of production and an equally great number of managers with sufficient skill and imagination to plan successfully for automation. Yet statistics show that we are already 25,000 engineers short each year.

For any real improvement of the situation, we must look to something more than merely specialized preparation for the problems of automation. Even in the simplest jobs, automation will require an increasing ability to think, increased imagination and judgment, and increased understanding of

mathematical and logical methods—in brief, increased education, in the largest sense of that word.

Like any other major extension of our means, automation increases our responsibility to discover the most just ends. More and more, we are coming to realize the increasing importance of the humanistic studies for the preservation of values in a rapidly changing world.

So, too, the increased need for leisure opportunity grows daily more apparent. A hundred years have passed, but this need has not since been so well expressed as in the words of Henry Thoreau, the sage of Walden:

"Most men, even in this comparatively free country, through mere ignorance and mistakes, are so occupied with the factitious cares and superfluously coarse labors of life that its finer fruits cannot be plucked by them. Their fingers, from excessive toil, are too clumsy and tremble too much for that. Actually, the laboring man has not the leisure for a true integrity day by day; he cannot afford to maintain the manliest relations to men; his labor would be depreciated in the market. He has no time to be anything but a machine."

Today's toil is perhaps more nerve-racking than backbreaking, but time—time to be something more than a machine—is one of the great promises of automation. What will we do with our three-day weekend that automation is going to make possible? The extent to which we exploit this opportunity to pluck the "finer fruits" of life is a key question of the new age of automation that is dawning.

THE END

Collier's for March 16, 1956



RCA TV camera encased in special diving bell televises the activities of sea life in sunlit waters off the Gulf Stream.

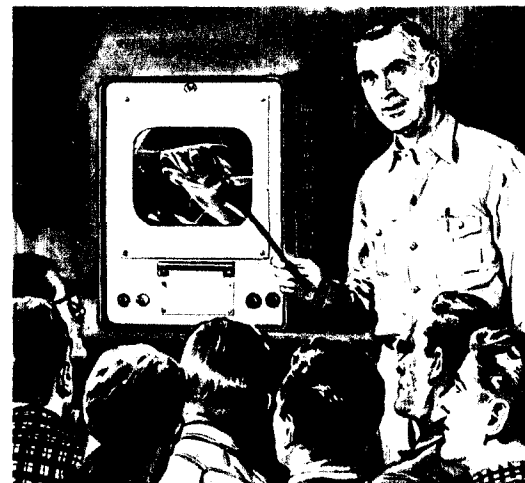
Now RCA puts TV underwater to help the Government protect marine life

In the Gulf Stream off Florida, a fish peers inquiringly into the glowing eye of an RCA television camera—ten fathoms underwater! As the camera moves through the darting schools of fish, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service technicians on the surface hover over an RCA remote control TV monitor. From what they see will come new improvements in fishing techniques and equipment to help the government protect marine life.

It's only natural that the development of underwater television should come from RCA—for it was RCA that introduced

black-and-white TV as a service to the public in 1939. Since then, more people have bought RCA than any other television. Today RCA pioneers again with Compatible Color TV—the system that lets you watch wonderful new color shows or black-and-white programs on the same set!

The electronic and engineering skill behind these achievements is inherent in all RCA products and services. And continually, RCA scientists at the David Sarnoff Research Center in Princeton, N. J., delve into new "Electronics for Living"—electronics to make life easier, safer, happier!



U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service technicians study fishing methods and equipment on an RCA remote control TV monitor.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
ELECTRONICS FOR LIVING

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As she laughed at his story, she thought: Men like Bill just want a pretty girl across the table from them; they want no part of marriage

The good girl, ALAS

By MEL HEIMER

*He had an awful reputation, she knew,
but he could teach her all about love*

THE stark, sickening truth was that she wasn't exactly sure of what she was doing. It was unsettling to her. And if any of her friends had been around, it would have been more than unsettling to them: they wouldn't have believed it.

"Listen," her friends always said of her, "Marcia Moore is *one* girl who knows what she's doing. Always."

But here was Marcia Moore, sitting in a dark and chic little East Side restaurant with a Martini in her hand and Bill Vogt at her side. It was 5:30 P.M. and it was spring. And Marcia Moore, her short blonde hair glistening in the dim light and her blue-green eyes as clear as a glass of spring water, wasn't sure which way was up.

What am I doing here? she said to herself. But to Bill Vogt she spoke politely. She may have been confused, but she remained a lady. "I'll bet you were," she said, in reply to the story he was telling. "And how did you ever catch up with the other boat?"

As recently as eight o'clock that morning, Marcia Moore had known what she was doing. She had awakened slowly, in her tidy green-and-white apartment on East 39th Street, just off Park Avenue. She had lain in bed for a few moments and looked around. It was a nice apartment, furnished with modern gray bleached-oak furniture; there was a spray of daffodils in a crystal vase on a small table near the window, and through the open bedroom door she could see the long, leather-topped coffee table and the trim-looking sofa with the charcoal-colored corduroy spread. It was a lovely apartment, she thought, airy and sunny, and it lacked only one important item. The trouble was that she was still *Miss* Marcia Moore.

After a while, she got out of bed and walked slowly to the dressing table. Frowning a little, she sat down to look at herself in the mirror. She was one of the lucky ones to whom this is not frightening at eight o'clock in the morning. She didn't even have to brush her hair to look good.

But this was a time for decision, not a time for admiration. She looked closely. "I think," she said out loud, the way people who live alone get to talk out loud after a while, "that we may as well start today."

She might, of course, have meant that she was going to give up cigarettes, or dye her hair red, or get a new job or even make plans to rob a bank. But what she meant was that she had decided to take the primrose path: she was going to become immoral.

In her twenty-six years she had been kissed by a good many young men, she had danced with hundreds, and she even had made coffee and scrambled eggs for two or three, just before dawn. But there she had always drawn the line.

Her reasons for this attitude were ninety per cent personal ethics and five per cent upbringing. The other five per cent had to do with the fact that all the charming, appealing men she had ever met had been wolves; and the honest, dependable men of obvious character had been dull.

There was nothing new about this situation. She had seen some of her friends marry honest, dependable dull men. "Of *course* I love him," they always said. And they told themselves: I'll learn to love him. After all, a girl can't wait forever.

Marcia Moore had tried waiting. Now she was tired of it.

Later that morning, as she took a cab to Leffler & Smith's, the huge department store where she worked as a commercial artist, she elaborated on her decision a bit.

The decision did not mean, of course, that she was going to take up with the first passable male she met. What it *did* mean was that, if she found herself dating an enormously attractive man who intimated that their friendship might be over if she did not accompany him to a hunting lodge at Lake Waramaug—well, she just might accompany him.

After all, she thought, just exactly what am I saving myself for?

She had to face reality: in twenty-six years she had not found a man with whom she cared to spend the rest of her life. She had no reason to believe this state of affairs would be changed. And with each passing season, she found herself liking more and more her pleasant, orderly, comfortable life in the green-and-white apartment on East 39th Street. Her demands on any man who might share her life were becoming sharper, she knew.

And romance, she told herself firmly, was something every woman should know. Otherwise, she just had not lived. There were no two ways about it.

But that had all been this morning. Now it was evening, and she was sitting in a dim little restaurant with Bill Vogt.

He undoubtedly was a little amazed to be there himself. Bill Vogt was as charming as Charles Boyer with his toupee on. He had broad shoulders and

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

Loves to go... *and looks it!*

The '56 Chevrolet



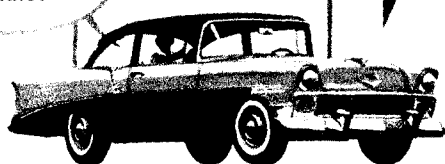
The Bel Air Sport Sedan is one of two new Chevrolet 4-door hardtops. All 19 new models feature Body by Fisher.

It's got frisky new power, V8 or 6, to make the going sweeter and the passing safer. It's agile . . . quick . . . solid and sure on the road.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER



*Traffic-test it—
it's a beautiful thing
to handle!*



This, you remember, is the car that set a new record for the Pikes Peak run. And the car that can take that tough and twisting climb in record time is bound to make *your* driving safer and more fun.

Curve ahead? You level through it with a wonderful nailed-to-the-road feeling of stability. Chevrolet's special suspension and springing see to that.

Slow car ahead? You whisk around it and back in line in seconds. That's handled by Chevrolet's new high-compression power—ranging from the new "Blue-Flame 140" Six up to 225 h.p. in the new Corvette V8 engine, available on all models at extra cost.

Quick stop called for? Nudge those oversize brakes and relax. Chevrolet's exclusive Anti-Dive braking brings you to a smooth, *heads-up* halt.

No doubt about it, this bold beauty was made for the road. Like to try it? Just see your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

These Nations Are Catholic By **CHOICE!**

You hear it said today that the Catholic Church seeks to entrench itself as the established religion of any and all nations.

And you are warned that wherever Catholicism dominates, religious liberty is denied to others.

"Look at Spain!" the critics say, "and Italy and Colombia, too. And remember the Dark Ages and their persecutions!"

Implicit in these warnings, of course, is the suggestion that the people of so-called Catholic countries are compelled to remain loyal to the Church against their will. Any fair-minded person who really does "look at Spain" and other predominantly Catholic countries finds that they embrace Catholicism as a matter of choice, not compulsion.

People who take the trouble to "look" at the history of religious oppression are also often surprised at what they find. They discover that the religious persecutions—almost without exception—were actuated by political rather than religious purposes; and that the chief guilt for them should be laid at the door of the statesmen and ruling houses of the nations rather than the churches.

This fact was emphasized in an address to the Congress of the United States on January 8, 1826, by the then distinguished Bishop of Charleston, John England, who said: "...religion has been more frequently but a pretext with statesmen for a political purpose than the cause of persecution from zeal on its own behalf."

The Catholic Church, being universal, must exist under various flags and different political systems. In Colombia, for example, where the people are overwhelmingly Catholic, one statesman describes religion as "the fundamental pillar of our culture." The status of the Catholic Church in such a land would obviously be different than in the United States, where there are many



faiths—all entitled to the same rights and privileges.

In 1916 Cardinal Gibbons, dean of American bishops, said: "Separation of church and state in this country seems to Catholics the natural, the inevitable, the best conceivable plan, the one that would work best among us, both for the good of religion and of the state." Speaking for the Bishops in 1948, the late Archbishop McNicholas said U.S. Catholics would not seek union of church and state even if they constituted a majority.

It may surprise you to hear that in at least one era of religious persecution, Catholics and non-Catholics were hanged from the same gallows. This and other dramatic stories dating back to the Middle Ages are related in a pamphlet which we will be glad to send free upon request. It will be mailed in a plain envelope—nobody will call on you. Write today...ask for Pamphlet No. C-8.

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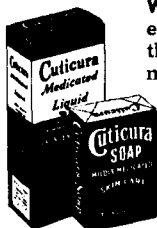
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FASTEST KNOWN SKIN RELIEF!

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report results
in 1 to 3 days
with new
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method



Want faster relief from pimples, rashes, other externally caused skin irritations? Wash skin thoroughly twice daily with superfatted, mildly medicated CUTICURA SOAP. Apply CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID frequently. You'll get instant relief from discomfort—faster healing aid—with this sensational new greaseless, fast-drying, "invisible" antiseptic. Buy at druggists. Soap, only 25¢. Liquid, 60¢, or send 10¢ to cover mailing costs for generous sample of both. CUTICURA, Dept. CC, Malden 48, Mass.



"I understand they're quite concerned about this one. He wants to grow up to be Vice-President"

COLLIER'S

STAN HUNT

dark curly hair—and a reputation as long as an elephant's trunk. If you dated Bill Vogt your reputation was not destroyed immediately, but your stock soared, promptly, with those gentlemen who appreciated Fast Women. A gossip dossier on Bill Vogt would have read: *He plays for keeps.*

HE WAS some kind of junior executive, Marcia knew, and he had telephoned her at her office six times in the last six months. "I'm sorry," she had said each time, "but I'll be busy." Her tone of voice had always discouraged him, and he had hung up and sighed philosophically and thought: Well, that's that. But always, in a few weeks, he had given it another try.

And this morning when he had called her, she'd said, "That *would* be nice. Where shall I meet you, and when?" He had scarcely been able to believe it.

"Look," he said now, "I'm not actually that good a sailor, and besides, it always frustrates me to talk about sailing. I get mad because I can't go right out and sail. So let's talk of something else. Let's talk of you," he said brightly. "Little old me?" she asked.

He grinned. "We ought to have a tape recording of this," he said.

He lighted two cigarettes at once, just like Paul Henreid in *Now, Voyager*, and, surprisingly enough, didn't look like a fool. He gave one to her and smiled. "Where do you come from and what kind of girl are you?" he said.

"I'm from Hoboken, New Jersey, and if you find out what kind of girl I am, I wish you'd tell me."

"Nobody is from Hoboken."

"Frank Sinatra and me."

"If you say so. After Hoboken, what?"

"Well, after college I moved to New York. That was five years ago. In the interim, aside from falling in love with Manhattan and never wanting to live anywhere else, nothing much happened to me."

He looked at her carefully. "Who else have you fallen in love with?" he said. "What was he like—or they?"

"Those are pretty personal questions," she said, "and if I didn't know you so well, I might answer them. As it is, I'll just smile sweetly and say nothing."

He looked at her steadily. "I envy the guy, or guys," he said.

The first step, she said to herself. The early earmarks of *The Line*: a man who's been loved by you is the most fortunate of men.

"Where did I meet you, anyway?" she asked. "I've been trying to remember. I do know that I didn't pick you up during my lunch hour."

"Henry Jamison's cocktail party," he said. "I was standing there—"

"—with tall, slender, very glamorous brunette on arm."

"She was my first cousin, by marriage. Anyway, I saw you come in with some dumpy little woman in a suit—"

"That's my boss. She's wonderful." "So she's the most wonderful woman in the world—she's still dumpy. I sidled past her and I asked you if I could borrow a match."

"Like fun you did," she said, laughing. "I remember. You asked if I'd like a cigar."

"It's my acid test for good-looking women. If they take the cigar, they become suspect and my interest cools." "But not much."

He laughed. "It depends to some extent on exactly how good-looking they are," he said. "What's one little cigar between friends, if a girl looks like Marilyn Monroe?"

"Well, I didn't take the cigar, I remember."

"You could have," he said. "It wouldn't have stopped me." He leaned back appraisingly, took a deep drag on his cigarette, and nodded sagely, owlishly. "If I hadn't had to take my first cousin by marriage home after that party, I would have brought you a fistful of cigars and taken you to a front-row table in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf, to show you off."

"How'd you make out with the cousin?" she asked. She looked down quickly at her Martini. It was not a Marcia Moore remark.

He laughed again. "All I can remember about later that night was that she kept saying, 'You don't love me. You don't want to marry me.'" He shook his head. "She was very close to being exactly right."

"So what did you do?"

"I ran. For my life."

You can always tell, she thought.

Collier's for March 16, 1956

Men like Bill Vogt, at least here in New York, just don't want any part of marriage. They want a pretty girl across the table from them and they want, when the time comes, to say: I love you, darling, only you. The others—they've meant nothing.

And two months or six months later the girl says tearfully, Don't you want my love? And the men like Bill Vogt just stare coldly ahead and say, No—not when it's handed to me on a platter.

"I like you, Bill Vogt," she said. "You're no good, of course, but I like being with you and I'm glad I came." True or false? she thought.

"You speak in the language of the birds," he said. He picked up a menu. "How do you like your steak?"

THEY finished dinner early. It was only a little after eight when they left the restaurant. There were fashionable apartment buildings on the street and a couple of charming old brownstone houses, and many windows were lighted. Behind the expensive draperies, Marcia knew, men were sitting in easy chairs, the heady aroma of pipe smoke making their women happy whenever they came into the room; and other men were saying, "Dammit, Francie, how do you get this hanged stud into this shirt, anyway?" and smiling females were shaking their heads and saying, "Hold still, will you; I'll do it." Suddenly, and desperately, Marcia wanted to smell pipe smoke and fix a shirt stud herself.

"We ought to dance," Bill said.

"Yes."

"Now this will take a great deal of understanding on your part," he said, "but I am going to suggest that we go to the Roosevelt Grill, which is the last outpost of that distinguished Canadian Mountie, Guy Lombardo." She started to laugh and he held up a hand for quiet. "If your question is, do I like Guy Lombardo, I invoke the Fifth Amendment. He is easy to dance to."

In the taxicab to the Roosevelt, Bill

Vogt was debonair, genteel and circumspect. Well, she said to herself, if my virtue is going to be tested, thank Heaven it's by a gentleman.

The Grill was pleasantly gloomy, and as they danced, Marcia Moore forgot everything. Dancing was like that with her. He led her expertly and he evidently was one of those rare men who really enjoy dancing. The orchestra played some of the old songs, and a couple of times he smiled and said, "Hey, remember that one!" They even played Love for Sale, and Marcia Moore, girl wanton, never even batted an eyelash.

It was just past eleven when they left and went out onto 45th Street. "Walk a little?" Bill asked, and she nodded. Arm in arm they strolled down to the corner of Madison Avenue and then turned south.

He looked sidewise at her. "Where do you live?" he said, "and with whom and how? Translated, that means: Do you have your own apartment?"

"Yes, I do," she said, and for the life of her, she couldn't think of anything to add to that flat statement.

"So do I," he said. "It's right off Bryant Park on West 40th Street. Used to be an artist's studio. Come there with me?"

A little subtlety, please, she thought. Not like that. Not so blunt. She felt almost cheated. I could even stand etchings, she said to herself, but not just, Come to my apartment.

"You don't give any good reasons," she said.

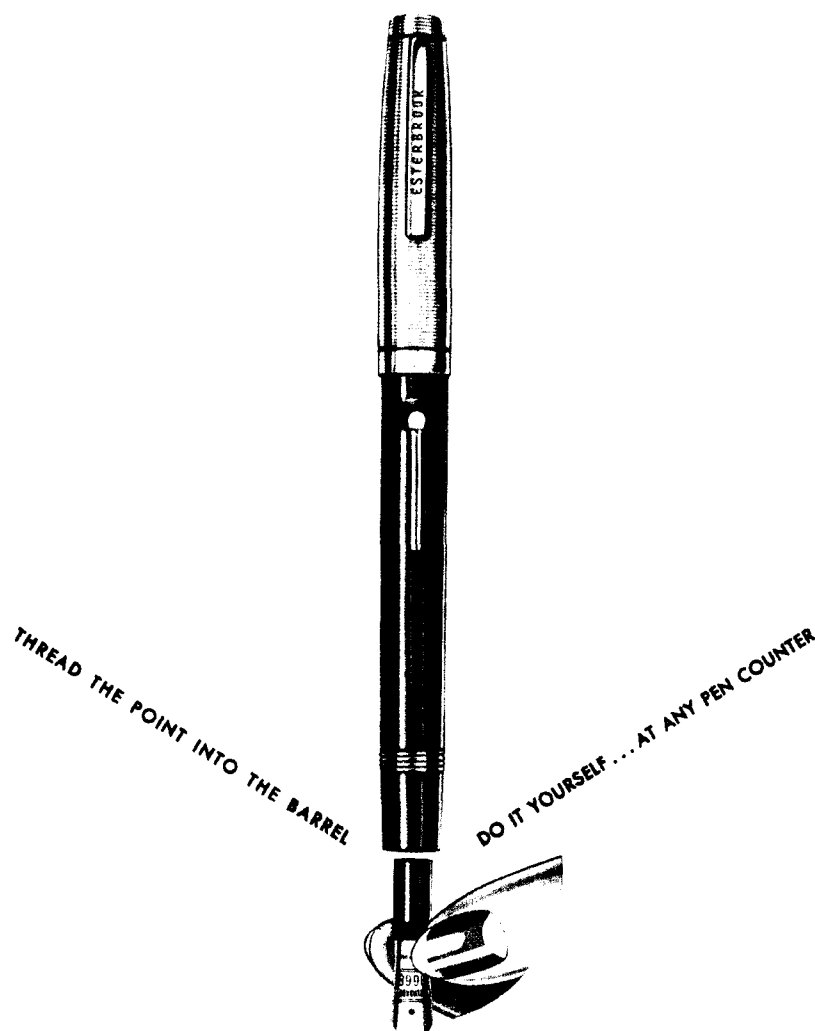
"I have the best. Three quarters of a cold roasted turkey. He weighed eleven pounds when the ax fell, and he has the world's finest chestnut stuffing."

She raised her eyebrows. "You cook?"

"Like most men, better than most women," he said and smiled warmly at her. "I wish you would come. I'm hungry, and I also would like very much to show off my turkey to you. He's got a (Continued on page 52)

Esterbrook

FOUNTAIN PEN



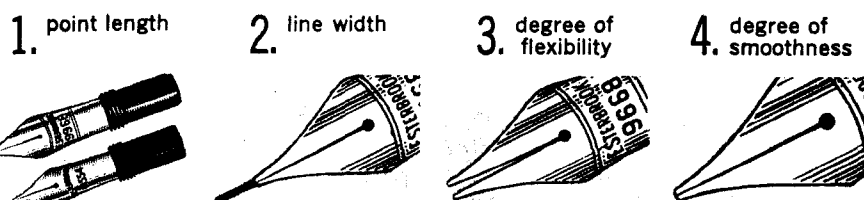
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You'll see exactly what we mean when you try an Esterbrook Pen with the point of your choice. Write just a few words and you'll know this is the pen for you. Your hand tells you it's right for your touch... your eyes tell you it really does something nice for your writing. It's bound to because it's an Esterbrook—the only pen that gives you *real* point selection... so that you can get the right combination of point length, flexibility, line width and smoothness. That's why more people buy Esterbrook for their own use than any other pen. Get yours today.



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"... Cootie Williams, trumpet; Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Barney Bigard, clarinet; Harry Carney, baritone sax; Duke Ellington, piano; Jimmy Blanton, bass; Sonny Greer, drums..."

COLLIER'S

ELDON DEDINI

"Takes off like a jet!"

*"My choice for years
for dependability!"*

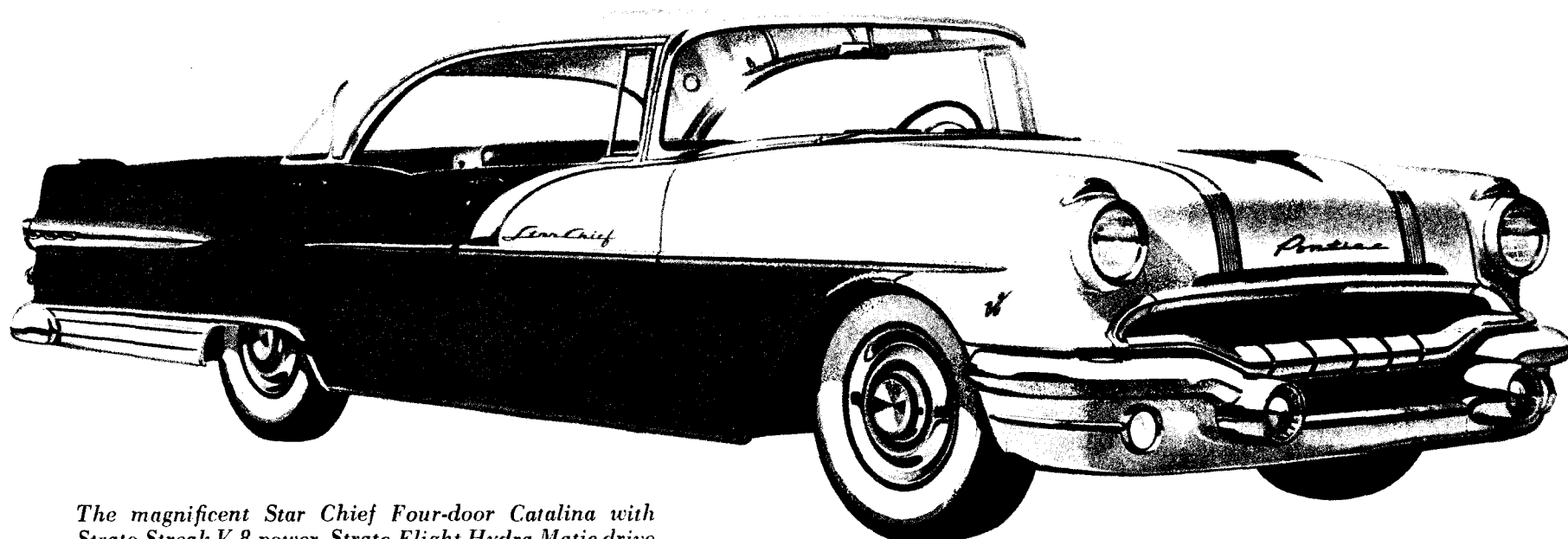
"Greatest mile-shortener yet!"

"So safe and easy to handle!"

*"Greatest GO
on wheels!"*



Pardon



*The magnificent Star Chief Four-door Catalina with
Strato-Streak V-8 power, Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic drive
—one of 15 models in 3 lines—overlapping the low-
est in price, overtaking the finest in Glamour and Go.*

"Smart as a Paris original!"

"By far the favorite
of our three cars!"

"Best buy—and I've
shopped them all!"

"Makes city driving a picnic!"

"No car is better engineered!"



our boastful owners!



Take a cross section of Pontiac owners and you'd have a typical group like the one above—people from all walks of life with one thing in common—they're the world's happiest drivers!

Pontiac gives them everything they want in a car no matter where they live, what they do, or what they've been driving before.

Consider a few facts about Pontiac—and see if you don't get the urge to own one, too.

Start with performance and *let a test track stop watch do the talking!* From standstill to 60 in 10 seconds flat! From 45 to 60 in 4 seconds to get you safely past the dawdlers in a hurry! And that tremendous thrust of Pontiac's brilliant 227-h.p. Strato-Streak V-8—the most

advanced power plant in the industry—is transmitted with silken smoothness by Pontiac's revolutionary new Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic*.

Now see what's new in handling! Steering as effortless as modern engineering can make it. Brakes that stop you as smoothly and easily as Pontiac's mighty Strato-Streak V-8 gets you going! The comfort and security of big-car length and huskiness.

Why not come in soon and see for yourself what all the boasting's about? And get the facts and figures on this clincher . . . you can actually buy a big, glamorous Pontiac 860 for less than you would pay for 44 models of the low-priced three!

* An extra-cost option.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



'56 STRATO-STREAK

PONTIAC

WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC

Looking for Something?



FREEZERS



FROM FANS
TO WOOLENS
WHATEVER YOU NEED



Ads with this symbol
make your shopping easier

(Continued from page 49) shape like that wonderful boss of yours."

"Well," she said, "lead on, Macduff." And she thought: So this is the way it's done.

In all her twenty-six years, Marcia Moore never had gone to a man's apartment. She knew that sometimes women went to men's apartments and everything was aboveboard and correct—but those were women who were masters of their fate. For them, maybe it was all right. Somehow, for her, it hadn't been right—until now. But whether it was right or wrong wasn't the issue this time. She'd made her decision—and if there was any kind of girl Marcia Moore liked less than a promiscuous girl, it was a girl who talked one set of standards and practiced another.

SHE felt furtive and a little foolish going up to the fourth floor with Bill Vogt, past the doorman and the elevator operator. She saw them looking sidewise at her, and she could tell their looks were sly and condescending.

They had labeled her, just like that, she thought, but it didn't matter. Soon she would be labeling herself.

It was a nice apartment. There was a small kitchen and a medium-sized living room with dark purple walls and light modern furniture. There was a room shut off by French doors that evidently was the bedroom; and in the front, facing the park, was a huge comfortable-looking room with a skylight and a fireplace. There was a big easy chair, a coffee table piled with magazines and books, a wall covered with bookshelves, a huge artist's easel off in one corner and, covering half the floor, a set of model-train equipment.

Her surprise showed in her face, and he grinned. "I thought about a month ago I should get myself a good hobby."

"I didn't think you had time for a hobby."

"No comment. Anyway, those baby railroads are not for me. I ran them around a few times and that did it. Some men can sit for hours, switching the cars from one track to another. I just don't have the mentality."

He asked her to sit down, took her wrap into the bedroom and went into the kitchen. In a few moments he was back, looking triumphant, carrying the turkey on a platter in one hand and a plate of sliced rye bread and two bottles of beer in the other. "Sandwiches made to your order, madam," he said.

He set the food on the coffee table and then smiled down at her appreciatively. "You have beautiful shoulders," he said. "I can't say that about more than three other women I know."

She felt momentarily uneasy, but she tried to look pleased and reached for a turkey sandwich and a glass of beer. He stood over her for a moment, looking at her steadily. Then he went over to the phonograph and put on a stack of records. When he came back to her chair he sat down on the floor in front of her, with his back against the chair, so that she had to shift her legs to give him room.

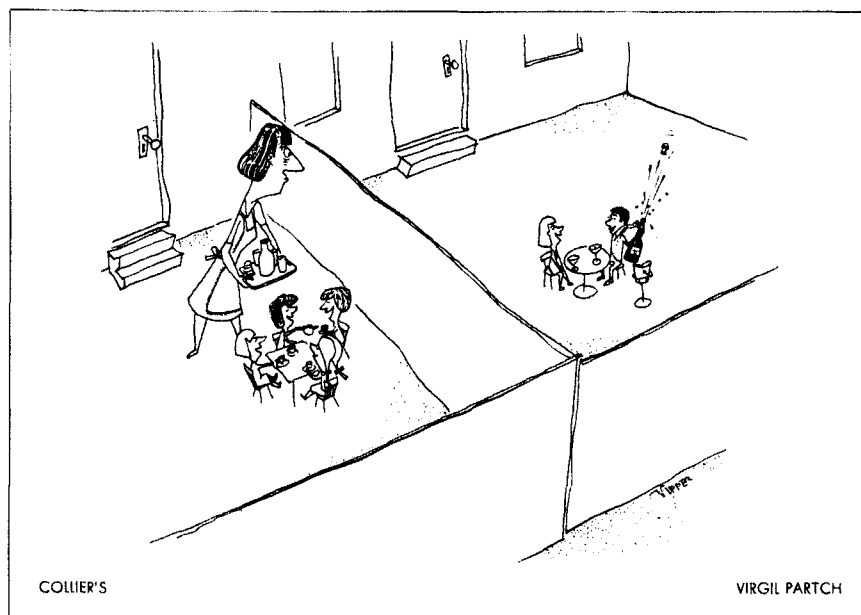
"I can only see the back of your head," she said. And she thought: It's a nice back of the head. Oh, you low, charming rat—why couldn't you have character?

"I don't have to look at you," he said. "I can remember every crow's foot. When I too long have looked upon your face, wherein for me a brightness unobscured . . ."

"That's familiar."

"Millay."

"The schoolgirl's delight," she said,



and then hated herself for having said it. It was just that she felt the sudden need for slowing him down, for putting off crises.

"She was a romantic," he said, without turning to look at her. "There's nothing wrong with that. Romantics put this world—the best parts of it—together."

"Aren't romantics passé?" she asked, in a small voice.

"With the saloon set of the upper classes, possibly," he said. "But that's like Oscar Wilde looking down his nose at Shakespeare. Or a gnat spitting in a lion's eye."

They sat there for a few moments, not talking. He reached up behind him for her hand and she let him take it. He had a fine hand, and he held hers firmly yet tenderly. He wasn't smoking a pipe and he had no studs to adjust, but the end result, she decided, was about the same. Suddenly she was making a fervent, silent wish: Let this moment, this feeling, never end. Don't let it go ahead and end up with tears on my pillow—but don't let it close up, either, and return me to the emptiness of before.

The whole business threw Marcia Moore for a complete loss, and suddenly she bent her head swiftly and laid her cheek on the top of his head. "I'm sorry," she said, "but there's just something about this particular moment, and the park through the windows, and me walking down the corridors of time and all that. It's probably opium in the turkey or something. I'll be myself in a moment."

"Stay there," he said. His hand held hers more tightly.

He reached out one leg, twisted his foot carefully around the light cord of the big blue-shaded lamp that lighted

the room, and yanked. The light went out and they sat there in semidarkness, with the moonlight coming in through the windows and glinting on the toy trains on the floor. She didn't take her cheek from his hair, but she must have moved a little, in fright or caution.

"If a girl is moral or immoral, one or the other," he said, still not looking up, "it doesn't make much difference whether the light is on or off. Does it?"

"No." Her voice was very far away.

So they sat there, the curtains rustling faintly in the spring night and the light of the moon spangling the setting, and memory washing into every corner of the room. No hourglass, no clock, no time machine has been invented that will tell accurately the length of a moment like that. It is as long as a school day to a restless boy of eleven, as short as the turning of a page. The man who finds a way of bottling such a moment will be a billionaire before nightfall. Since no one has found a way, these moments end, and have ended since the dawn of time, suddenly, often explosively.

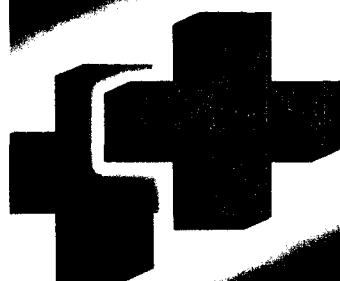
Bill Vogt leaped to his feet and then turned and pulled her up with him. For a second he looked at her, and then he brought her close to him and kissed her. She kissed him back. It was wonderful, it was great, it was unstoppable. It was easy. Because the human mind never stops working, even when one has given oneself over completely to emotion, Marcia Moore thought to herself: I bet I love him.

AND then, as suddenly as the kiss had begun, it ended; he drew away from her a little and held her tenderly by the shoulders and looked at her. The look confused and tortured her; it seemed a look of love and honest, true emotion, and yet she knew it couldn't be. He was just a voice on the telephone, a handsome young man who had danced with her, a carver of cold turkey, a man blasé about toy trains. And he was a wolf.

She looked up at him, lips parted a little, eyes wide—Marcia Moore, girl wanton, in chaos. And then he had gone, walking across the floor to the French doors of the bedroom, opening them and going inside. Her breath stopped within her as she watched him go, and then her hand went to her breast and she let out a little bleat. This time, abruptly, time did stand still.

No, I just cannot, she said to herself. Honor, integrity, shame, pride—I leave them all behind, here in this lovely, lovely room. It's spring and I am twenty-six (Continued on page 56)

answer the call

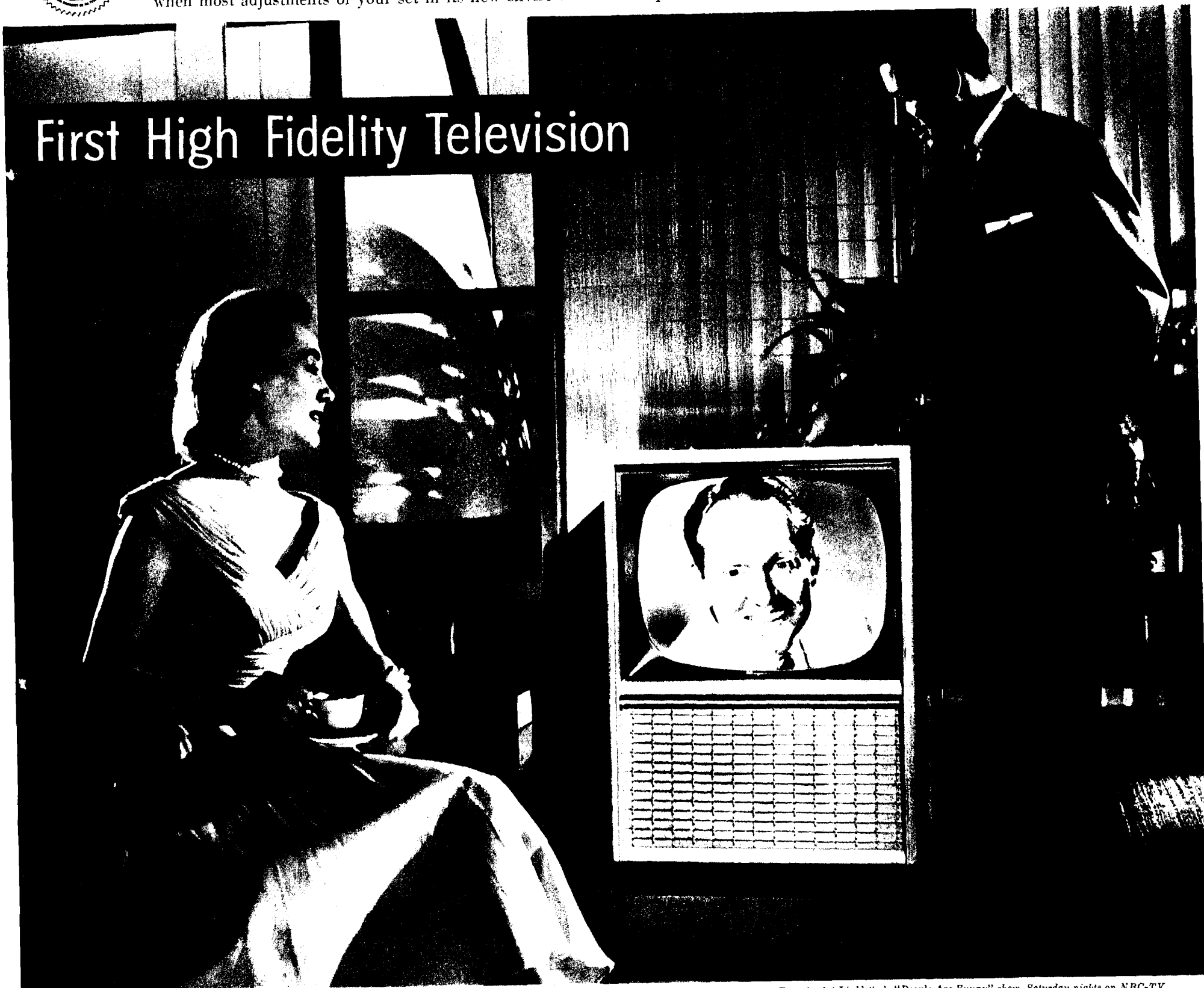


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Above is one of many Magnavox styles in traditional, classic and modern—the Gold Seal Video Theatre 21 with 12" and coaxial 5" high fidelity speakers, concealed top-mounted controls. In hand-rubbed genuine mahogany, \$299.50 (VHF)—slightly higher in oak or cherry. At left, the Gold Seal Magnarama 24, with concealed controls and 2-speaker, front-projected sound that makes really big pictures come to life. \$249.50 (VHF), complete with stand. Other models from \$149.50 (VHF).

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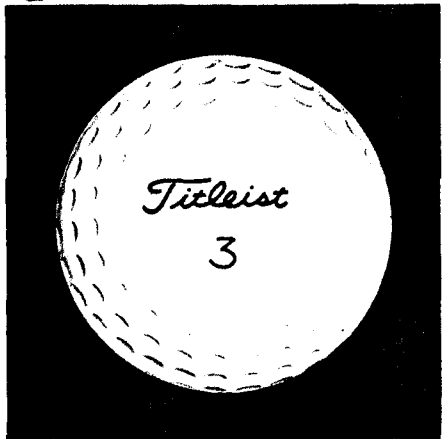
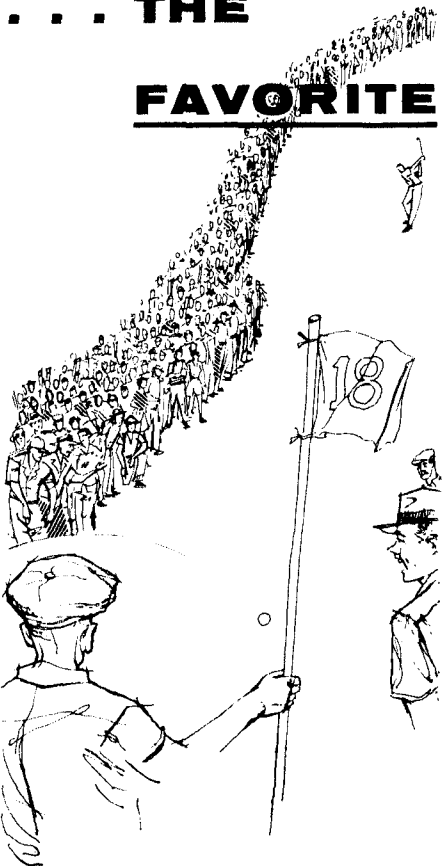
1 Every Bottle Registered By Number—From grain purchase to bottling, the history of every drop of Old Forester is recorded. This is your guarantee of conformance to our unchanging standard of perfection.

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Ask your Pro to specify the Titleist
best suited to your game

(Continued from page 52) and it's true. I am walking forlornly down the corridors of time, but I cannot be immoral. Not for anything; not for five million dollars, nor, more important, not for this man.

She stood there, looking at the French doors. This is the wonderful man who could make me alive for the rest of my days, she thought. But not even for this man. I am the way I am, and I cannot change. I am the saddest, purest, most complex kind of person on this earth, a Good Girl.

And, softly, swiftly, she took her handbag from the little end table by the easy chair, half walked, half trotted out of the room, through the little corridor to the living room, out the doorway to the hall outside and down the stairs, two at a time. The tears began as she went down the stairway, and when she swept past the doorman and got out she was sobbing.

And so of course she did not hear what Bill Vogt said as he came out of the bedroom, carrying her wrap and holding it up for her to slip into. "Here, go home," he said gently, before he realized she was gone. He stopped and looked around the room, but there were only the curtains stirring slightly in the soft breeze and the moonlight on the floor and, outside, the young lovers walking slowly through the park in the New York night.

LEFFLER & SMITH'S was an impersonal barn of a store. On the mezzanine balcony were the glass-enclosed offices of the advertising department, and it was in one of these that Marcia Moore spent the long, empty day after her date with Bill Vogt.

She accomplished almost nothing, and when closing time came she went downstairs and out onto the street in a daze. Shoppers and office workers were filling the buses, crowding the streets, lining up in front of the subway kiosks. She walked through the crowds slowly, crossed Herald Square when the lights were with her, and then walked north a block to 35th Street. She ended up walking all the way home, although she had no idea why.

And it was there, in front of her building, that she saw him again. He was perched on the wrought-iron fence that technically blocked the sidewalk flowers from the curious grasp of small boys, and he was looking at her steadily as she walked toward him.

Finally she stood beside him. When he spoke, his voice was soft and his smile was warm and full. "For nature made her what she is, and ne'er made sic anither," he said. "Robert Burns had you in mind."

She found her tongue, finally, after a very long time. "You don't want to see me," she said.

He grinned and said, "Oh, no. I came to see your dog."

"I haven't got a dog."
"Every woman should have a dog. A dog and a man, in that order."

"I can get a dog any time," she said.

He got slowly to his feet and stood looking down at her. "You can get this man any time too," he said. "Any time except Wednesday nights. I play poker then." She looked at him and then turned away, looking across the street at a half-finished new apartment building, with sandboxes and odd planks strewn about.

"I don't see how you can still talk to me after last night," she said, "but even if you want to—I'm just not a Bill Vogt-type girl. I wish I were, very much. But I'm not, and there it is."



He took a deep breath. "If you mean you're not the type of girl I'm supposed to enjoy, during my Bacchanalian revels and my assorted orgies," he said, "no, you're not." He turned her around to him slowly. "You're a gossip."

She shook her head. "You listen to gossip," he said. "It's about the same." He took a small leather-bound address book from the pocket of his tweed jacket and tossed it into the gutter. "I'll run down the list and give you, from memory, a complete account of all the girls I've known. They have been many. Most of them were pretty, several of them downright beautiful, and there wasn't one among them that didn't have good ankles." He smiled at her. "The ones I have ruined and subsequently forced into white slavery are very few indeed. You might even say nonexistent."

"Isn't there fire where there's smoke?" she said.

"No. That's one of the great myths of our time. You'd be surprised how men in this town are getting by on their evil, sinful—and very false—reputations. A lot of them would run down the street if a woman of the world made the slightest overture toward them."

"Well, then," she said slowly, "why all the girls? Why the smoke?"

He came closer to her then, and put his arms around her, making the eve-

ning a tremendous success for Babbie White, who was seventy-two and spent her days peering out of the windows of her ground-floor apartment.

"I've been looking," he said. "Just looking. Every man looks, for just as long as he can, to see if just maybe the right one will come along."

Marcia looked at him. "And?"
"Maybe she has," he said. "Maybe she has."

"You're not disappointed, or angry, because I ran out last night?"

"I suspect strongly I would have been disappointed if you had wanted to stay," he said.

She laid her head gently on his shoulder. "I'm crazy, I guess," she said. "I'm probably so neurotic you'll run screaming from me to a head-doctor inside of a week. And I'm honest, too—maybe too honest for my own good."

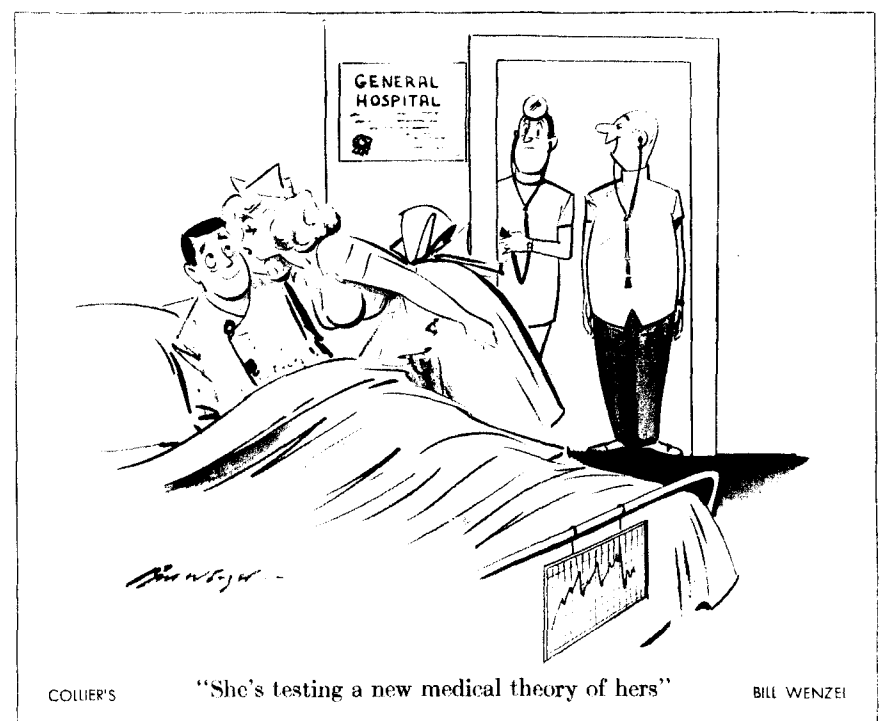
"No, no," he said. "I'm the one to make an honest woman of you."

She smiled up at him. "You're a fast worker," she said admiringly. "I love fast workers."

"So do I," he said. "Since I couldn't eat lunch today, will you take me inside and scramble me a fast egg?"

She took his arm and led him toward the door; then, just before they went inside, she reached up and kissed him on the cheek. "Maybe she has," she echoed happily. "Maybe she has."

—MEL HEIMER



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Some like it

HOT



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE LAZARICK



BY HARRISON FORMAN

Home-ground and coarse-ground, a dash of pepper adds fine flavor to beef stew

There's nothing like pepper to add tang to broiled steak, stew or sea food. In fact, pepper peps up most any dish

SHORTLY after the Revolutionary War, Captain Jonathan Carnes sailed from the quiet little port of Salem, Massachusetts, for the Far East. He returned 15 months later, having sailed halfway around the world and back—and the only cargo he carried home was pepper. It soon became apparent that Carnes knew what he was doing: his pepper brought him a profit of 700 per cent. Carnes and his schooner, the *Rajah*, started a "pepper rush" to the Indies; soon more than 250 vessels were based in Salem, engaged not only in carrying pepper, but in an expanded deep-sea trade to all the world. Ever since, ardent pepper advocates have claimed that the United States owes to this spice the founding of the vigorous merchant marine which has contributed so much to our national prosperity.

The founding of a merchant service is only one of the many claims that have been made for pepper since it first came into common use a hundred generations ago. The Ancient Aryans prescribed it for dyspepsia, malaria, delirium tremens and hemorrhoids. The Egyptians used it for embalming. Today, Hindus use it for toothache, Asians as an aphrodisiac, Dutch and French housewives as an insect repellent and moth killer. Its value as an essential preservative for meats and other perishable foods has been known for centuries.

While most of the more exotic uses of pepper have yet to be endorsed by science, there is no question about the stimulating effect it has upon the appetite and digestive system. It is one of the world's most popular seasonings, and has recently been recommended by the American Medical Association's Council on Foods and Nutrition as a substitute for salt for people on salt-free diets.

According to Gerrit Leonard, president of the American Spice Trade Association, the world consumes 130,000,000 pounds of pepper annually. Of the total, the United States imports about 37,000,000 pounds.

About 20 per cent of that amount is sold in bulk to meat packers, and a like quantity to the canning, pickling, baking, confectionery and beverage trades. The rest, about 60 per cent, is sold direct to consumers. The

average American household uses about seven ounces of pepper a year.

Pepper is strictly a tropical plant, requiring plenty of rain, rich soil and a hot sun. Botanical gardens throughout the world have tried to grow it without much success. Today, as for centuries past, the major pepper exports come from India, Borneo and Sumatra.

Americans for the most part prefer black pepper; the British, Germans and Scandinavians like it white. Actually, it all comes from the same berry. For black, the peppercorns are picked while still green, and are then dried in the sun. For white, the ripened berries are husked before drying; since the husk contains much of the peppercorn's volatile oils—the source of its pungency—black pepper is sharper than white.

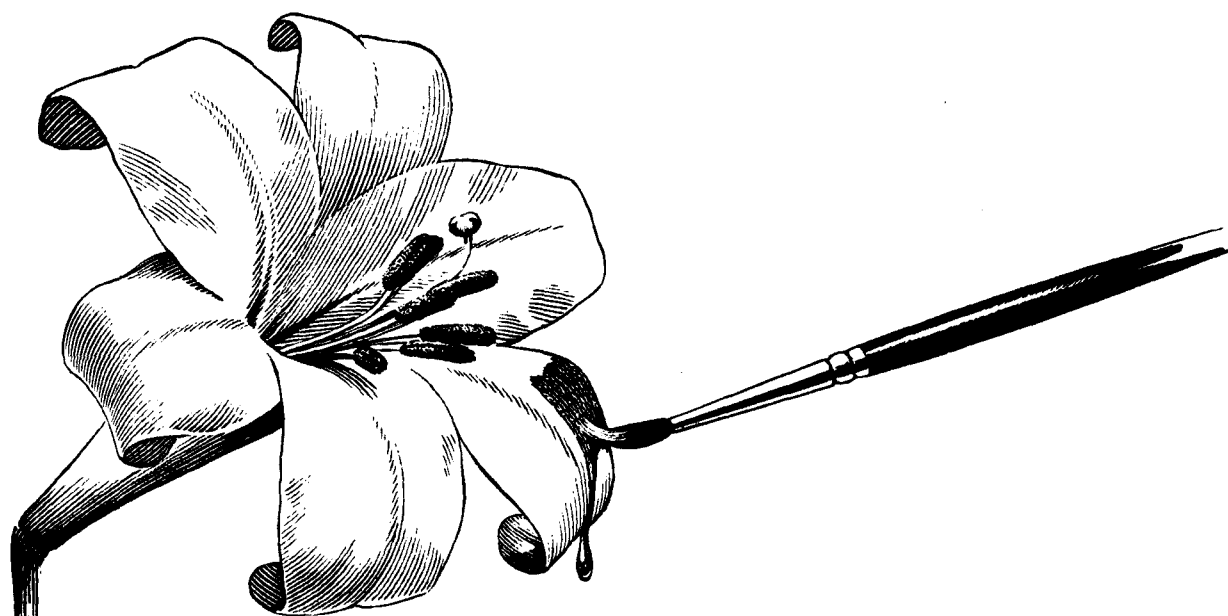
Besides taking their pepper black, more and more Americans are getting additional sharpness in their pepper by grinding it themselves in pepper mills, and by grinding it coarse; fresh-ground pepper is more pungent, and coarser grinds expose less of the pepper's surface to the air and therefore retain more of the volatile oils. The coarse pepper—called "butcher's grind"—is especially recommended for seasoning charcoal-grilled steaks, chops and sea foods. White pepper is favored for cream soups, mayonnaise and so-called white sauces, in which its specks are less noticeable.

Red pepper, cayenne, pimiento, green peppers and the likes of them are not true peppers. They are not even botanically related to the king of spices and are ignored here as social climbers.

Twenty years ago, a Briton tried to corner the high-priced white-pepper market; he and his syndicate of pepper tycoons soon held 50,000,000 pounds of it. Just as they were about to put the squeeze on the consumer, fresh shiploads of white pepper suddenly flooded onto the market. The pepper tycoons had forgotten one thing: to make white pepper, all you need is black pepper. The pepper growers had quickly converted their production to white pepper and rushed to market. The syndicate collapsed, with an estimated loss of \$10,000,000, and the world has had all the pepper it wanted ever since.

THE END

Collier's for March 16, 1956



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*Gordon's stops at crystal clear perfection
—your assurance that Gordon's
is gin as gin should be...*

Fads come—and fads go—but in the long run **the one thing** in a distilled spirit that the public recognizes and appreciates is **traditional quality**. We believe this to be true, because **for over 186 years** the public has recognized and appreciated the **traditional quality** of Gordon's Gin.

Gordon's Gin is **crystal clear**—one of the time-honored virtues of the world's great gins. You can see this **crystal clear** quality for yourself, but what it means to you as a gin drinker goes far beyond mere appearance. There's more to it than meets the eye.

For example, did you know that the **crystal clear** quality of Gordon's Gin is your assurance that it comes to you with all its delicate flavors **fully preserved**? That means you always get the classic gin taste and traditional gin dryness you enjoy so much.

So the next time you buy a bottle of gin, or order a gin drink, specify Gordon's—the gin that's been "**right**" **through the centuries**. Remember, you get crystal clear dryness **plus** higher proof of 94.4 for more body **plus** superb liqueur quality for greater smoothness. Drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin.



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It was almost a century ago that Nevada's Virginia City got its start as a booming mining community. Then the ore petered out, leaving little more than a ghost town—until a couple of rambunctious Easterners, Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg, showed up and revived the local newspaper . . . and the boom



BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Above, The Enterprise pressroom, back when Virginia City was first booming. At right, present owners Clegg (l.) and Beebe (in dark hat) with Gov. Russell of Nevada and (right) "Buffalo Bill" Shetler, who owns the building



CLAMOR ON THE COMSTOCK

By ROBERT O'BRIEN

THE Geiger grade, one of the most spectacular mountain roads in America, veers off Highway 395 a few miles south of Reno, hairpins out of Steamboat Valley, breaks over the Mount Davidson ridge at 7,000 feet, then roller-coasters along the switchbacks toward the two church steeples, the mine-dump dunes, the haunted houses, the plank sidewalks, the gimcrack bazaars, the ragtime pianos and the 17 saloons of Virginia City, Nevada.

But in spite of all the space and sage and the wide, wonderful Nevada sky, you're a whiz at concentration if you can keep your mind on the scenery. At an average of one every 800 yards, blazing yellow billboards remind you that you are approaching the home of Nevada's first newspaper, The Territorial Enterprise, and its wrangle-rousing owners, Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg.

Once the clarion of the Comstock, when the fabulous lode was yielding its gold and silver bonanzas, the Enterprise outlived its era and expired. The billboards tell you that it has been brought back to life. Again its voice is heard in the land.

As of yore, its owners glory in personal journalism. On its tabloid pages they incinerate their enemies and drown their friends in lavender prose. They present to the world a Virginia City that is largely their own creation.

Beebe and Clegg come from across the mountains; you could not say that they are altogether of this mountain town. But their identification with it is close to complete. Everywhere a Virginia Citian goes, people chuckle, "Well, well, how was Lucius Beebe the last time you saw him?" Or, "Virginia City—that's Lucius Beebe's home town, isn't it?"

Some natives like it. Some look grim, and bear it. And some it makes all-fired, hopping mad. To them, Beebe and Clegg, with their gaudy ways, are Johnny-come-latelies who are exploiting their historic hamlet for all it's worth, and giving it a bad name all over the country.

One outraged taxpayer swears she'll never admit she lives there. "People get the idea from the Enterprise that nobody in Virginia City does anything but gamble and stay drunk from Sunday to Sunday. I think it's disgraceful."

The 6,200 subscribers and constant readers of the West's biggest weekly know that the complaint will get her nowhere. Publisher Beebe and Editor Clegg find righteousness diverting. Indignation is amusing. The combination of the two is hilarious.

Whether the natives like it or not, Beebe and Clegg are on the Comstock to stay. Soon, as Virginia City tourist attractions, they will equal, and perhaps even surpass, the nude painting of Julia Bulette over the bar of the Sazerac Saloon, the mirror clock with the magic hands in the Crystal Bar

and the underground tour in the old Occidental mine shaft. Even now, after residence in Virginia City of five years or so, Beebe brings outlanders to a goggling standstill as he wends his stately way across C Street from the Enterprise office to Johnny Zalac's Delta Saloon and Gaming Parlor.

At fifty-three, he is a large man, standing well over six feet, weighing well over 200 pounds. He is generally clad in black, flat-crowned Mormon hat, tweed sport jacket, twill slacks, garishly checked shirt and string tie. Sometimes he is trailed by his immense, shuffling, sad-eyed Saint Bernard, Mr. T-Bone Towser. Townspeople seldom nod or speak as he passes by. They have little in common.

The modern Enterprise has brought incalculable publicity to Virginia City, and, by his personal parlays, to Beebe himself. Author and former café-society columnist, he was once celebrated as "the Lawrence of the El Morocco." Today, along the brass-railed mahoganies of C Street, they call him "the Nabob of the Nickelodeons."

Standing at the Delta Bar among the hanging lamps and faded mementos of bonanza days, looking a little like a New England divine at a costume party, he likes to set the house up to a bourbon and branch water, and tell his friends how it all happened. He speaks in a dry tone, and affects a condescending air.

"Chuck and I are forty-niners. By that, I do not mean that we came West in 1849, in a covered wagon. I mean 1949, in a private railroad car attached to the rear end of the Overland Limited."

They left New York for a number of reasons. One was to write their book, U.S. West: The Saga of Wells Fargo. But—particularly for Beebe, a survivor of F. Scott Fitzgerald's generation of Beautiful and Damned—there were other considerations.

"New York was filling with people I didn't know. When it got so I had to order my bourbon in French, I decided it was no longer an American city. It was a suburb of Warsaw, or Paris or someplace. It was time to pull out."

Once West, they stayed West.

Means inherited from his Wakefield, Massachusetts, family place Beebe in the 50 per cent federal income-tax bracket. Consequently, he found the absence of a state income tax a persuasive argument for Nevada residence.

"But this," he continues, "was only a part of the over-all picture of personal freedom. We discovered in Nevada no closing hours for anything."

He and Clegg bought a large house up the hill from C Street, said to have been the residence of John Piper, owner of Piper's Opera House, the famous bonanza theater. Half the roof was gone. In the front room lived two brothers and a horse, who

went in and out by means of a ramp down the front steps to the street.

Today, the same room is fitted with bay windows, bookcases, chocolate-colored walls, a ceiling-high antiqued mirror above a grated fireplace, a potted palm, marble-topped tables, ball-fringe draperies, two matching chaise longues with antimacassars lettered "John Piper's House," crystal chandeliers and a small, naked, marble boy sitting on a small, marble chair.

Thus refurbished, the old house provides a picturesque setting for the Enterprise's new publisher and editor and their glamorous friends from afar. Many a night, the glass pendants of the banquet lamps have trembled to the laughter, the camaraderie, the quips and bons mots of one or more of the celebrities—Cole Porter, Bruce Barton, Tallulah Bankhead, Irving Berlin, Vincent Sheean, Sophie Tucker and others—who stop off between Hollywood and New York for a round at the Delta and a rollicking night at John Piper's House.

Upstairs is perhaps the most elaborate bathroom in Nevada. It contains a barber's chair, the chandelier from the Palace Hotel suite in San Francisco in which President Harding died, a telephone, three slot machines and a steam bath, "without which," Beebe says, "no drunkard can survive."

AS BEEBE TALKS, tourists push into the Delta for a look around. They stare at Beebe and he stares coldly back at them. They put a nickel in the slot machine and leave.

"From my dressing-room window," he says, "I gaze 200 unbroken miles east across the Carson Valley and Forty Mile Desert to the Toiyabe Mountains. In all that landscape there is less than one human being per square mile. Nevada, thank Heaven, is not overrun with God's most mistaken handiwork—people."

"I find the present, in most parts of the world, a street accident. The future does not exist. For the man of refinement, only the past is real, solid and dependable."

True to this view of the universe, he and Clegg entrenched themselves firmly in an era roughly encompassed by the reign of the late Edward VII. It was as close as they cared to come to the age of TV and the flying machine.

When Beebe and Clegg settled down in Virginia City, the village weekly was the Virginia City News, tottering survivor of a long line of Comstock papers. Buried somewhere among its dusty progenitors, Beebe realized, must be The Territorial Enterprise, one of the truly distinguished papers of the frontier West.

A check revealed that the Enterprise had sus-



Beebe (r.) and Clegg with their St. Bernard, Mr. T-Bone Towser, and (background), their autos—Beebe's 1938 Rolls-Royce, left, and Clegg's cream Jaguar, right

The Territorial Enterprise, founded in 1858, is now the biggest weekly in the West. "We are interested in no greater superlatives," Beebe says

pendent publication, presumably forever, in 1916, when its subscription list, good will and cobwebby prestige were absorbed by the Evening Chronicle. Eleven years later, the Chronicle itself quietly folded. Then came the Monday Budget, and finally, in 1930, the News. The line of descent was indistinct, but it was there.

BEEBE AND CLEGG bought the News for \$5,000, and on May 2, 1952, the regenerated Territorial Enterprise hit C Street, although "slugged" might be the better word for it. Virginia City's new tabloid appeared to be the raffish offspring of a mating between the Police Gazette and the old Boston Globe.

To mark the revival, the proprietors threw a party featured by several hundred guests, an eight-piece band and 10 cases of forty-rod whisky. At the height of the affair, two celebrants ripped a stout oak door from its hinges and belabored a fellow partygoer until he was unconscious. Sheriff Belber Benner clapped the senseless victim into handcuffs. "He might cause a disturbance when he comes to," the sheriff explained.

"An auspicious start," said Beebe and Clegg, and the latest chapter in the history of the Enterprise had begun.

The name takes you back quite a way, down the Western yesterdays to 1858 and Mormon Station, a tiny Carson Valley settlement huddled against the eastern base of the Sierra. That December, while a howling wind piled the snowdrifts high against their windows, W. L. Jernegan and Alfred James pulled from their secondhand press No. 1, Vol. I of the weekly Territorial Enterprise.

Forty miles northeast, on the bleak slope of Mount Davidson, Henry T. P. (Old Pancake) Comstock and a scarecrow crew of pick-and-shovel prospectors stumbled on a fantastic ledge of gold and silver ore. By the next fall the rush to the Comstock was in full and riotous swing. Obviously, Mormon Station (now Genoa) was no place for newspapermen to tarry. A year later, after a brief stop at Carson City, The Territorial Enterprise landed in Virginia City. The brave trumpeter of the Comstock had found its home.

Across the Sierra with the motley, bonanza-bent throng came Joseph T. Goodman and Dennis McCarthy, fresh from the pressroom of San Francisco's Golden Era. With a borrowed \$40 they bought the Enterprise and turned it into a daily. Its profits soared. The legend is that every night they stumbled home lugging two fire buckets filled with golden double eagles.

Virginia City was a hell-on-wheels boom town of 25,000, the richest mining camp the West had ever seen. Along its plank sidewalks crowded painted Paiutes and pig-tailed Chinese, top-hatted gamblers, Cornish miners and D Street courtesans in flounced satins and silver-heeled slippers. Nob Hill financiers conferred over terrapin à la Mary-

land and imported champagne in the plush-and-crystal opulence of the six-storied International Hotel. Mule trains, Concord coaches and freight wagons jammed the narrow streets. Ore crushers shook the earth. Whistles shrieked from the mine-shaft hoists.

The Enterprise told the story of this town, its lives and its deaths. Its front page carried pony express bulletins of Indian wars. It set the town wild with joy with the news of Lee's surrender. When Lincoln died, its black mourning borders heralded the tragic tidings from Spanish Ravine to the Gold Hill divide.

Mark Twain was born on the Enterprise. One scorching August day a tattered miner slouched into the editorial office. He had hiked 90 miles from the Esmeralda diggings and looked like a desert rat. "My name is Clemens," he grinned, "Samuel Clemens. I've come to work for the paper."

The next winter, from Carson City, he posted to Goodman a story on the proceedings of the state legislature. His previous work had been signed by his old pen name, Josh. This time he used a new one, Mark Twain.

The Comstock was man-to-man newspaper country. You wrote the story and backed it up—with a Navy Colt six-shooter, if that's what it came to. Goodman and Tom Fitch, the Union editor, traded angry words, and shot it out in Stampede Valley with Navy Colts at 10 paces, and the duel left Fitch crippled for life.

IF NEWS WAS SCARCE, Mark and Dan De Quille, the Enterprise's mining editor, created hoaxes, or "quaints." Mark, for instance, wrote up the "discovery" of a petrified man who had turned to stone in the act of thumbing his nose. It convulsed the Comstock, and the hoax became a standard form of sagebrush humor.

But in the 1870s, the Enterprise recorded the beginning of the end. A disastrous \$10,000,000 fire, plus production difficulties at shaft depths of 3,000 feet and greater, combined to shut down one mine after another. The incredible ledge that had produced nearly \$400,000,000 in gold and silver was all but worked out.

The pounding stamp mills fell silent. The miners drifted away. The houses stood abandoned. In time, their roofs caved in. Jack rabbits skittered across the vast dunes of the mine dumps, and the once proud Queen of the Comstock became a ghost town.

The Enterprise, along with a handful of stores and saloons, hung grimly on, year after year, until its rendezvous with Beebe and Clegg, the twentieth-century forty-niners.

The Enterprise building stands, as it has since the Civil War, on the east side of South C Street. The width of the street separates it from its atmospheric annex, the Delta Bar; a parking lot, and a sheer wall of ice represented by a \$580,000 damage and libel

suit, separates it from Versal McBride's Bucket of Blood Saloon next door.

The owner of the building is Roy (Buffalo Bill) Shetler. He operates a knickknack emporium on the first floor, oversees the Mark Twain museum in the old basement press room, and rents two street-floor cubicles to the Enterprise for 90 cents a month. The rent is paid for 10 years in advance.

The paper has a new \$30,000 printing plant on D Street, once a spacious lane of ruby-lighted love nests. A far cry from the shanty in Mormon Station, it is fitted with steel roof, plastic transoms, fluorescent lighting and automatic air-conditioning.

THE ENTERPRISE'S first normal press run in May, 1952, was 2,000 copies. Three weeks later, it was up to 2,300. Since then it has climbed steadily. Last summer it reached 10,000, the capacity of the secondhand press. This, according to Beebe, is the ceiling. "We now publish the biggest weekly west of the Mississippi. We are interested in no greater superlatives."

Today, in addition to Beebe and Clegg, the Enterprise employs three permanent editorial and business workers, two printers, an apprentice and six part-time clerks, earning a total of \$33,000 a year. The owners take home an additional \$100 a week each.

Besides this salary and his private income from Canadian power, chromium holdings and other interests, Beebe averages another \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year from book and magazine writing, and liquor indorsements.

One recent ad, which showed Beebe eagerly discussing frontier whisky with the butler over a bourbon-on-the-rocks, prompted a Midwest librarian to take direct action. "You are shameless," she wrote. "I'm removing every one of your books from circulation. Just to prove it, here are the titles." Enclosed was a list of the works of Charles William Beebe, the noted zoologist.

As a working newspaperman, Beebe is at his typewriter every morning, seven days a week. Frequently the entire paper seems to have been written in his extravagant and somewhat archaic hand. A reader sensitive to style would say that some individual issues of the Enterprise have carried, by Beebe:

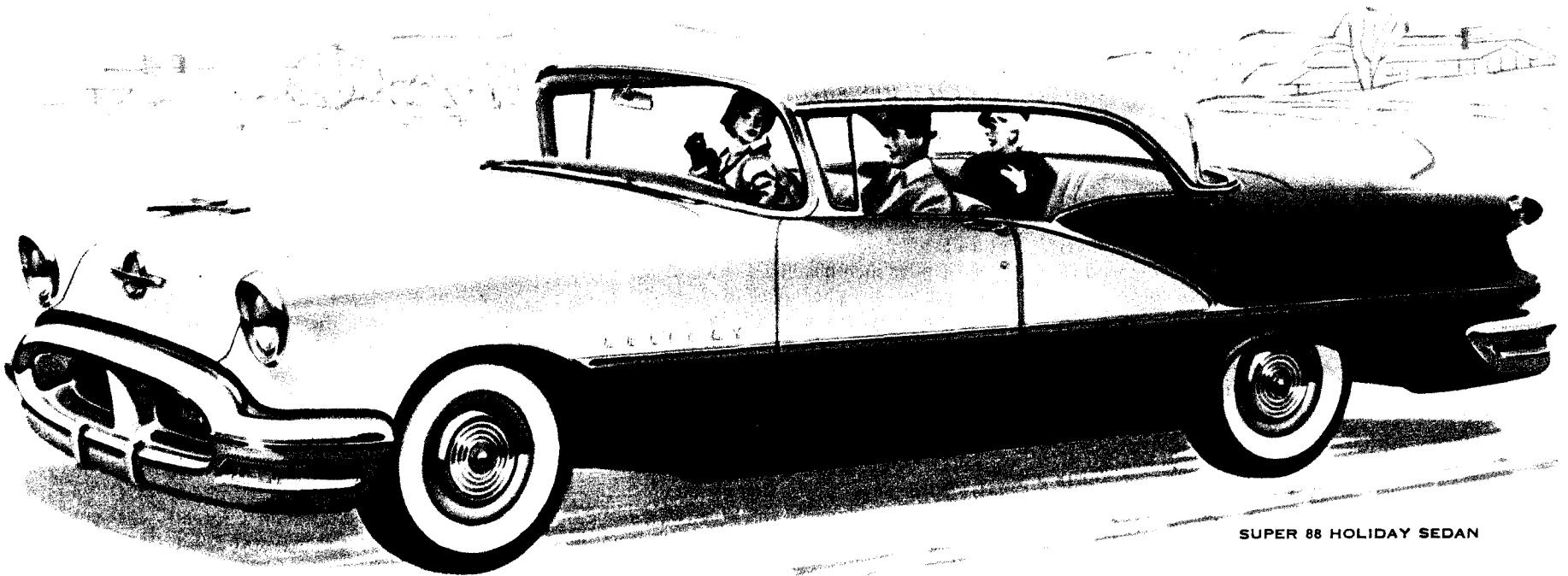
A book review; several page-one news stories; a full-dress editorial; an installment from a serialized sketch of the Old West, such as the articles entitled Pistol-Packing Madames or Profile of Panamint; a short essay on, say, the aging and preparation of bear steaks; display ads for saloons; an unsigned laudatory piece about the Enterprise and its owners, composed by Beebe for another publication and reprinted in the Enterprise under the heading, "What Other Editors Say."

There are, of course, other contributors, notably Katharine Hillyer and Katharine Best, authors and residents of Virginia City. Under the by-line "The Katies," they collaborate on Comstock Vignettes, an amiable hodgepodge of items of local interest.

More than half the Enterprise's estimated gross revenue of \$90,000 for 1955 will be accounted for by display advertisements, which, in Victorian type and text, hawk the wares of such plush-rope rendezvous as Dave Chasen's in Hollywood, The Tiffin in Denver and "21" in New York.

Of Virginia City's 650 permanent residents, Beebe and Clegg are by far the most striking. Clegg, except for dress occasions, leaves the role of The Dude to his partner. He was a naval radar operator who became Beebe's photographer-protégé, and is thirty-nine. His hair is crew-cut; he is built like a middleweight wrestler, and he expresses his dandyism in checkerboard sport jackets and cowboy boots with heel- and toeplates of solid gold.

Beebe drives a fire-engine-red Oldsmobile convertible and two Rolls-Royces; Clegg drives a



SUPER 88 HOLIDAY SEDAN

Starfire Styled!

**and
sparkling
with
new ideas!**

You're smart if you look ahead . . . smart if you buy a car that's styled and powered to stay new for years. That's why it's smart to own an Olds! For Oldsmobile has the *out-ahead* features, the *stay-ahead* styling, the *go-ahead* power of tomorrow! Just look over this "feature" line-up: Terrific Rocket T-350 Engine! Smooth, responsive Jetaway Hydra-Matic*! A brand new "Intagrille Bumper" that combines beauty and full-depth protection! And interiors are the ultimate in luxury and comfort! Come see Oldsmobile for '56 and try out the many features of the future!

*Standard on Ninety-Eight models; optional at extra cost on Super 88 models.



OLDSMOBILE

TOP VALUE TODAY... TOP RESALE TOMORROW!

*Beebe and Clegg own a private railroad car with three bedrooms,
a 23-foot drawing room, a wine cellar—and a Turkish bath*

white Jaguar XK120, and, in reckless moods, a Harley-Davidson motorcycle.

Recently, Beebe and Clegg accepted delivery of their new private railroad car, the Virginia City. One reporter, present at its unveiling for the press at Oakland, California, described it as "the world's longest gold-plated trailer." Before Beebe and Clegg acquired it and had it remodeled at a reported total cost of more than \$125,000, the car saw service as a Great Northern observation Pullman.

Its accommodations, representing in style a Hollywood decorator's interpretation of Venetian Renaissance, include three master bedrooms, a 23-foot observation-drawing room, a dining room, a 50-bottle wine cellar, a radiotelephone and a small Turkish bath. The car, according to Beebe, will serve a double purpose: it will enable him and Clegg to ride the rails in the manner to which they are accustomed, and, at the same time, it will stimulate interest in the Comstock.

Pardonably, they like to believe that they and the Enterprise are responsible for the tourists that, as Florence Edwards, owner of the picturesque Silver Dollar Hotel, puts it, "descend on us like a swarm of locusts every day from ten to three." But realists say the town was doing all right before they arrived. ("Lucius freezes, if you mention this," said an intimate.) This much is certain: as far back as 1946, Virginia City was proclaimed "the liveliest ghost town on earth," and boasted more saloons and gaming tables than it has today.

C Street resort owners add that there may be more and more tourists, but they are spending less and less. "We used to get the bosses," said one. "Now we get their stenographers."

BUT IF THE TOURISTS aren't running up big bills at the bars, antique shops and souvenir counters, they are buying the Enterprise. Most of the customers figure they got their 15 cents' worth, for the paper accurately mirrors its flamboyant owners.

Last year, for instance, the Columbia Broadcasting System banned a calypso song from its network because it mentioned gin. Beebe, in the Enterprise editorial page, went off like a Fourth of July rocket, calling the network "arrogant," and accusing it of "suppressing all mention of the facts of life." Other targets for Beebe broadsides include Harry Truman, Ernest Hemingway's novel *The Old Man and the Sea*, the Nevada state legislature and commercial airlines.

On the other side of the editorial coin, the Enterprise is all out for ribaldry in any form, and what Beebe refers to as "the unabashed hurrah" of life in a facsimile of the frontier.

Last summer, when the wheat and grain industry proclaimed National Better Breakfast Month, the Enterprise flourished trumpets. So also, said the paper, did Dr. Eben Crump, identified as chairman of the Storey County Medical Society. A page-one three-column headline declared:

**CRUMP ENDORSES "CEREAL MONTH";
HIGHEST PRAISE FOR GRAIN—IN BOTTLES**
*Rye, Wheat, Barley, Corn All Good in
Morning, Says Old-Time Medic*

"If the Cereal Institute," the doctor was quoted, "can only increase the average consumption of grain products by as much as a quarter pint at breakfast per capita, the health of the nation will be measurably on the mend."

These and similar statements from the grizzled country physician, reported at length in the Enterprise, inspire a glowing reader response. Some are

all for electing him to the U.S. Senate. A scandalized minority brands him a seedy discreditor to his profession and a menace to American womanhood. His most strident critic is Amadora Wilkinson, who in turn is identified as leader of a local temperance union. Under such headlines as RUM MUST GO the Enterprise gives her space to attack Dr. Crump as a community disgrace, and "a rumbum, rumbum and rumpot."

Dr. Crump and the Storey County Medical Society represent, of course, a present-day "quaint"; there hasn't been a practicing physician in residence in the county for years. Equally imaginary are Mrs. Wilkinson and her crusading clubwomen. "A hoax," Beebe says, "but a dignified one."

This uninhibited approach to life and journalism raises the Comstock clamor, the mountain hue and cry.

County Commissioner Denny Copp sits on the bench outside his Washoe Club Saloon. "Beebe and Clegg? I don't care where they came from or why. They and the Enterprise have done more for Virginia City than the rest of the town put together. We're lucky to have them around."

The other two Storey County commissioners disagree. Last spring, they declined to nominate Beebe for the new State Board of Economic Development. "We don't care for the man," they said. In a dramatic, eleventh-hour move, Copp circulated Beebe petitions and drove them down the perilous Gold Canyon road at 118 miles an hour to get them to Carson City before the time limit for the appointment expired. Beebe was named to the board.

But the clamor has reached a shriller pitch than this. In a four-column review published in August, 1954, and circulated only in Virginia City, Beebe and Clegg acknowledged occasions when they have reached for their checkbook instead of a Navy Colt.

One Saturday night a Virginia Citian and his wife, a clubwoman and outspoken foe of prostitution, became involved in a C Street altercation described by Beebe as a "Comstock Shiloh." Whooping with delight, he wrote an Enterprise account headed, *BAR A SHAMBLES AS VIRTUE RUNS AMUCK*.

Misdemeanor charges against the couple were

never pressed, and before the matter was settled, said Beebe and Clegg, "We were obliged to agree that they were entitled to compensation, and so we paid off one thousand dollars." Later, under similar circumstances and "to maintain peace and tranquillity," they "paid off" \$1,000 to a second Virginia City couple.

The gulches even now are cracking with the rimfire of another feud. Ranged against Beebe and Clegg are former Sheriff Eric Jacobsen and Versal McBride, president of the high-school board and owner of C Street's famous Bucket of Blood Saloon, next door to the Enterprise office.

TWO YEARS AGO, when relations between Sheriff Jacobsen and the Enterprise were stretched to fiddle-string tension, a page-one story about her husband so infuriated Mrs. Jacobsen that she ran out of her Idle Hour ceramics shop, kicked an Enterprise news rack into the middle of C Street and jumped up and down on it. Friends said she felt better for weeks. Taking her to court, Clegg won a \$5 judgment for damage to Enterprise property. Some natives considered this picayune indeed for an advocate of the free-and-easy ways of the old Comstock.

The next week, McBride pushed through the leaded-glass doors of the Bucket of Blood and declared war. "The Enterprise," he complained to the management of the Delta, the Old Capitol and other saloons, "is printing too much dirt. This unfavorable publicity has got to stop."

He received little encouragement. Most operators agreed with Beebe that, good or bad, publicity is "chips in the register." Among residents who do not depend on tourism for livelihood, however, McBride picked up support.

In one powerful maneuver against McBride, the Enterprise closed its columns to the Virginia City Foundation Trust, which is trying to raise \$1,000,000 for the restoration of historic buildings, until the trust removes McBride from its executive committee.

Then, last summer, Clegg bought the prominent Black Building, leased the ground floor to Buffalo Bill Shetler for an ice-cream parlor, and hung signs on the façade reading, *OLD BLOODY BUCKET BUILDING* and *BLOODY BUCKET SALOON*. "The name," said Clegg, "is in the public domain."

Two months later, in an Election Eve editorial, Beebe and Clegg accused the sheriff of being "McBride's stooge." Jacobsen, running for reelection, was defeated. Charging libel, he filed suit for \$550,000.

McBride followed with a suit of his own. It claimed that the use of the name "Bloody Bucket" confused the tourists, and cut unfairly into his business to the extent of \$130,000. Like Jacobsen, he also charged libel. He asked damages totaling \$580,000. Both suits are scheduled for hearing soon in Storey County Superior Court, where it has been a long time since officials have held a jury trial; they're never able to locate 12 unbiased jurors. Certainly it will be hard to find a dozen residents who haven't made their minds up about Beebe, Clegg and the Enterprise.

Meanwhile, the tourists stroll along C Street, then vanish down the grade, leaving behind Beebe, Clegg, the Enterprise—and a Virginia City that the wayfarer, passing through, never sees.

Year in, year out, through clamor and quiet, this Virginia City lives on the lanes and back streets—in the laughter of children on the playground swings, in the sweet smell of sage, in the tolling of the evening curfew, in the sighing of the wind through the piñon trees, in the distant tinkle of sheep bells, in the lonely old houses that await the return of gone-forever footsteps, and a gone-forever West.

THE END



"Have you forgotten we invited
the Smedleys over tonight?"

COLLIER'S

CHON DAY



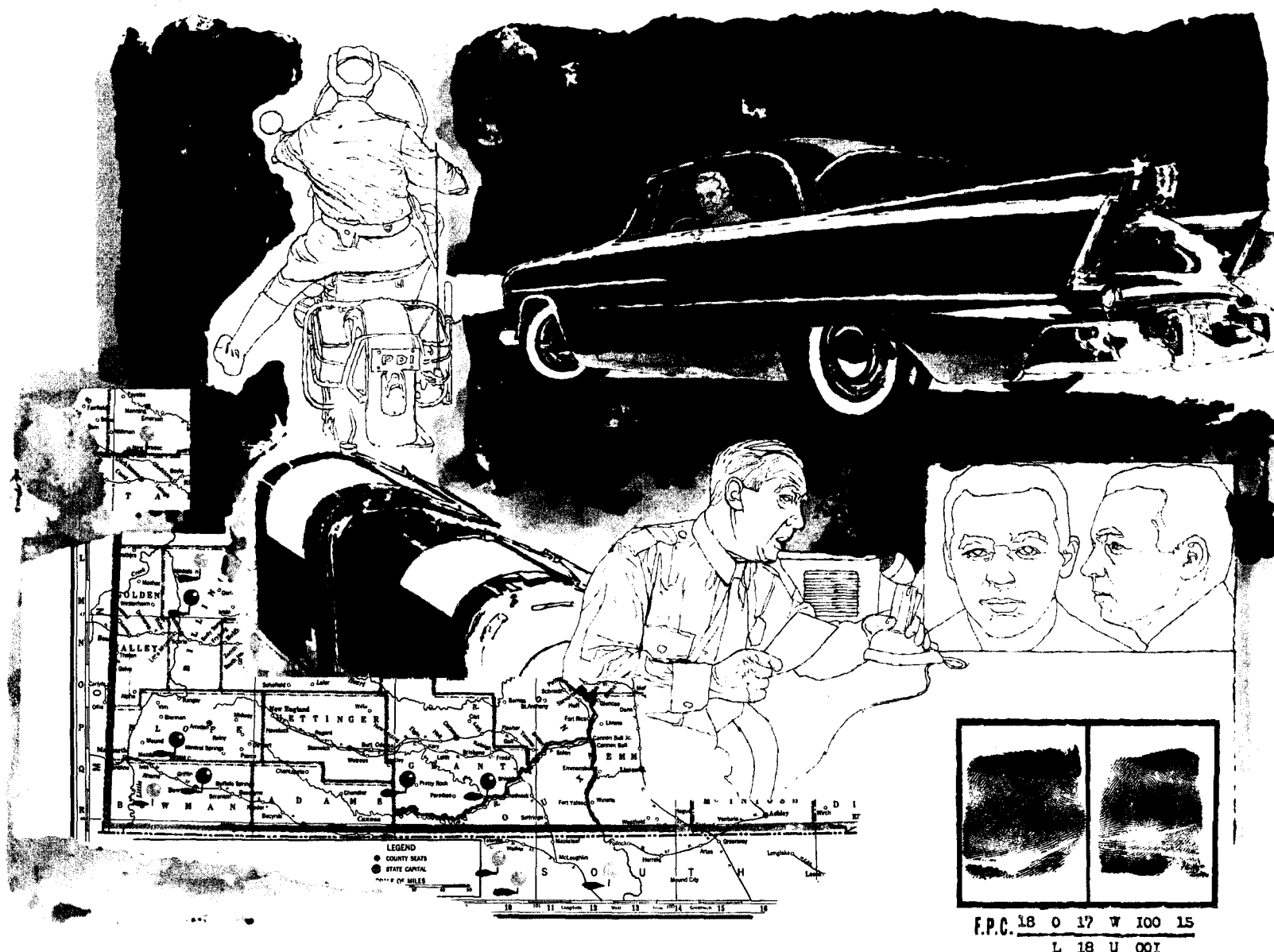
Nothing finer in American taste... CALVERT

IN THE GREAT TRADITION OF AMERICAN WHISKEY



Calvert belongs with the good things of America. With its good foods and good homes. Calvert has a genuine heartiness, a friendly taste. It is the kind of whiskey guests *notice*—and appreciate. Call for Calvert next time you're at a bar or package store. Serve Calvert—it's at home with good living.

CALVERT DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY • BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Timmy thought he was staging the perfect getaway. He didn't know he had to outsmart a machine that could anticipate any move he'd make

TELETYPE

By WILL F. JENKINS

BOB CALLAHAN'S brother-in-law Timmy came out of the west in a stolen automobile, which seemed to have nothing at all to do with punched-card machines or teletypes or pins with fancily colored heads to be stuck into large-scale maps. But it did. The first card was punched with information about Timmy when he went to jail, and there were other holes punched in it on later occasions. The teletype machines were actuated by events following his release. Some teletype memos caused the extravagantly tinted pins to be stuck into the map.

Callahan and his wife, Jeanne, of course, did not know about any of this. Their first information came one night while they watched the eleven-o'clock television news before going to bed. The children were already sound asleep. There was quite a lot on the newscast about the Suffolk holdup and murder of three days before, including pictures of the victim's widow and children. Callahan and Jeanne felt sorry for those people, who had done nothing to merit disaster. But then the television went on to show pictures of the first trials of a new jet plane. And Callahan and Jeanne

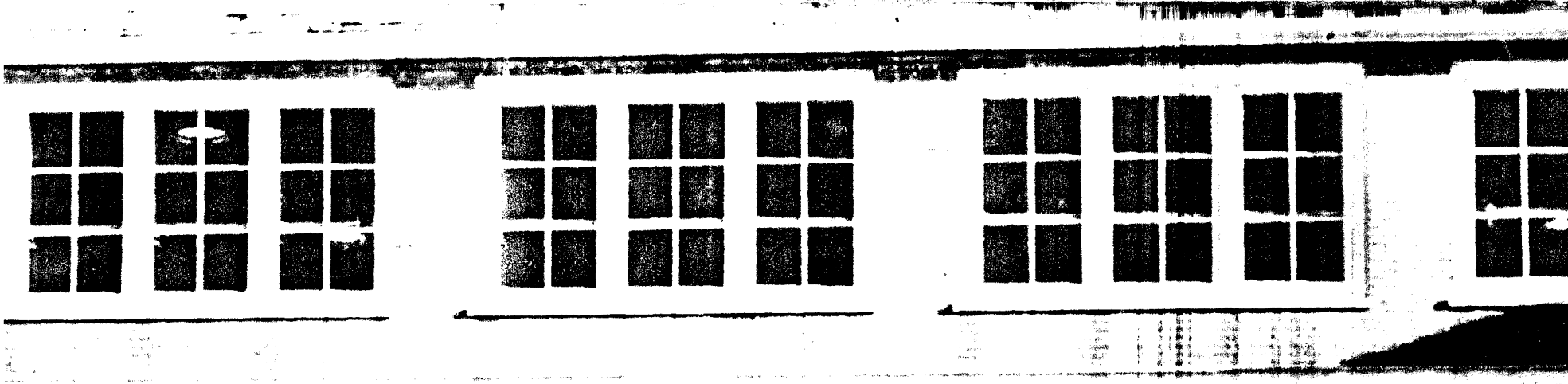
watched, letting the Suffolk robbery slip from their minds. Naturally they did not think about Timmy.

A long distance away, a card-sorting machine prosaically ran thousands of square-punched bits of pasteboard under groping, tiny, metal fingers. This was at state-police headquarters. From time to time, abruptly, a card would pop out of the flowing mass. A teletype absent-mindedly clocked down the information that this man, description so-and-so, was wanted for abandoning his family. This boy, aged fourteen, had run away from home. A certain-named burglar was believed to be operating in this special area. A filling-station operator had been killed during a holdup, apparently as he tried to telephone an alarm.

Identical memos appeared in many diverse places. Teletypes duplicated, click by click, each one. In some places a particular item caused action. In other places, the action consisted only of reading the item into a microphone, for far-ranging gray state troopers' cars to pick up.

But always each item of information was ultimately put onto a punched

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS



Dodge Custom Royal Lancer V-8 4-door Hardtop

See Chrysler Corporation's great TV shows: "Shower of Stars" and "Climax!" Thursday nights, CBS-TV

...you should know these important facts!

No matter what car you're driving or what price range you're interested in—you won't get nearly so much for your money in a new car as in a car of **THE FORWARD LOOK '56**. Here's why:

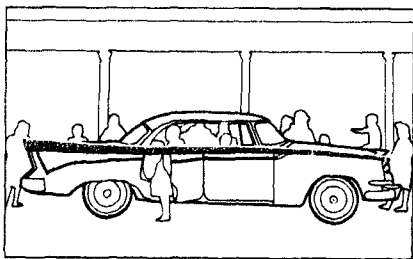
There's just one really fresh idea in *car design* this year: **THE FLIGHT-SWEEP**—the new, clean line that races from headlight to upswept rear tail fin. *Only THE FORWARD LOOK '56* has it!

There's one really *new driving convenience* this year: **PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE**. With a finger-touch, you're set to *go*! It comes to you, after years of testing, from **THE FORWARD LOOK**!

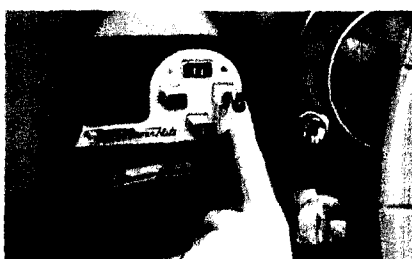
There are new *braking systems*—*only* in the five cars of **THE FORWARD LOOK '56**... new, larger, more efficient engines... new LifeGuard Safety Door Latches... exclusive full-width

rear-door 4-door hardtops! And only these five cars bring you the incomparable ease and control of *full-time* Safety Touch Power Steering!

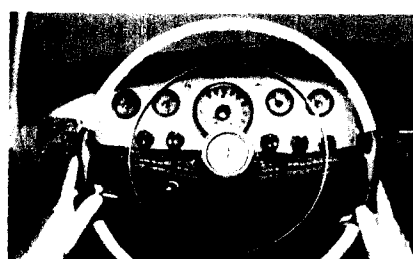
You'll find a wealth of styles to choose from. In a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler or exclusive Imperial, there's more that's new and right for you, than in any other car in its class. For the most for your money, see your dealer now!



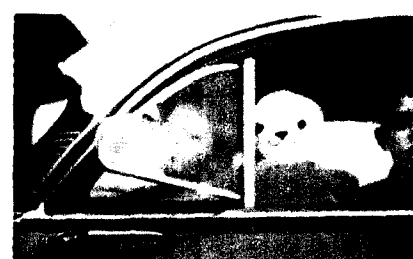
THE FLIGHT-SWEEP, newest note in car design with bold upswept rear fenders! Only **THE FORWARD LOOK '56** has it!



PUSHBUTTON POWERFLITE, greatest advance in driving control and convenience! Proven by years of successful testing!



FULL-TIME POWER STEERING! There's nothing else like it! Other cars still offer you only part-time, on-again-off-again devices!



NEW SAFETY! New LifeGuard Safety Door Latches added to strongest, most rigid bodies and surest driving controls of any car!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION  **THE FORWARD LOOK**
PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER, IMPERIAL

RAIN TOPCOAT MAGIC BY RAINFAIR



*Styled for Wear
Rain or Fair*



RAINFAIR RAIN TOPCOATS
Topcoat Smartness — Raincoat Protection

The IMPERIAL
Finest Rain Topcoat ever made!
All-weather gabardine, luxury-tailored. Navy, taupe, charcoal, tan, \$40.75.

**It's a topcoat, a raincoat!
Wear it any weather, anywhere!**

The magic of RAINFAIR styling has created the Rain Topcoat—unmatched for all-occasion convenience and good grooming. Dependably showerproof against wind and wet, it will prove the *busiest* coat in your wardrobe. For Spring, RAINFAIR offers a wide choice of showerproof and waterproof coats, from \$9.95.

Do You Own a NYLONAIR?



Unconditionally guaranteed, it's the 100% waterproof raincoat that captured the nation's fancy. Pure NYLON, it weighs but 15 oz., packs in handy pocket-size pouch. Greytan, \$14.95.

Write for **FREE Style Booklet**

RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE 4, WIS.
Makers of Smartair Leisure Wear

card, which could be filed and found by the card machines, and its information decoded or added to.

It was just after eleven o'clock that night when Callahan heard a car drawing up to the curb before his house. It stopped. Jeanne cocked an ear toward the sound. Someone slammed a car door outside. Jeanne was in the act of rising when the doorbell rang.

She went out into the hall. The only sound, then, was the mellifluous voice of the news announcer, continuing. Of course Callahan heard Jeanne's footsteps on the floor. He heard her turn the doorknob. He heard her stifled exclamation. A moment later she reappeared in the living-room doorway. She was deathly white. "Bob! It's Timmy!" she said through stiff lips.

CALLAHAN did not quite grasp it for a moment. Then he rose slowly, his expression growing dogged. Timmy came into the room in exactly the manner of someone making a grand entrance. He looked sharp. He wore new clothes. They were expensive. They were elaborately pressed. Timmy always had sharp-edged creases in his trousers, and he scorned the kind of haberdashery that Callahan wore. He grinned. He was ostentatiously at ease.

Callahan said in a flat voice, "You made a break, Timmy? And you expect us to hide you? It wouldn't be a good idea, you know."

"You pain me, Bob," said Timmy facetiously. The tone did not suit him; he was just a little over twenty. "You hurt my feelings. No, it isn't a break. Haven't you ever heard of parole boards? They shook their fingers at me and told me not to be naughty any more. So I'm out."

He moved negligently, and it was additionally evident that his shirt was high-priced, and his necktie expensive. Timmy had a gift for making such matters clear.

"You undoubtedly have proof of that," said Callahan without heat. "Mind letting me see it?"

Timmy grinned again, triumphantly. He reached into his pocket and brought out a folded document. He put it in Callahan's hand. "You're so cynical!" he said chidingly.

Callahan read, while the television set, in a series of eight-second flashes, displayed and recited the virtues of dog food, a deodorant, and a forthcoming boxing match.

He handed the document back to Timmy. "It's a parole, all right," he said evenly. "We didn't know it was going to happen so soon."

Jeanne looked sick, standing in the doorway. Callahan knew what she was thinking. The children. They went to school now. They knew that they had an Uncle Timmy, but they never asked questions about him. He was only a name. But Timmy had been involved in a very nasty business back in Canton. There had been a trial, and Timmy had called Jeanne as a witness to an alibi he'd tried to establish, and she had told the truth. She'd slanted it to favor Timmy, but he'd needed perjury.

So he'd gone to prison with his three partners. The four of them had posed and postured self-consciously during their trial. Callahan hated them horribly. They were fools, of course, but it is hard not to hate fools when they hurt your wife and children.

"You've prospered," Callahan said in the same flat voice. "I don't want to know how. Why did you come here?"

"To see my dear, dear sister," said Timmy, grinning broadly, "who tried

so hard to help me be a good little boy!"

The muscles of Callahan's jaw bunched. Then he opened his mouth to speak—and shrugged his shoulders instead. You can talk to a man who listens to hear what you say; if you tell him something sensible, he may act on it. But Timmy listened only for a chance to score wittily in reply. He admired himself very much, did Timmy. "Cut it!" Callahan snapped. "What do you want?"

"I need some gas for my car," said Timmy, with bright eyes.

"I'll buy you gas," Callahan said. "I'll give you eating money to get along with too, if that's what you want."

"It isn't," said Timmy. "I can buy gas. I've got a swell car. Big. Yellow. Two-eighty horsepower. Special trim. Best car I ever had."

Callahan looked at him. Timmy grinned. "I—borrowed it," he explained. "Cops are looking for it. Nosy guys, cops!"

Callahan ground his teeth. There is no law that insists a man must help his brother-in-law because of loyalty to his wife. But a man will do much to keep his children from learning about an uncle—their mother's brother—who at least once has grinned triumphantly in a prisoner's dock because he has risen from the distinction of delinquency to the eminence of adult crime.

"In fact," said Timmy, brightly, "last time I went to get some gas, the guy there looked at the license plates too long. I started to drive away and he ducked inside his place. I went back and he was telephoning. I—stopped him."

Jeanne caught her breath. Callahan said harshly: "You're stuck, then. There'll be roadblocks, eh? So you came here to be caught? Figured I'd have to get you out of it?"

Timmy beamed. Callahan swore softly. Jeanne tried to speak, but Callahan knew what she'd say. He said: "Shut up, Jeanne. I'm going to get him away, damn him!"

FAR away, the machine that swiftly felt the faces of punched cards following through it ejected one card, and another, and two more, and still another. A man picked them up and took them to a teletype. They constituted a memo and a list of names and addresses. There had been certain crimes, which climaxed in the theft of a rich man's ostentatious car. There had been the Suffolk holdup and murder. And

now there had been something else: a filling-station holdup and the killing of the filling-station attendant.

The card-sorting machine had gone through thousands of punched cards, looking for individual cards with highly individual combinations of punches. It had found a total of a dozen. The cards said—the punched holes did—that the wanted man was most probably one of a dozen named men. The crimes, taken together, had certain aspects that were like signatures. A painter can be told by his brushwork, and a writer by his style. A holdup man's work has certain mannerisms, certain distinctive features, by which an expert or a business machine can determine the "school" of craftsmen to which he belongs. Often he can be identified outright. It is the method of an art critic applied electronically to crime. The machine had felt thousands of cards, successively, with tiny metal fingers. It announced an opinion: one of these dozen men was guilty.

This opinion went on teletype to many towns and cities. Those near the home addresses of the dozen suspects took action.

IN THE living room of his house, Callahan stuffed a pair of heavy gloves into the pocket of his coat and then patted Jeanne's shoulder comfortingly. "It's all right. It's all right. I'm in no danger. Timmy's a fool, but not a big enough fool to do me any harm."

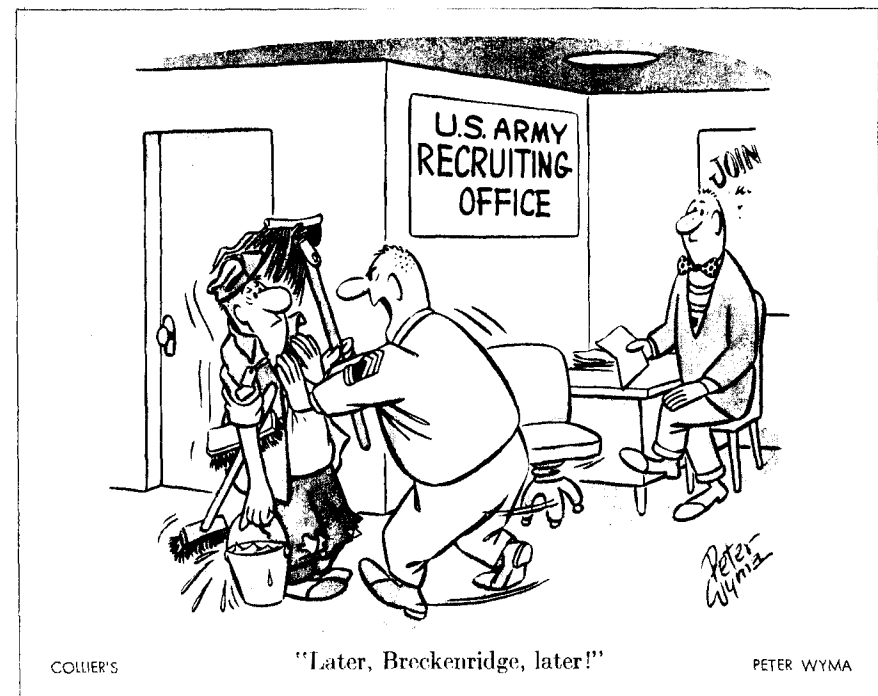
"You're wrong," said Timmy. "I'm no fool. You're just the same as anybody else to me. If anything goes wrong—"

He stared menacingly at Callahan. His eyes were ugly. "If you got any idea of crossing me up," Timmy went on, in sudden shrillness, "you forget it. She crossed me up, once—my own sister told on me on the witness stand! If she'd said what I told her to, I wouldn't have spent two years where I did. You better not cross me up!"

Callahan ignored the threat. He led the way out of the house.

It was quite dark outside. The town of Bainbridge had street lights, but there were not enough of them to make any considerable glare in the sky. There were only one or two lighted windows visible from Callahan's front porch. It was nearly midnight now, and there was practically no traffic.

The car outside Callahan's door was yellow and big. It was shiny. It was luxurious. And it was stolen. It was



COLLIER'S

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not a car to steal for resale. It was not even a good getaway car. But it was the sort of car that went with Timmy's very sharp clothes. It gave a dramatic impression of prosperity and importance. When a very young man drove it, to innocent eyes it would seem that he must be very rich indeed.

Callahan regarded it sardonically. "You must believe in advertising," he said dryly. "You couldn't attract more attention to yourself if you painted a sign on it, saying, 'Look at me!'"

But Timmy was mollified by what he considered admiration. "It's a nice car," he said defensively. "You'll never have a car like this!"

"True," said Callahan. "Too true. But if the cops know you like I do, they won't bother trying to catch you. All they'll have to do is wait for you to clamor for their attention. And that's your safety, right now. They'll never look for you on a bus."

TIMMY grimaced. But as they approached the car its flashiness gave him confidence. He strutted as he drew near it. He got into it with an air of grandeur. Callahan got in on the other side. Timmy gunned the motor before he put it in gear. Had anybody been about, they would have had to turn to look.

Callahan's jaw muscles tightened. He had no valid excuse for what he was doing; Timmy was unquestionably a criminal. But Callahan had two school-age children asleep upstairs in the house. He'd do a lot for them.

The streets of Bainbridge were dark and cold and deserted. As they drove, the clock in the town hall struck twelve times, slowly and sonorously. There were no other sounds.

Timmy repeated boastfully, as he drove: "You'll never have a car like this!"

"Agreed," Callahan said curtly. "Now listen. The bus gets here at twelve ten. It stops five minutes and then it goes on. I've offered you money for eating and fare—"

"You offering me money," Timmy said. "That's a joke!"

"There aren't often any passengers for the bus," Callahan went on as curtly as before. "You'll go in the waiting room. Better go into the men's room and wait there. Wait till the bus stops. Give it a minute more for passengers to get off and go away. Then come out and get on board."

Timmy said humorously, "That's good, that is. Me riding on a bus. Me!"

"Exactly," said Callahan. "It's not your type of trick. Now, the bus won't be brightly lighted. People like to sleep at night. Get on, pay your fare—with small bills—and pick a seat by yourself and lie back and doze, or seem to. Don't call attention to yourself. Believe it or not, Timmy, just wanting people to look at you is what's got you into all the trouble you've ever been in. Lay off!"

Timmy said nothing. A car went across the road ahead, blocks away. Timmy watched it with a certain sudden tenseness. The car kept going. Callahan felt almost sorry for Timmy. But not quite. Timmy was a fool. He craved things,

notice above all. At all times and in all places Timmy would always act upon one single principle, of doing what was most satisfying to him at the moment. Usually it involved securing for himself the undivided, emotional attention of other people. A holdup was an orgy of such notice. Being watched, fearfully or fascinatedly or admiringly, was more important to Timmy than anything else in the world—much more important than the consequences of the attention-getting act, especially the consequences to anybody else. But Timmy was perfectly sane. It was simply the way he was.

Now Timmy said suddenly, "You and Jeanne are going to tell the cops I was here."

"If they ask us, yes," Callahan said evenly. "Not otherwise. We're not likely to brag you're Jeanne's brother."

Timmy snarled. "No? I told some friends of mine about Jeanne being a witness against me. Know what they advised me to do?"

"I can guess," said Callahan coldly. "Turn right at the next corner. The bus station's two blocks down."

"You cross me," Timmy said with venom, "and some of my friends that're getting out presently—they'll come see you. Understand?"

"Yes," said Callahan. He felt sick. Timmy could be right.

"You get it?" Timmy insisted ferociously. "You got a good stunt for me, sure. But if it's got a trick in it, you better tell me now. If anything happens to me, my friends got no use for your kind, or for Jeanne. I told 'em plenty

about her. My own sister, sending me to the pen!"

Callahan knew with precision that Timmy was scared. Because he was scared, he was dangerous. Timmy's notion of action was grandiloquent action, dramatic stuff. To act like an ordinary person was unnatural to him. Even to think about it made him uneasy. He had a picture of himself as a glamorous figure, and he had to live up to that picture or he didn't feel right. Now he had to sing small. Discussing his conduct with Callahan didn't even make him look smart. He was getting panicky because he had to take direction from somebody else, and the direction had no grand gesture in it.

"There's the bus station ahead," said Callahan coldly. "You'll get on the bus and nobody'll suspect you. Lie back in your seat and don't call attention to yourself, and you'll be hundreds of miles away by daybreak. Get off somewhere and take another bus. I don't want to know where you change. But listen to me: when you eat, eat in a diner. Don't show more than a couple of dollars. When you take another bus, don't flash a big bill. Don't show off! Let people ignore you! If you'll do that for just three or four days, you can cross the country and get where the police won't dream of looking for you."

It was true. It was profoundly practical advice, for Timmy. It was better advice than Callahan knew, because he knew nothing of the punched cards that contained a strictly detached analysis of Timmy's methods of operation, based on the sort of person Timmy was.

Callahan reflected dryly that it was quaint that he could give a crook good advice; if he were a crook himself he would inevitably act the fool.

THE shiny, purring yellow car approached the bus station, which looked singularly desolate. It was brightly lighted enough but there was nobody in it, and the newsstand inside was closed. It was a glaringly lighted empty room, with green paint on the walls and unused benches inside, an oasis of light in the midst of night.

At the edge of the lighted area about the bus station, a parked car waited. It was a late-model sedan, big and black and glistening, with white-walled tires. A car like this, parked in a city, would at least be stripped of its custom upholstery before dawn. In a small town like Bainbridge, though, it was safe enough. It waited for somebody, beside the bus station. The headlights of Timmy's car swept over it as he came to a smooth stop at the curb.

Callahan hardly noticed the black car. He tapped Timmy's arm. "Now, do as I said," he said grimly, "and you'll vanish as if the earth had swallowed you. You've only to let yourself be ignored, and you'll be all right. And when you do start to show off again—and you will—and the cops do catch you, you'll be much more admired if you don't tell anybody your brother-in-law told you how to get away. Let your friends think you were the smart one. Leave Jeanne and me out!"

Timmy stared ahead. Then he turned and grinned at Callahan. "If you think you got me tricked," he said with bright eyes, "you better think again. If you try, you'll get yours—and Jeanne too. But—" He paused and then grinned more widely. "Have fun. It'll be the only time in your life you'll ever drive a car like this!"

He got out. Callahan slid into the driver's seat. He pulled the pair of gloves from his pocket and put them on. He drove the big yellow car away.

AT STATE-POLICE headquarters, a teletype clicked. A man with a green eyeshade took a sheaf of reports and went over to a map that covered all of one wall. Consulting the papers in his hands, he began to stick pins into the map: blue pins for this, red pins for that, parti-colored pins for the other. Little paper tickets under the pins carried dates. A linkage between certain burglaries in a certain city became obvious as the man inserted pins. A burglar was working the city very systematically, burglarizing on Thursday nights only. For reasons individual to himself, and of which he was probably unconscious, the spots he burglarized could be seen to follow a pattern. He thought it was a pattern of unpredictability. But there would be an extra number of police about a certain four-block neighborhood next Thursday night. The burglar would be caught red-handed.

A pin for a filling-station holdup went into position. There was violence, murder. But the murder had not been planned; details proved that. It had not been planned at all. The filling-station operator had been killed because he'd tried to telephone.

This fact tied in precisely with other facts: a stolen yellow car sighted in a town a hundred miles from Suffolk, by someone unable to reach a telephone at the time; and then, another hundred miles away, a call from another filling station; and finally, from just over the border of the next state, a third report on the yellow car. A man on the lam can't run too low on gas. He doesn't dare—especially in a big, rich-man's car that gulps down fuel. The line of flight of the yellow car was established: it would pass through a town named Bainbridge.

That fact, with others, was noted on a card machine, which patiently ran its tiny metal fingers over innumerable punched cards. The machine reacted violently to facts the cards revealed. An operator interrupted other teletype business to put a special item on the wire. And to make sure, somebody telephoned long-distance. . . .

WHEN Callahan got back to his house, there was a gray car in front of the door. It was three o'clock in the morning then, and the lights in Callahan's house were burning brightly, except upstairs where the children slept. Callahan was weary from unaccustomed walking, but when he saw the gray car's taillights his breath left him and his heart began to pound. He ran.

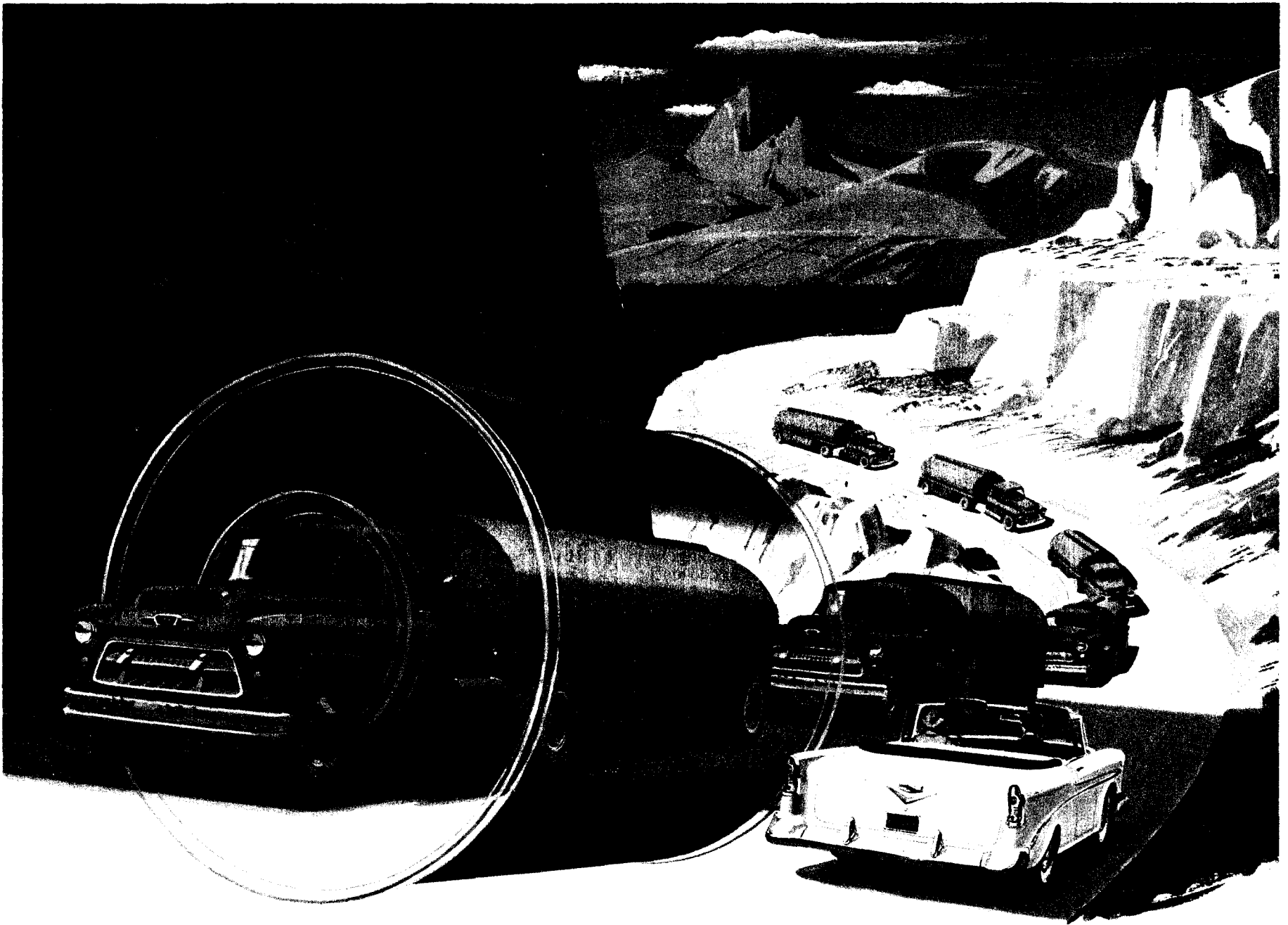
When he reached the front door he was panting and sweating and deadly pale. Jeanne opened the door and clung to him, sobbing.

"What happened?" Callahan demanded hoarsely. "You're all right? The kids? What happened?"

"I—was scared!" Jeanne gasped. "You didn't come back. I didn't know what might have happened!"

There was a stirring in the living room. A state trooper said politely:





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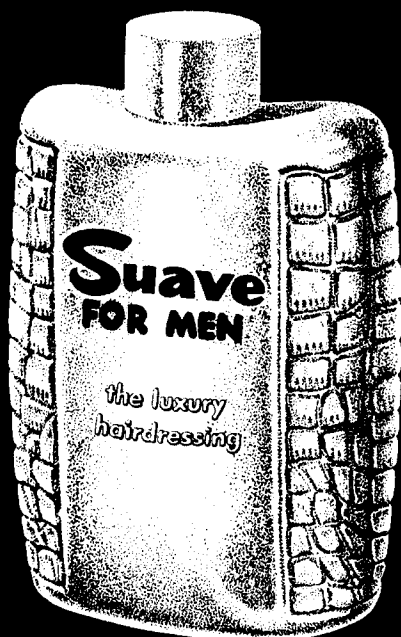
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"It looked pretty bad. I got sent here, Mr. Callahan. There's an alarm out for a guy they want to question about that Suffolk holdup killing. This guy was paroled about three weeks ago and went right back in business, his kind of business."

Callahan felt nauseous. Jeanne said faintly, "They—they think Timmy did it, Bob."

Callahan drew in a deep breath. The trooper said comfortingly, "The punched-card machines at headquarters said that Mrs. Callahan was a witness against him when he was sent up. He was due to come through this town. And guys like that—"

"He's her brother," Callahan said bitterly.

THE trooper said awkwardly, "Sure, but a guy that starts off delinquent and graduates to holdups and such, he gets so that sort of thing don't matter much to him. He gets proud that he's different from other people. He likes to prove it. And if he was coming through this town, why, he might try to—get even. Even with his sister. So I was sent here to make sure you people would be all right. The things we can't figure out ahead we can't do much about. But things like that..."

Callahan said harshly: "He didn't try to get even. He was here. I didn't know what he'd done, but I guessed something. I didn't want him caught here and my family exposed to all the publicity there was last time. I headed him away."

The trooper nodded.

"Yeah. She told me. We got to allow for things like that. People hate to turn in brothers and sisters and such. It's human. Anyhow, he's gone. I guess you people are safe enough now."

Incredibly, he did not seem to want to ask any more questions. He prepared to depart. Callahan went to the door with him. There the trooper beckoned, and Callahan followed him outside. It was singularly peaceful now. There were stars. Callahan noticed them for the first time tonight.

The trooper said, "Listen. Your wife—she's a nice woman. You've got to allow for things like that. She tried to kid me. Said you'd taken this guy to the bus station. Said he was heading south on the bus. She was scared he'd killed you. She was pretty desperate. Wanted to get me away from here. I don't blame her. She had to think of her kids and you."

Callahan swallowed.

"You don't have to tell me," said the trooper apologetically. "It's human for you not to want a lot of publicity. But—which way did he really go? You'd better get that guy off your neck. Your wife needn't know you told me anything. But that guy's got to be caught. Holdups in themselves aren't so bad, but he panics and kills people."

Callahan said in an extremely flat and emotionless voice: "He rode around, gloating about how smart he was, and then he dumped me a couple of miles out on Route One Thirty-eight. He's headed south."

It was a lie. Callahan told it so that Timmy wouldn't be caught while following his—Callahan's—directions, and so Timmy's friends wouldn't feel that Callahan had betrayed him, and so there wouldn't be a trial with Jeanne called as a witness again.

The trooper nodded. "He was figured for that. Your wife tried hard to make me believe he was on a bus. But they got him pretty well figured out at headquarters—personality analysis

from the way he's acted. That guy'd never ride on a bus. A big car's his style." He nodded again. "Understand, I came here to make sure you people were all right. You didn't have to tell me that. It won't make any difference. We've got roadblocks up to stop him. Thanks."

He went down the walk to his car. He started it quietly and turned it around and drove away.

Callahan went back inside the house. He pulled the pair of gloves from his pocket and threw them away. "Timmy's safe," he said brittlely. "The trooper didn't believe you. He asked me. I told him Timmy headed south on One Thirty-eight. That's where I left his car in a ditch, without any fingerprints on it. They think it's incredible that he should take a bus."

Jeanne began to cry again. And Callahan didn't know whether she wept because in her desperation she'd told the trooper about Timmy, or whether she was desperately relieved that he'd got away. But Callahan knew forlornly that as long as Timmy was at large, he was a menace hanging over them.

AT HALF past four in the morning, the teletype clicked a long report. In clipped "officialese" it reported that a state-police roadblock on Route One Thirty-eight had been crashed by a man in a black sedan with white-walled tires. He saw the waiting troopers. He opened fire as he went through. The troopers returned it. A tire on the sedan went. The car careened and turned over. The man who'd been expected to be in a big yellow car had been killed in the wreck of a big black car. Fingerprints proved him to be a parolee, three weeks out of prison, wanted for the Suffolk holdup-murder, the killing of the filling-station attendant, and so on. The black car had license number such-and-such, which belonged in Bainbridge. The man had jumped the ignition to steal it.

It was all quite impersonal and emotionless. In state-police headquarters, a man in a green eyeshade checked the license number of the black car. It had

been reported stolen barely an hour before. It was missing from beside the bus station in Bainbridge.

The teletype clicked an order to cancel all queries on a list of names previously sent out. Some of the Suffolk robbery money had been found on the dead man who had crashed through the roadblock. There were no further questions on the other individuals whose cards had been picked out by the machines.

The man in the green eyeshade ran several cards through the machine. He got a list of the robberies for which he had put pins in the wall-sized map. He very carefully removed the pins, checking each one against the list.

There was just one item left in this matter. It was cleared up when a big, yellow, expensive car was found in a ditch on Route One Thirty-eight, four miles out of Bainbridge. It appeared that the fugitive had ditched it when it ran out of gas, walked back to Bainbridge, and stolen a black sedan parked by the bus station.

The matter of Callahan's brother-in-law Timmy who came riding out of the west in a stolen car, was removed from the list of pending cases.

But the machines did not stop. The teletype clicked. A sixteen-year-old girl had run away from home. A punched card was made to contain the data. A grocery store had been burglarized, with such-and-such individualities of technique. The machines began to sort cards, to identify the man who performed his burglaries in that precise fashion. Presently the teletype clicked...

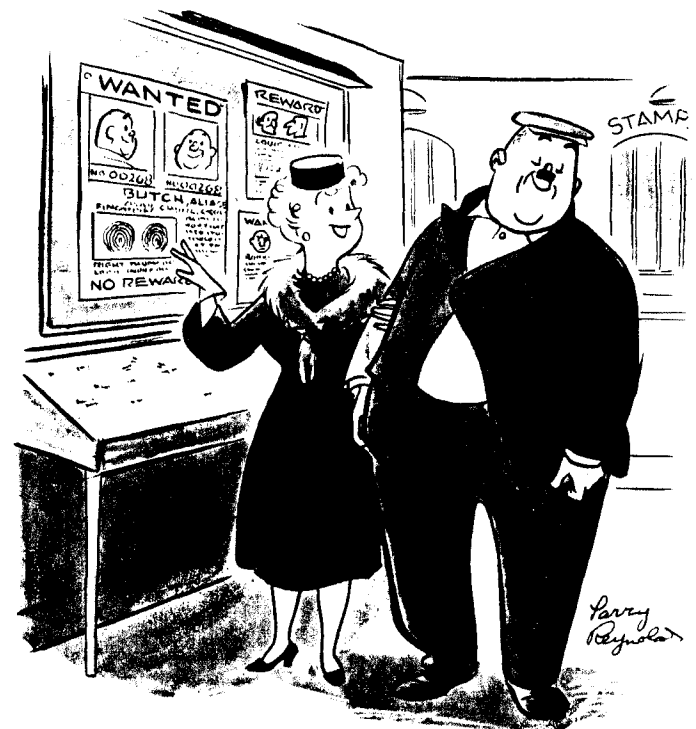
CALLAHAN and Jeanne heard about Timmy's death on the morning news broadcast. Jeanne was dazed—stunned—by the news. It had seemed so certain that Timmy would get away.

"We did all we could for him," Callahan said unhappily. "He had every chance. What more could anybody have done? But I'm sorry, Jeanne."

He comforted her as well as he could, while she wept for Timmy.

—WILL F. JENKINS

BUTCH



"I mean it, Butch. You have the cutest loops and whorls of any fella I know"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS



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Beer Belongs—Enjoy It!

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION



ICBM

continued from page 24

The trajectory of the ICBM: it reaches twice as high into space as proposed man-made satellite, and about six times higher than the V-2. It's called a ballistic missile because it is thrown into the air by its rocket motors, then continues in free flight like an artillery shell. Word "ballistic" comes from ballista, crossbow-type artillery used by ancient Romans to hurl stones

with a really big stick. Regardless of whether he used it, he would have the means to throw his weight around dangerously—and the other boys in the block might go out of their way to avoid offending him.

To the present Communist advantage of superior land power, then, the ICBM would add a temporary—though definite—qualitative superiority in the air offensive.

I don't agree with those prophets of doom who hold that a Russian monopoly of the ICBM—even though short-lived—would enable Moscow to accomplish her objective of absolute world power. It is true, and it is a frightening thought, that if Russia wins the ICBM race, some of the tough men in the Kremlin might (figuratively) push a button and destroy New York. But Moscow has the capability of destroying New York today—though with far more difficult and less certain methods. And Russia could not hope to escape heavy retaliatory damage, whether or not we had developed the ICBM, for the intercontinental ballistic missile will not automatically replace all other ground, ship and air-based weapons. Short- and intermediate-range missiles and piloted planes, some of them firing air-to-ground missiles like the Rascal, would still pack a powerful offensive punch. Some of these would get through, no matter how good the Russian defenses.

WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN if Russia wins the ICBM race is suggested by the events that followed her conquest of the atom, when she broke our atomic monopoly. Her diplomacy became bolder; the Reds were more willing to take a chance. They started a war in Korea, got tough in Indochina and off Formosa. Right now, they are getting tough in the Middle East.

In other words, the Soviet political and psychological offensive would be greatly strengthened. Many of the world's peoples are band-wagon jumpers; they want to be on the side they think will win. We can depend on Soviet propaganda to exploit to the full a Soviet victory in the ICBM race. The Russians would be certain to hammer on the theme that the Soviet Union had displaced the United States as the most advanced industrial and technological nation in the world. The resultant loss of face for the U.S. could be damaging for the cause of freedom.

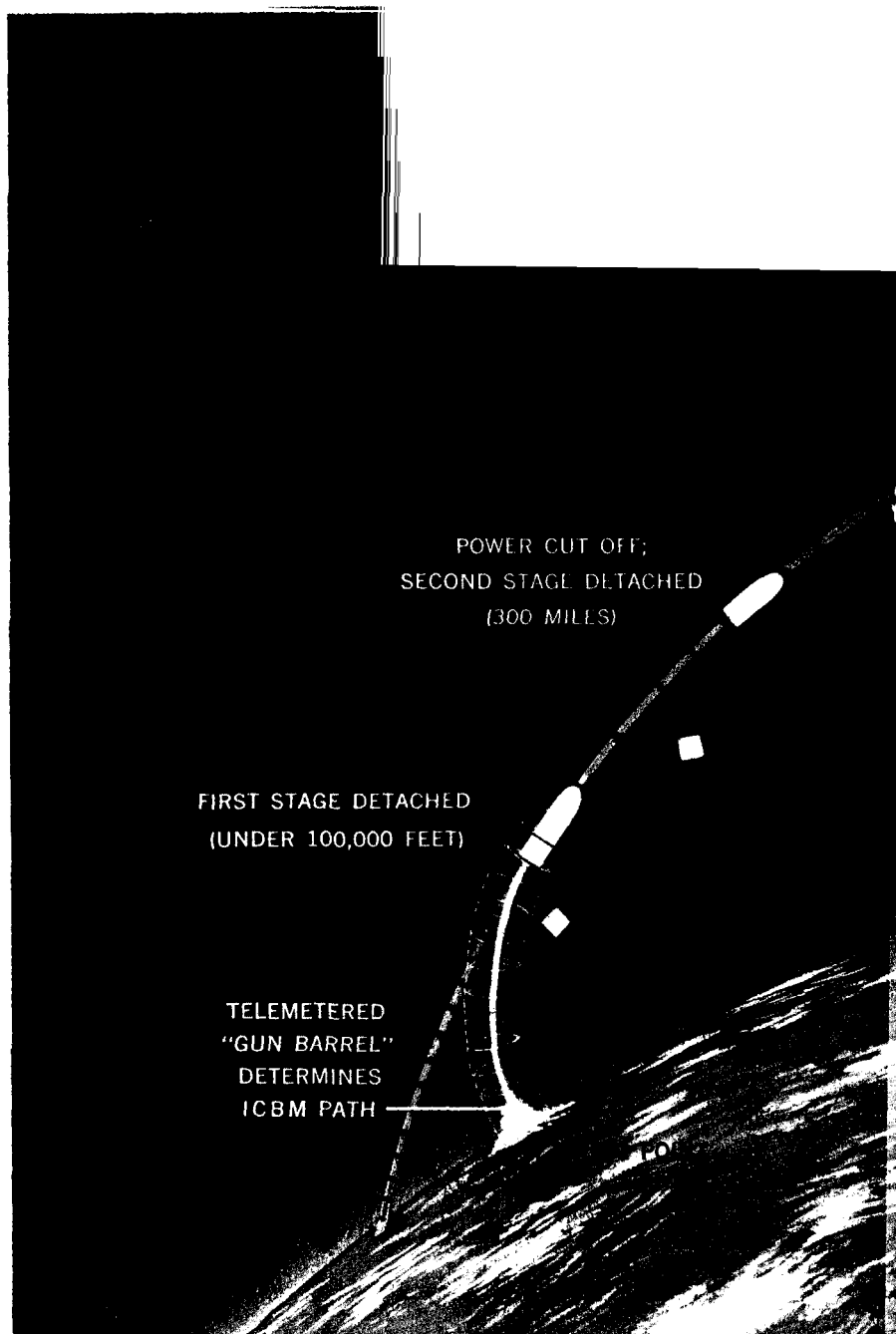
Furthermore, just as Soviet diplomacy would be strengthened by the new weapon, so ours—if we didn't have it—would be correspondingly weakened. Without the power of full retaliation, it would take a bold President and a bold Secretary of State to stand completely firm against Communist aggression and Soviet demands if our military leaders advised them that Moscow could destroy 20 major U.S. cities and pulverize our industrial plant in half an hour!

So, in my opinion, while a Russian victory in the ICBM race wouldn't mean all-out nuclear war or Communist world domination, it *would* mean a very critical period, indeed, in which U.S. diplomacy—already behind the eight ball in many parts of the world—would be still further handicapped. The danger would be that during this period Russia might make very large political-economic-psychological gains which would prejudice our future global position. The danger would be that Russia might press her campaign for the world to a point where another small war—like Korea or Indochina—might start, with unknown ultimate consequences.

What is the story behind the development of this amazing missile which can change the course of history?

The arms race today and tomorrow is centered around carriers of nuclear weapons rather than the weapons themselves. The world already has a whole "family" of A-weapons; it has about maximized weapons of destruction. The race now goes to the side that first develops the most efficient carriers for nuclear weapons: planes, ships, submarines—and missiles.

If any one man deserves the title of "Father of the Ballistic Missile," he

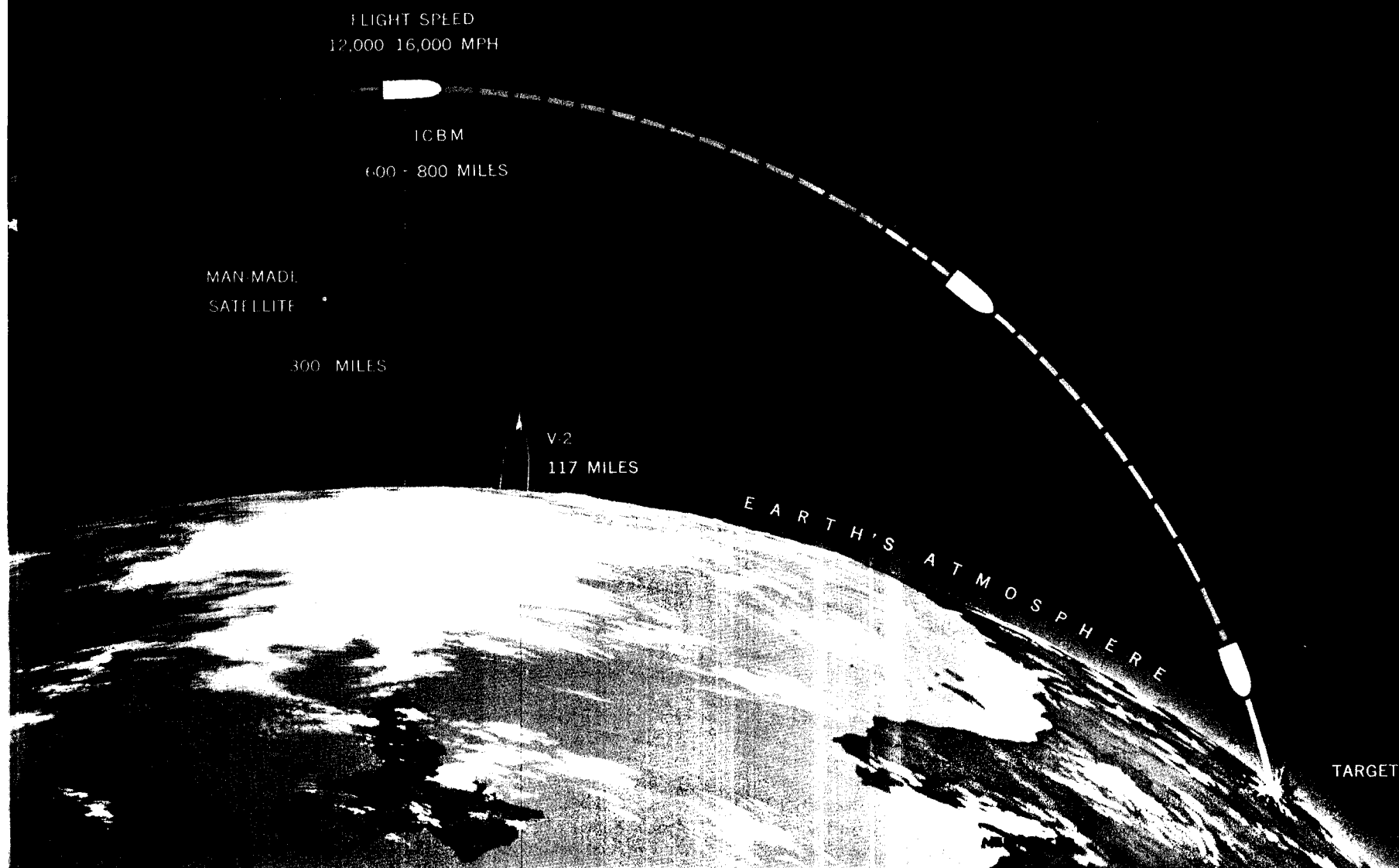


JOHN BRYSON



The men behind the ICBM: top, physicists Simon Ramo (left) and Dean Wooldridge, advisers and technical directors for the Air Force program; bottom, Convair's team includes (from left) Thomas G. Lanphier, Jr., vice-president and management's top man on so-called "Atlas" project; Karel Jan (Charlie) Bossart, project engineer; and James R. Dempsey, director of missile project

Collier's for March 16, 1956



is Dr. Wernher von Braun, a dynamic young German-born scientist. During World War II, he headed the German scientific team at Peenemünde which developed the granddaddy of the ICBM—the V-2 rocket, used against London. He and many of his countrymen were recruited by the U.S. Army after the war and brought to the United States to help develop our missiles. Now American citizens, they are an important part of the Army's missile-development team at Redstone Arsenal, near Huntsville, Alabama.

To this group's pioneering research has been added a vast volume of basic and developmental work by U.S. scientists and engineers. As a result, the United States is already flying medium-range and long-range surface-to-surface bombardment missiles—all of them to date, however, operating in the earth's atmosphere and hence relatively easier to intercept than the space-flying ICBM. The U.S. Navy's Regulus, the Air Force's Matador—both of them small pilotless planes, with ranges of about 500 miles—are much improved versions of the German V-1 pilotless aircraft which bombarded London prior to the development of the V-2. Drone planes—really a form of guided missile—have flown coast to coast with their own self-contained navigation system.

The Snark—the first of this nation's intercontinental-range guided missiles—has been test-fired at Cape Canaveral on Florida's east coast, and Northrop Aircraft Company, its developer, is reported to be about to receive a production contract. The Snark is a pilotless plane, powered by a turbojet engine, and it flies at aircraft altitudes and speeds (under 50,000 feet, 500 to 600 miles an hour) for about 5,000 miles.

The Navaho, North American Aviation's contribution to the armory of intercontinental war, is still in the development stage. Powered either with a turbojet or with a ram-jet engine, it is designed to fly higher and faster (50,000 to 75,000 feet and 1,000 to 2,000 miles per hour) than the Snark.

But all these missiles are really pilotless bombers, not intercontinental artillery like the ICBM. In fact, the wingless ballistic missile differs from a conventional artillery shell only in that it has its own integral propulsion system and can be guided from the ground in at least the initial stages of its flight. The path of a long-range artillery shell is an arc looping high into the air, then curving downward toward the target. A long-range ballistic missile follows the same elliptical trajectory—but loops into outer space and covers a few thousand miles instead of a few thousand yards.

By contrast, the long-range winged missiles now in use all follow so-called "cruise" or flat trajectories. Like piloted planes, they take off from runways, ramps, catapults or other launching rigs, climb to cruising altitude and level off. They are limited in speed, altitude and trajectory by the need of their engines for the oxygen in the atmosphere and by their dependence on their stubby wings for lift. These limitations mean that missiles like the Snark and Navaho can be intercepted—by fast piloted planes or by other missiles.

The ICBM—because it follows a ballistic trajectory outside the earth's atmosphere, because it flies so high and so fast—may become the world's first unstoppable weapon. Scientists envisage, in theory, a system of automatic tracking and intercepting missiles which might in time make possible a small "kill rate." But the time between launching and impact is so short, the technical difficulties so immense, that any such defensive system is a long way off. Furthermore, even when it is developed it can never be more than fractionally effective—and that just wouldn't be good enough. Only a few ICBMs would have to get through to knock out our own principal cities—and a good part of our war-making potential.

IMAGINE TRYING to hit an artillery shell in mid-flight with another artillery shell. This is—in minuscule—the problem of intercepting an ICBM. The expensive and extensive radar, interceptor and missile-defense system we are now so hastily and painfully erecting will be of little use against the ICBM. We cannot even track a giant rocket through its entire ballistic trajectory with our present early-warning and control radar—much less intercept it. The ICBM represents, for the immediate future at least, the ultimate triumph of the offensive in war.

Russia's probable lead in the ICBM race can be traced in part to the way in which the Soviets were able to capitalize on the preliminary work done by the Germans in World War II. While Von Braun and a number of his colleagues came over to the West, the Soviets seized the Peenemünde station itself and found a number of V-2 production lines more or less intact. Recruiting those scientists who had not already fled to the West, the Reds started up the production lines again, stockpiled V-2s and, as time went on, gradually improved the range, accuracy and performance of the missiles.

On the other hand, our immediate postwar effort in missile work was

ICBM *continued*

centered on basic research and preliminary development. We carried out a series of test-firings of V-2-type rockets and other research vehicles at the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, and awarded research contracts to a number of companies and universities. Not until the Korean war started did we attempt to turn basic knowledge into finished "hardware," and even then the emphasis was more on the pilotless-plane-type missile than the ballistic kind.

Then, more than two years ago, Assistant Air Secretary Trevor Gardner "built a fire" under the ICBM. Such a missile had been under consideration ever since World War II, with Convair doing research and design studies, part of the time at its own expense. But a missile is very different from an airplane, and rather "early on"—as the British put it—Convair encountered some of the same difficulties other aircraft companies have since met in attempting to adapt to missile work. The ICBM studies, therefore, were more or less inchoate until Gardner appointed a scientific committee in 1953 to study the project and make recommendations. This committee—and another later—not only found that an ICBM was feasible, but laid the groundwork for the present high-priority organization.

THAT ORGANIZATION is centered around a specially created Western Development Division of the Air Research and Development Command, with headquarters at Los Angeles. Here, Major General Bernard A. Schriever of the Air Force, with the aid of a sizable staff and of the Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation, is directing the development of the ICBM. (Dean Wooldridge and Simon Ramo are two brilliant young physicists who did some trail-blazing work in electronics, while with Hughes Aircraft, on the Falcon air-to-air guided missile and on various Air Force fire-control systems.) An advisory committee, including Brigadier General Charles A. Lindbergh and headed by the famous scientist Dr. John von Neumann, "kibitzes" and monitors progress.

Last year, the effort was broadened to a dual and competing approach. While Convair continues to develop its "Atlas" project, the Glenn L. Martin Company is attempting a different approach to the air-frame and configuration problem in a separate program. Companies working with Convair or Martin on propulsion matters include North American, Aerojet-General division of General Tire & Rubber Company, and Reaction Motors; while General Electric, Bell Telephone Laboratories, Sperry Rand, Bendix, AVCO, AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors, and American Bosch Arma Corporation are among firms assisting in solving guidance and other problems.

The United States has also entered—belatedly—the intermediate-range ballistic missile race. The Air Force has a project of its own under way, and the Army and Navy have begun a joint high-priority program centered at Redstone Arsenal under Major General John Bruce Medaris and Dr. von Braun; their missile will be for both ground and shipboard launching.

All these competing projects will exchange technical data; a great increase in funds is to be provided in the next fiscal year, starting July 1st, and in mid-1957—the year, incidentally, in which the U.S. hopes to launch some earth satellites into the upper atmosphere—the entire project will be reviewed. After considerable hesitancy and delay, the U.S. ballistic-missiles program at last appears to be in high administrative gear.

But the technical problems are still immense, especially as they apply to the ICBM. Imagine a giant rocket—a Gargantuan version of a Fourth of July skyrocket, more than 100 feet high, weighing more than 100 tons—hurled to an altitude 600 to 800 miles above the earth into a region of no air. Then envisage, if you can, the warhead or nose of this huge gadget slanting downward through the denser atmosphere—speeding at 15,000 miles an hour toward a target a couple of thousand miles away. How can you hit anything with such a long-range weapon? How do you even get this great mass to budge from the earth?

It can be done. One expert has said, "The missile can be built with the scientific knowledge now available, but basic research will enable us to do the job better. The work ahead is chiefly engineering."

There are three primary problems (and thousands of subsidiary ones) that collectively make up the problem of the ICBM. These are propulsion, guidance, and heat or re-entry.

"It is going to take much or most of the engine development of the country to get the ICBM upstairs," a scientist predicted in outlining the propulsion problem.

The world's fastest rocket today probably loafs along at 4,000 to 5,000 feet per

second. The Atlas (Convair's name for the ICBM), if it is to travel 5,000 miles, will have to be moving in its first stages five to six times as fast, or 20 to 25 times the speed of sound.

The engines that will give the ICBM this "oomph" are rocket engines; they spew hot gases out of an exhaust in the tail and the reaction lifts the rocket. They differ from other jet engines in that they run on chemicals and carry their own oxygen with them to permit combustion. The fuels can be either liquid or solid. The V-2 used a combination of alcohol and liquid oxygen; the Army's Corporal guided missile—a battlefield weapon with a range of under 100 miles—uses an acid-aniline combination.

Liquid fuels—chemicals in all sorts of combinations—produce a higher impulse, a greater thrust, than solid fuels, and they can be more easily "cut off" (combustion stopped) at a desired point in flight. But they are volatile, explosive and hard to handle, and the rocket engines that use them require a lot of "plumbing" in the form of piping. Solid propellants—really powder in various forms—haven't yet equaled the "kick" of the liquid fuels, and cutoff control is more difficult. But they are simple, reliable, rugged and give promise of providing a somewhat slower but more even acceleration.

Another potential fuel of great promise for the future (but unlikely for the first models of the ICBM) is fissionable material. A very small nuclear pile to heat and expand some type of gas might ultimately prove to be the most efficient type of propulsion for an ICBM.

But the ICBM's first rocket engines are likely to be powered with liquid fuels, or perhaps with liquids and solid propellants in combination.

A single rocket motor big enough to lift a hydrogen warhead sufficiently high for a 5,000-mile range has not yet been built. On the other hand, engines now under development could be used in multiple to provide the total thrust needed. The earth-satellite program (which really serves—in its launching phase—as a sort of "dry run" for the ICBM) will depend upon a multistage rocket for launching. Two liquid-fuel rocket engines will be connected in tandem. The first "stage" will lift the entire device rapidly into the skies; when its fuel is exhausted, a servomechanism will detach it from the main body, and the second "stage" will take over. Finally, at the apogee (top) of the trajectory, some 200 or 300 miles above the earth, a solid-propellant engine will tilt the satellite on its side and give it a final "kick" up to 30,000 feet per second in a path parallel to the earth's orbit. Thus, the earth-satellite launching program will probably involve what is called a "three-stage" rocket—three rocket engines connected in tandem, one behind another—the power of all of them used successively to get the satellite to the required speed and altitude.

The advantage of the staged rocket for the ICBM is obvious; speed increases as bulk and weight decrease, until finally the warhead—on its own and with all its propulsion mechanism dropped behind it—follows a ballistic trajectory, like an artillery shell, to its target.

ROCKET MOTORS thus can be linked in tandem, or stages, to provide the boost needed to put the warhead upstairs. Each stage would function successively; as each used its fuel and was detached the rocket would become lighter and lighter and its speed greater and greater.

But rocket motors can also be linked in parallel—or radially, like the cylinders of a radial gasoline engine. This so-called "honeycomb mesh," or "six-shooter-revolver" configuration, could also be arranged so that one or more of the engines would be detached from the central cylinder and would drop off when it had done its job.

No one yet knows which configuration—tandem or parallel motors—offers more promise; both can and probably will be used. But the ultimate ICBM will almost certainly be—as experts see it now—a staged rocket, perhaps one and a half or two propelling stages with the warhead on top.

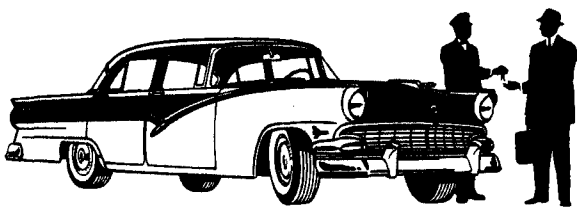
That brings us to the second major problem—guidance. Like the jabberwockian talk of Alice in Wonderland, there have been a lot of semantics used to define *guided* missiles. One might ask: When is a guided missile not a guided missile? The answer would be: the ICBM. It will be guided only for about the first 300 miles of its 5,000-mile flight.

Imagine a gun barrel about 300 miles long. This represents the "guided" part of the ICBM's trajectory—the burning time when the rocket motors are functioning and accelerating the warhead for its 4,700 miles of free flight. Up until the last rocket-motor stage falls off, some control, some guidance is possible; after that, no human effort is likely to modify the ICBM's trajectory.

The "guidance" of the ICBM simply endeavors to put the warhead on a proper course at a proper speed at a fixed predetermined point in space. This is done primarily in two ways. The course and speed required to reach a fixed and known target are precalculated (as they are prior to the firing of an artillery shell), the amount of

For Collier's own appraisal of the importance of the Soviet-U.S. race to develop the ICBM, please turn to Comment, page 98 of this issue

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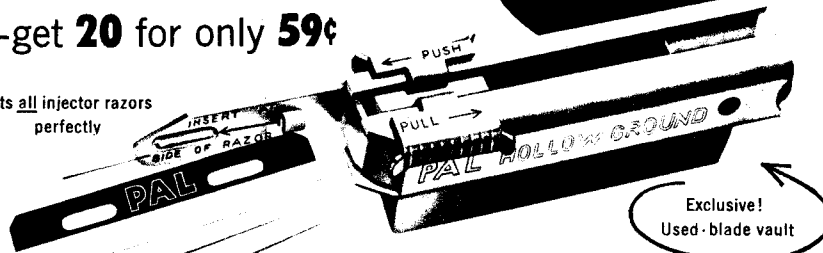


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ICBM *continued*



Left: Maj. Gen. Bernard A. Schriever heads the AF ballistic missile program. Right: Trevor Gardner, dissatisfied with Pentagon policy on ICBM, resigned as Assistant Air Secretary

fuel and acceleration needed is determined, and the servomechanisms which will automatically cut off the fuel supply at the right point are adjusted before firing. Similarly, control mechanisms which will tilt the rocket toward the correct great-circle course can be preadjusted. These mechanisms can take two forms. The German V-2 rocket used graphite control vanes which were set in the blast of the jet stream; the angle at which these vanes were set deflected the jet blast and tilted the rocket. The U.S. Viking rocket, on the other hand, changed the angle of the jet blast by tilting the entire rocket motor.

IN ADDITION to careful prefiring calculations and adjustments (called "programed guidance"), some electronic control over the rocket during its climb into the blue-black emptiness of outer space is possible. The rocket is fitted with a so-called "transponder," or radar beacon, and its course during the 300 miles of guidance is tracked by ground radar. The data recorded is fed into computing machines, which immediately determine whether or not the rocket is on its predetermined course. If it is not, a new course is calculated by the machines, the correction flashed by electronic waves to the rocket, and servomechanisms deflect the jet stream and tilt the rocket, shut off, open or regulate the fuel flow. If the rocket promises to be a "wild" one (like one of our test V-2s which went the wrong way at White Sands Proving Ground and landed across the border in Mexico), a self-destructing mechanism can be activated.

This limited guidance for the ICBM may in time be supplemented. A system of so-called inertial guidance, or automatic self-navigation, now applicable to cruise-type missiles like the Navaho, can be tailored to the propulsion stages of the rocket, and—perhaps—to the warhead to keep it in the proper flying "attitude" during its free flight. A so-called "terminal guidance system," which would take over when the missile was approaching its target and would "attract" the missile to the target by light, heat or infrared, might also have some future application to the ICBM. But the difficulties would be enormous.

The ICBM as now envisaged, therefore, is subject in free flight to the whims and vagaries of nature. And some of these are irregular and variable—one reason why the ICBM will never be a "bomb-in-a-pickle-barrel" weapon, but essentially a weapon of limited accuracy for area bombardment.

There are three groups of errors which affect the guidance of an ICBM, and none of them is easily susceptible to correction.

The first of these categories might be called "errors due to nature." There is a constant and unpredictable fluctuation in the thickness of the ionospheric layers of the atmosphere which influences the propagation of radio waves through space, and hence the accuracy of any electronic guidance systems. There is, moreover, no way to predict variable changes in the direction and strength of gravitational forces, which could tend to pull an ICBM off course. And, finally, the earth's rotation—long considered a constant—has been found to change unpredictably and without uniformity; such a change could cause a missile properly launched to score a clean miss.

The second category of errors are instrument errors. These are more susceptible to human control, but will probably never be eliminated completely. Tiny errors at launching—and during the 300-mile gun-tube guidance phase—are multiplied geometrically by the long range to enormous errors on impact. An error in speed of one foot per second at the time of combustion cutoff could cause an error of one mile on impact.

The third category of errors are errors of mapping and surveying. To put it baldly, we don't know where true north is, or where, say, Sverdlovsk is. The ICBM follows a great-circle course from launching point to target. If it is to hit we have to know exactly where—on the earth's surface—the two points are. This is not as simple as it sounds; one of the great problems of missile warfare is the incorrect co-ordinates of many of the cities and points



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ICBM *continued*

on earth, particularly those in Russia. Many of the world's maps are in error, especially those that show the vast area of the Soviet Union east of the Urals.

If the co-ordinates given on your maps and charts are in error you will miss. This may be one reason, incidentally, why the Russians are hostile to President Eisenhower's mutual aerial inspection proposal. They know we don't know the exact location of cities and industries east of the Urals, and they know there is probably no good way for us to find out except by a great remapping job.

All these categories of errors—many of which appear unpredictable—mean that the ICBM will have to compensate for its inaccuracy by the frightful power and the extensive destructive effect of the explosive it carries—the hydrogen warhead. Just how "inaccurate" it will be no one now knows; the first ICBM obviously will be far less accurate than later models. An error of one per cent in 5,000 miles—a figure once discussed—could mean that the missile might fall 50 miles from the target. That, scientists and military men agree, is not good enough. Scientists seem to believe that ultimately they may be able to reduce the circular error at 5,000 miles' range to five to 10 miles—provided the target is where it is supposed to be.

Dwarfing the tremendous—though soluble—problems of propulsion and guidance, virtually all scientists agree, is the problem of heat generated by skin friction when the missile re-enters the earth's atmosphere. Meteors that constantly bombard the earth nearly all burn up and disintegrate long before they reach the surface; the tremendous heat generated by their passage through the earth's atmosphere destroys them. The ICBM will be, in effect, a meteor; it will be hurled into upper space, and then fall back at high speeds into the denser lower atmosphere. The denser lower air will slow it up—perhaps down to Mach 2 or 3—but also it will heat and perhaps burn it up. In fact, the skin friction caused by the passage through the atmosphere will be so enormous that until some way is found of absorbing, or draining off, or neutralizing this heat, no intact ICBM will reach the earth.

This is a problem for metallurgists, chemists, physicists and half a dozen other specialists with long names—like aerothermodynamicist. It is a giant problem—in fact, the major problem of the ICBM today. Re-entry temperatures might, for example, reach 6,000 degrees or more, and today most of our low-carbon alloy steels lose their strength at about 1,000 degrees.

THERE ARE several approaches to this problem—and they are all being tried. You can try to slow the missile up—with wings or spoilers or some similar devices—and thus reduce the temperatures. You can plunge right on through, reducing the duration of heating, though increasing the temperature. You can try ceramic "skins," or porous or sweating jackets, which exude moisture for liquid cooling. You can devise higher-temperature alloys. Or you can take a leaf from the lesson of the larger meteorites that sometimes reach the earth; you can increase the thickness of your missile's skin (and hence the bulk and weight) and provide a "heat sink." This is the so-called "brute force" or boiler-plate approach; it obviously takes longer for a thick metal skin to melt than a thin one. But the "brute-force" approach has its disadvantages; it increases the weight of the missile and thus greatly increases the problem of the propulsion engineer.

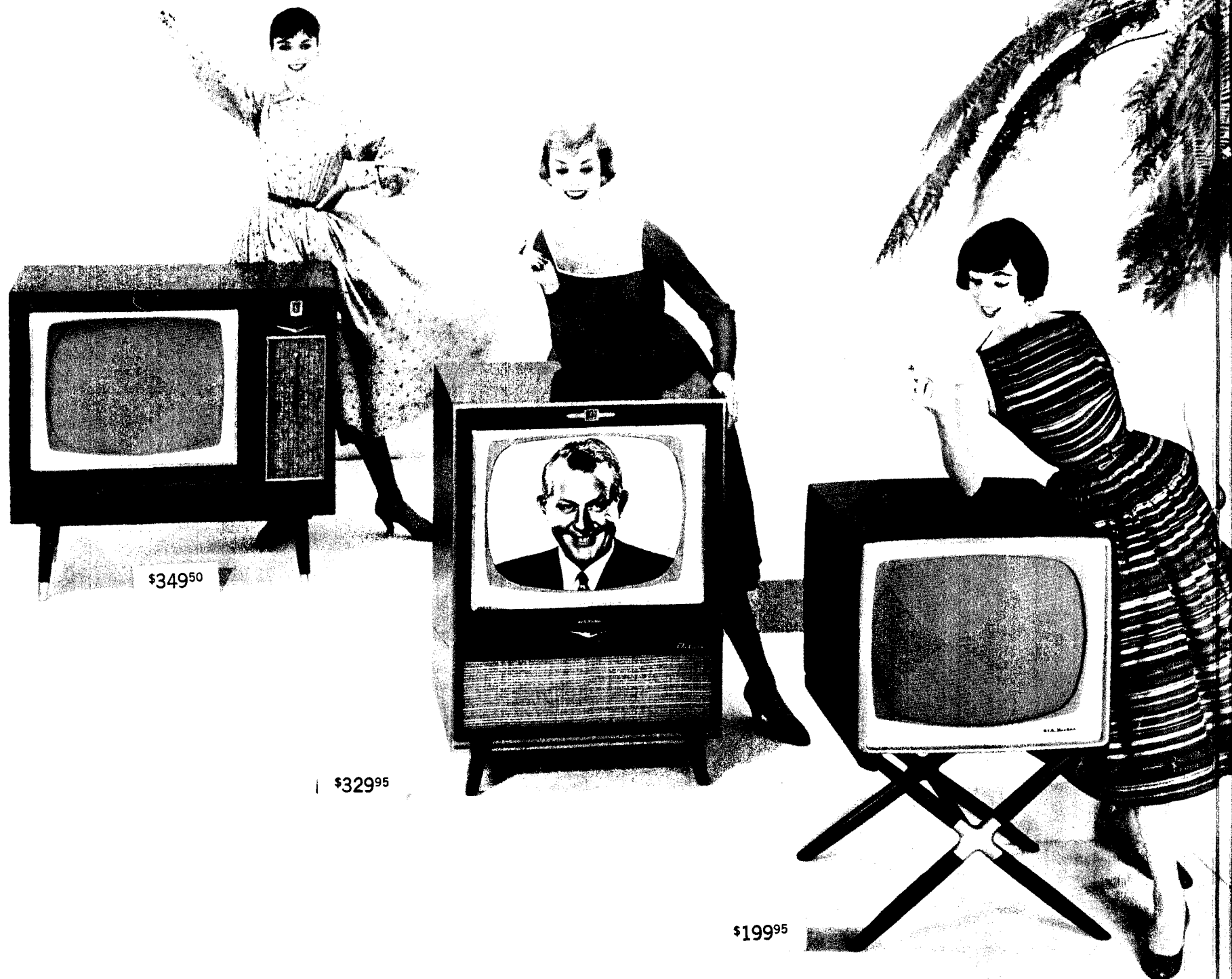
Today, there is no clear-cut answer in sight to the heat problem—though one will be found. But again, as in the guidance problem, the power of the weapon that the ICBM will carry—the thermonuclear explosive—reduces somewhat the importance of the re-entry factor. You don't have to design a missile that will remain intact all the way to earth. It can "miss" vertically as well as horizontally and still do tremendous damage.

Here, then, is what some military men have called "the ultimate weapon," "the absolute weapon"—"the weapon that will rule the earth." It will tower perhaps 100 to 135 feet above its launching pad. Its gross take-off weight—with fuel—may be between 100 and 120 tons. It will lift, slowly at first, virtually straight into the air, burning thousands of pounds of fuel in 60 seconds. It will slowly tilt toward its great-circle course. Probably under 100,000 feet its first stage will break away; the second stage will ignite and the smaller rocket will continue its climb toward the stars. At 300 miles—above the earth's thin envelope of air—the second stage will be detached and the great warhead, perhaps 30 feet long, four feet in diameter, will streak on alone toward outer space under the tremendous momentum given it. It will reach its apogee between 600 and 800 miles above the earth and will then start its elliptical fall—perhaps tail first (for there is no bite of thin air to straighten it out). It may "tumble," particularly as it gathers speed and reaches the upper atmosphere; it should nose down under the resistance of thicker air—but erratic gyrations are possible. Finally, glowing white and slowed down to Mach 2 or 3, it will burst like a violent meteor above some unsuspecting metropolis of man.

The ICBM will be an awesome weapon—with frightening capabilities. It is well named Atlas; truly it carries man and his future on its shoulders.

THE END

Collier's for March 16, 1956



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THE HUNTERS

continued from page 32

that he took too many chances, that sooner or later he was going to kill himself. He never did, though. He killed other men, not himself. One rainy morning in Panama, Imil took sixteen ships up for a formation show over Balboa when the ceiling was only seven hundred feet. He lost two of them in the overcast, slung off against the mountains.

"The only thing a fighter pilot needs is confidence," Imil had said at the briefing, "and I've got enough for all of us."

As Cleve started toward headquarters, he heard someone shout, "Cleve! Cleve Saville!" He turned. A familiar face, bright with cold, smiled at him. Carl Abbott, wearing major's leaves.

Abbott seized Cleve's hand heartily. "I heard you were on the way over, Cleve," he said. "I've been on the lookout for you. Dutch has too."

"How is he, the same as ever?"

"Exactly the same. He doesn't change. He's up on a mission right now. It's a routine sweep, but he has blood in his eye today. Everybody has." They went inside headquarters.

"What do you mean?" Cleve asked.

"It's been a bad week," Abbott said in a strange, almost eager way. "I don't suppose you've heard, but yesterday we lost a fellow named Tonneson."

Cleve listened to the story. Tonneson had had more MIGs to his credit than any other man. On the mission the previous day he had got his fourteenth victory, but as he slid into position behind another MIG he was hit himself, solidly, just behind the cockpit.

Abbott told it with a disturbing fluency. "We need you, Cleve," he went on. "We need experience. We've been getting nothing but kids right out of flying school and gunnery."

The flush from the fresh air had left Abbott's face, and a dull cast replaced it. He looked old, and yet Cleve could remember him as a young captain, five years before.

Abbott had been a hero once, in Europe, in another war; but he was heavier now, older, and—Cleve learned later—somewhere along the way he had run out of compulsion. He aborted from too many missions. The airplanes he flew always developed some mechanical trouble, and he could be counted on to complete only the easiest flights. Colonel Imil had put him in group operations and was arranging a transfer to Fifth Air Force Headquarters.

THAT night at the club everybody was there. The room was a small one, filled with smoke and shouting. Beer cans and glasses were strewn on the tables. Imil was in the middle of it, and next to him was Colonel Moncavage, the group commander.

Imil let out a bellow upon seeing Cleve. He waved him to his side and threw a great arm about his shoulders.

"Hey, Monk!" he shouted above the noise. Moncavage turned. "Come on over here. I want you to meet a real fighter pilot, Captain Cleve Saville."

"How do you do?" Moncavage said, shaking hands.

"This is one of my old boys from Panama," Imil said. "One of the best, too—eh, Clever?"

"Well, I . . ."

"I mean it, Monk," Imil confirmed, "one of the best."

Moncavage nodded, smiling wanly.

"Damned good to see you," Imil said. He pounded emphatically on Cleve's back. "I've been expecting you. Want to get yourself some MIGs, eh?"

"If they don't get me first."

"Still a comedian," Imil cried, grinning. "Listen, I know you. You'll eat them up. You'll hit the glory road here, Clever, believe me."

Despite the mauling, a glow of pleasure rose in Cleve. "A gunnery champ, too, Monk, on top of it," Imil was saying. "Good eye and a fine pilot. We're damned lucky to get him." He turned to Cleve. "What are you drinking?"

TIZZY



"Mother's calling me for dinner now, but don't hang up. I'll be back in a few minutes"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

One thing we have here is plenty to drink. It's not much of a war otherwise, but what can we do? It's the only war we've got!"

He treated everything with the kind of enthusiasm associated with a football schedule. Cleve had never been able to feel very close to him, partly because of that.

When Cleve had moved out of ear-shot, Colonel Imil slowly doubled an empty beer can with one hand, not paying much attention to it as he did. "Cleve's a little different," he told Moncavage. "Maybe not always ready to tell you how good he is, but take it from me—after a few weeks, when he gets a taste of things, you'll see."

"He looks competent enough."

"My bet is he has a MIG before you do," Imil said.

"I don't know about that," Moncavage answered quickly.

Imil glanced down at him, a head shorter and lightly built. "That bothers you, eh? Forget it. You're coming along. You'll be all right. Just make sure you keep a good wingman with you, that's all."

Moncavage was silent. He'd had the group for only a short time. He knew he wasn't trusted too much yet and was working to overcome that, but Imil commanded the wing in a heavy-handed way. He never hesitated to intercede in group matters.

"Make sure Cleve's a flight commander pretty quick," Imil said. "He can work on up from there."

Moncavage said nothing. You run the wing, and I'll run the group, he thought to himself.

THE next day Cleve was assigned to a squadron. He had to go through a brief training program that involved three or four flights behind the lines, mostly to practice the formations and tactics employed by the group. And since aircraft were available to him only between missions, frequently he had little to do.

On one such morning, he walked down toward the flight line to the squadron operations office. Cleve had known Captain Ausman, the squadron operations officer, in Panama.

When he walked into the office, Ausman was listening to the command radio. The whole mission could be followed that way. It was the way the broadcast of a football game would be if there were a microphone in the huddles.

"Sit down, Cleve," Ausman said. He motioned toward the radio. "I don't expect there's much of a chance of their running into anything. The MIGs haven't been flying this early."

"I'd like to listen, though."

"Oh, I'm not going to turn it off."

Cleve stood by the stove to warm himself, waiting. There was little coming in over the radio. The ships were still heading north. It was two hundred miles to the Yalu.

"How are the training missions coming along?" Ausman asked.

"Oh, splendidly. The only question is, am I getting enough of them?"

"Everybody has to go through the same thing, Cleve."

The radio interrupted with a few laconic comments. "It's still too early," Ausman decided, looking at his watch. "Usually, if there is a fight, it starts right on the river."

"Don't the MIGs ever come south any distance?"

"Not very often. They don't have to, unless they're out to get the fighter bombers, say. They know we'll come

to them. We have to fly two hundred miles up there to fight and then two hundred miles back, but they're always within sight of their own fields."

Cleve nodded. "How good are their pilots?"

"When they're good," Ausman said, "they're damned good; but there aren't too many of those. The rest are pitiful, worse than students sometimes. The trouble is, you never know who you're running into. It's probably some cull, but it might be old Casey himself."

"It might be who?"

"Casey Jones."

"Who's that?"

"Do you mean it?" Ausman said. "I thought he was pretty well known."

"Not to me. Who is he, the great Russian champion?"

"I don't know. He flew a black-striped ship, very distinctive. Ask Imil about him sometime. He can tell you. Only don't believe everything he says."

"Imil came back with three cannon hits on his ship one day," Ausman said. "He was lucky to even get back. There was one right in front of the cockpit that left a hole you could stick your head through, and two more just as big in the wing. That was Casey. According to the story, they fought for about twenty minutes, and the colonel didn't even get a chance to fire his guns. He looked like he'd had a heart attack when he landed."

"When I first got here," Ausman continued, "every time Casey flew there was a big fight. Our pilots used to know when he was taking off, I don't know how, but they'd call him off by name. The MIG formations were trains, so they called him Casey Jones. Train number one, or whatever it was, leaving Antung. Casey Jones at the throttle. When you heard that, you really started watching."

"What became of him?" Cleve asked.

"I guess he finished his tour and went home. He just stopped flying. It's been a long time since anybody's seen him."

They listened to the mission then, but Cleve sat preoccupied with thoughts of a vanished enemy. He had gone, this man whose name no one knew, taking his excellence with him; and Cleve, though he had not fought, resisted a feeling of personal loss, a feeling of once more arriving too late. It was only after some time that he was able to suppress the whole thing as illusion. It was always the old ones who were the greatest.

CLEVE started flying missions the next week. There had been four of them now, all uneventful. This morning's was to be his fifth. He was scheduled on Ausman's wing.

After the briefing, they dressed in a locker room by the light of a single unfrosted bulb, and Cleve was introduced to Sheedy, one of the flight leaders.

Sheedy was credited with four victories. He was the leading man in his squadron, but he did not look the part at all. He had a small, pale mustache, which seemed to have been pasted as an afterthought onto a face as bland as a piece of fruit. The one thing that distinguished him was his self-assurance. One more aircraft destroyed, and he would make ace. Because of this, he was treated with deference. In return, he was very patronizing.

Cleve dressed slowly to reduce the time he would have to spend standing around. He was not fully at ease—it was still like being a guest at a family reunion. He felt relieved when finally they rode out to their ships.

Then it was intoxicating. The smooth



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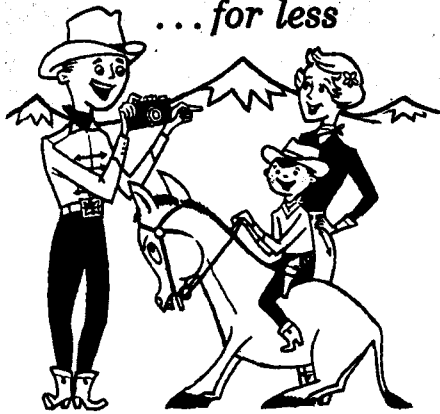
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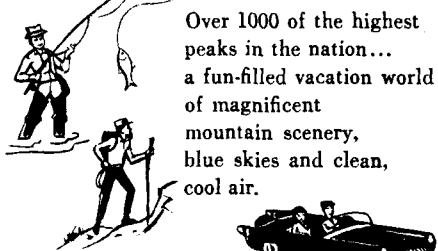
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take-off, and the free feeling of having the world drop away. North for the fifth time. It was still all adventure, and Cleve rejoiced in it.

They climbed higher and higher, along the coast. The frozen river mouths blended into white land areas. The rice paddies south of Pyongyang looked like cracked icing on pale French pastry. He saw the knotted string of smoke go back as Ausman test-fired his guns. Cleve checked his own.

They climbed into the contrail level. Long, solid wakes of white began flowing behind them. Frost formed on the rear of Cleve's canopy. He was chilly, but not uncomfortable. They were north, and he was busy, looking hard, clearing himself, Ausman and the two other ships in his flight.

IN HALF an hour they had reached the Yalu, an unreal boundary winding far below. The sun was higher now, and the sky absolutely clear. At forty thousand feet they patrolled north and south, turning each time in great, shallow sweeps.

They had been doing this for about ten minutes when somebody called out contrails north of the river. Cleve looked. He could not see them. Then he heard, "They're MIGs."

He heard Ausman, "All right, drop them."

He dropped his tanks. He looked north. Still he saw nothing. He was leaning forward in his seat, intently.

"How many of them are there?" somebody asked.

"Many, many."

He looked frantically. "Where are they crossing?" somebody called.

"Just east of Antung."

Then at last he saw them, more than he could count. He could not make out the airplanes, but the contrails were nosing south unevenly, like a great school of fish. They were coming across the river. They were going to fight.

Soon they were near enough to distinguish: flight after flight of from four to six ships, all above them, at forty-five thousand feet, he guessed. Suddenly, he understood why these formations were called "trains." He was about to get into combat at last.

"Let's take it around to the right," he heard Ausman say.

They started a turn toward a position beneath the MIGs and began traveling south with them.

They could not climb the five thousand feet up to the MIGs without losing speed and falling behind, or else leaving themselves almost motionless in the air to be attacked; so they continued underneath and a little to one side, watching the ships and contrails floating high above. Cleve was shocked by the number of them. He could count more than fifty.

Suddenly, the radio exploded with voices. The fight had started somewhere. Then there were four of them; Ausman called them out, turning down for a pass. They did not come all the way, however. They swept overhead, going at an angle. Cleve saw them closely for the first time. He watched the nearest one sail across, silver and abrupt, with speed fences on the wings. Then they were gone.

Two others started down in a high side pass. The flight turned into them, and the MIGs pulled up and continued on. It was all sparring. Ausman was cautious. He kept them out of trouble, constantly turning so that there was little chance to make a pass.

Even though Cleve could see the

MIGs easily now with the contrails marking them plainly at great distances, he still had a pressing sensation that they might be coming in from all sides, unseen. Once he saw one firing at him from a long way off. The cannon shot firm, heavy tracers that arced through the air like Roman candles.

Finally, he and Ausman were chasing four of them north, unable to close; and when they broke off, it was all over. The MIGs were gone, vanished. The sky was empty except for the fading traces of contrails.

"Well, they came up early in the morning for a change," Ausman said when they had landed and were waiting for a ride back to operations, "but it wasn't much of a fight."

"No, it wasn't," Cleve agreed, although he felt very spent.

"They were too cagey today. It's usually like that when the fight is in the cons. They can see you too easily, and you can't get close to them. Not only that, but they just didn't seem to want to mix it up this time."

"I thought they were doing their share."

"What do you mean?"

"It seemed we were playing it pretty safe," Cleve said.

"You got back, didn't you?" Ausman said flatly.

"So did they."

There was a silence. Cleve regretted having said it.

"You did a good job, Cleve," Ausman said simply.

AT DEBRIEFING they learned that Sheedy had got his fifth MIG. It was the only kill claimed. He was standing in a crowded circle at one of the tables, grinning and being congratulated on making ace, telling the colonels how he had done it. Imil was beaming, and Moncavage nodded his head happily. Cleve followed Ausman into the group to shake Sheedy's hand.

Afterward, they moved aside. Other men were pushing in to hear about it. As they walked away from the building, somebody asked Ausman what had happened, and Ausman told of Sheedy's kill.

"Did he really get this one for a change?" the other man asked.

Ausman did not answer, and when they were driving to the mess hall a few minutes later, Cleve asked about the remark.

"I won't say Sheedy didn't get them all," Ausman replied, "but two of them were pretty doubtful."

"How does he get credit for them if there's any question?"

"All he has to have is his wingman's confirmation, whether his film turns out or not. First it's a damage; he thinks he saw a couple of hits when he was firing. Then, when he talks to his wingman after they land, they decide it must have been a probable; and at debriefing they get carried away listening to the other claims, and it's turned into a kill."

"How often does that happen?"

"It happens. Sheedy's first one, for instance. He was up around Sinanju with his flight, going north, and they made a head-on pass with some MIGs at about thirty thousand. That was all there was to it. By the time they were able to turn around, the MIGs were gone. When they got back after the mission, Sheedy claimed the one he was shooting at. Dawes, his wingman, wouldn't confirm it. He said he hadn't seen a thing."

"Well, there hadn't been any action for about a week or more, and Dutch wanted some kills; so he took Dawes aside and talked to him. You can imagine what that was like—Dawes was a second lieutenant."

"Now, Dawes," Dutch said, 'you understand that Captain Sheedy can't get credit for that MIG he shot down unless you confirm it, don't you?'"

"Yes, sir," Dawes said.

"All right. Then you did see him do it, didn't you?"

"No, sir. I didn't see a thing. I was shooting too."

"Try to remember, Dawes," Imil said. 'It may have all happened quickly, but you did see that MIG go down, didn't you? Think back. Think hard.'

"No, sir. I really didn't."

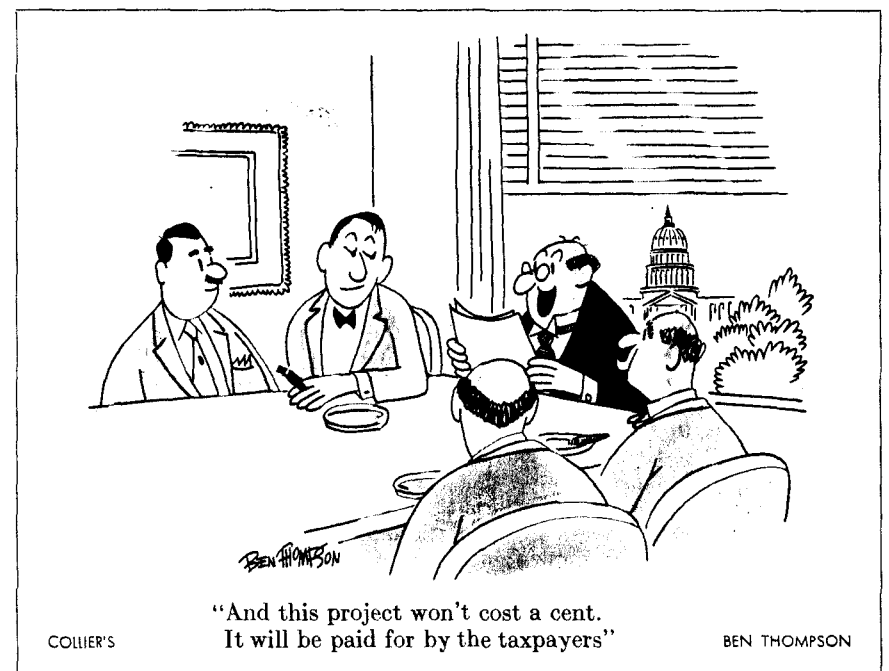
"You're not trying to remember, Dawes. Think. Think of your career, Dawes."

"As a matter of fact," Dawes said, 'I do seem to recall seeing that MIG smoking. Now that I think back, I remember it. He got it, all right. There's no doubt about it.'

When Ausman had finished, Cleve said, "Is that the truth?"

"Ask Dawes," Ausman said.

CLEVE was made a flight commander a few days later. The four flights in the squadron lived in a single long barracks in which each had its own room. Cleve's flight had a large room, but crowded, with walls of a sooty white. There was a debris of furniture that had been made from



packing crates. Near the door was a long wooden rack loaded with good uniforms for leave in Japan, steel helmets, overcoats and gas masks.

Four men were sitting around a table, talking, when Cleve moved in. Two of them, the second lieutenants, had arrived only a few days earlier. An air of idleness surrounded them all. Whatever conversation they had been having was suspended as they greeted Cleve. He had met them all previously; but as he unpacked and began talking to them for what was really the first time, he felt the mutual sizing up.

CORONA, who had lived there next to the longest, stood up and went to a window, slid it open, and reached out into a wooden box nailed facing the casement. "A beer?" he asked Cleve. "They're ice cold."

"So am I; but thanks, I'll have one."

Corona extracted three cans. He carried them back to the table and opened them. He handed the first one to Cleve and the second to Lieutenant Daughters. Then he sat down and picked up his own. Corona was tall, capable-looking, with black hair and an exaggerated black mustache. His teeth were very white and even. "Well, here's good luck to you, Captain," he said, "from your new boys, such as they are. You're not getting much to work with, I can tell you that: an arithmetic teacher, an alley rat and two eagle scouts."

"All right. I'll drink to that. You're not getting so much either."

"That's not what I hear."

Cleve felt the glances of the lieutenants on him as he drank. They were looking toward him casually, but with respect.

"Before it passes unchallenged," Jim Daughters said, "I wasn't an arithmetic teacher. I actually coached baseball and only filled in as a teacher."

"One of the hardest things in life is to separate the details from the important points," Corona said. "In this case, the coach part is incidental. History will remember you as an arithmetic teacher and ignore the incidentals."

"That's very interesting," Cleve said. "You're not by any chance a history teacher, are you?"

"Me? A teacher? I'm an alley rat," Corona said, smiling broadly.

Corona was in his late twenties and came from a tough mining town in West Virginia. He was one of those men who seem to have arisen from a place spontaneously, having neither family nor enduring friends.

Daughters was entirely different, a man enmeshed in the complexities of life, thin and preoccupied. He had a wife and three small sons. After the last war he had coached and taught in a high school in New Mexico. As a reserve officer, he had been recalled to the service in 1950, and he was fulfilling his duties without complaint, but also without any soaring enthusiasm. He had flown thirty-one missions when Cleve took over the flight. Corona had twenty. The two second lieutenants had not flown any.

"There's your real problem," Corona said, waving his hand toward them casually, "the air cadets."

"Aw," Billy Lee Hunter protested.

He was tall and husky, a Texas boy shining with artlessness. He was just out of gunnery school. In his home town his proud parents read his letters to all the neighbors.

"I don't mind being kidded," Hunter went on, "but I surely am anxious to start flying missions."

"The same for me, too, sir," Pettibone added. He was the other second lieutenant. His cheeks looked as if they had been slapped into rosinness, and his blond hair was fine as a child's.

Hunter and Pettibone had been sitting quietly, but now Hunter said eagerly, "They surely do ride us a lot, but I suppose they have to take it out on somebody. We notice this flight doesn't have one MIG to its credit."

"Listen to the assassins," Corona said. "Don't talk too much before you know what it's like. You may end up wishing your mouth had been a little smaller."

Hunter reddened. "Maybe," he replied.

That the flight had no claims, though, they were all very conscious of. Sheedy's, in the room adjoining, was heavy with victories, eight altogether, Sheedy's five and three others. Then came Nolan's flight with four. Nolan had two of them. The contrast between those flights and this one was marked. Cleve understood that he had been installed to change this. "You'll be leading from now on, Cleaver," Dutch Imil had said to him that afternoon. "There'll be plenty of fights, plenty of MIGs. All a man has to do is want to find them. That's all it takes."

Cleve finished putting his things away. He was satisfied—exhilarated, even. He had a strong feeling of liking these men and of being liked. They were a team. They would make a name for themselves together.

THE next afternoon, at 1325, they left on their first mission together. At 1450 they were home again. They had found no MIGs. It had all been very significant for Hunter and Pettibone, but Cleve had little sense of achievement. As he landed, there was nothing but the emptiness of a wasted mission.

He walked slowly back to the barracks alone. Hunter had done all right, holding good position most of the time, saying something only when it was necessary; but Pettibone, Cleve thought uncomfortably, was a little weak. He was either lagging or shooting ahead. He didn't seem to hear instructions. He would require work and attention.

Cleve stepped gratefully into the warm, shadowy barracks room.

"Chung!" he called the houseboy.

"He's not here. I sent him out to get some blankets for me."

It was a stranger, a second lieutenant, sitting on the sixth cot, his bags already unpacked. He was sorting through a file of papers, apparently straightening them out. He offered his hand without standing up, as Cleve approached.

"I'm Ed Pell," he said, "but everybody calls me Doctor." He was a pale young man and he looked at Cleve insolently with eyes like acid.

"Have you been assigned to this flight?" Cleve asked.

"That's what they tell me. How about you?"

"My name is Saville. I'm the flight commander."

"Good deal," Pell said, rising to his feet slowly.

It was all over him, the unfortunate wisdom of knowing enough to think he knew everything. Cleve could see that Pell was somewhat older than most second lieutenants. It was to develop that he was twenty-five, and as free of idealism as a boy raised in the slums, although he actually came from open country in Michigan.

"Just back from flying?" Pell asked.



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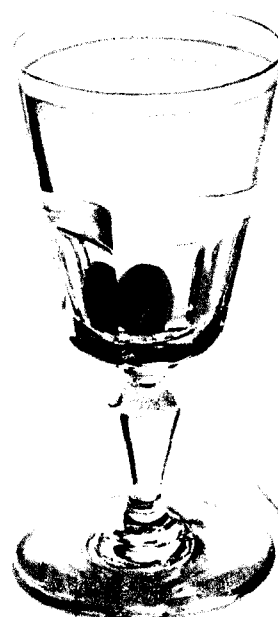
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Cleve nodded.

"How did it go? Run into anything?"

"No."

"Not a thing, eh?" Pell said, shaking his head. "Tom."

"What?"

"Tom. You know, Captain—bad."

Cleve nodded slightly. The idiom was new to him. After a few minutes he picked up a towel and some soap and stepped outside to jog to the showers, which were in another building. When he returned to the barracks Pell was gone.

IT TURNED out that Pell and the other two second lieutenants, Hunter and Pettibone, had been classmates all through flying school, until they were separated before coming overseas.

After dinner that night Pell began telling them what had happened to him since that time. "You guys have had it soft," he said. "Back there at Fuchu, I found out they were trying to stick me in those lousy fighter bombers."

"How did you get out of it?" Pettibone asked.

"Easy," Pell said. "I got to know the guy who was giving out the assignments. I had him fix it up. This setup here is the deal."

"It surely is," Hunter agreed.

"Have you flown any missions yet? You probably have ten apiece, you weenies."

"We were on a mission this afternoon, but we didn't see any MIGs."

"Tom," Pell said. "Real tom."

Rummaging around in his belongings he pulled out a box of expensive cigars and expertly slit the seal with a fingernail. He offered them around.

"No, thanks," Hunter said. Pettibone shook his head.

Pell picked out two for himself. He lighted one and inserted the other in his shirt pocket.

"Have you run into any gin players around here?" he asked. "I'd like to find a game somewhere."

"How have you been making out?"

"Soso. There was an old major back in Japan who had me way down, but after a couple of days I came out a little ahead." Pell grinned. He had a sly, condescending way of doing it.

"How much?" Hunter finally asked.

"Four bills, that's all."

"Four hundred dollars? You didn't really win that much, Doctor."

"I didn't, eh? How about a quick game?"

"No, I don't feel like it just now," Hunter said.

"Too bad," Pell said casually. He stood smoothing his hair with his hand. Then he put on his hat and walked out. The door slammed shut behind him.

"Did you hear him?" Pettibone said. "This is the deal. He hasn't even been here twelve hours yet!"

"He's something, all right. Winning four hundred dollars," Hunter said.

"From a major," Pettibone said. "It had to be a major."

"He's the same old wise guy," Hunter said finally.

For Cleve, the room had become confining, a regular closet. Suddenly he was uncomfortably conscious of his position. He was the leader. Everything had been so effortless until now, but, unexpectedly, the simplicity of things was gone.

THE pilots—there were actually not many of them, about a hundred altogether—carried alone the ultimate strength of the wing. In each of the three squadrons there were some thirty, and in the rest of the structure perhaps

fifteen others who flew missions. It was a small complement, but only three were recognized wherever they went: Imil, Bengert and Sheedy. Their names were gilded. They had shot down at least five MIGs apiece. Bengert had seven, but five was the number that gave a man greatness. Cleve had come to see, as had everyone else, how rigid was that casting.

There were no other values. It was like money: it did not matter how it had been acquired, but only that it had been. If you had MIGs you were a standard of excellence. The sun shone upon you. If you did not have MIGs you were nothing. Every day Cleve knew it more truly.

He had flown twenty-four missions and except for his fifth, on Ausman's wing, he had seen no real action. The MIGs were always far off, going away, or overhead no bigger than flies. For a while he simply called it bad luck, but after too long a time of that there was nothing to call it. Day after day, unreasonably, he was on those missions that encountered nothing.

One afternoon, standing on the hill

bitten into the skin. He was listening to the last of the mission reports.

"I hear you got another one, Colonel," Cleve said. His voice sounded flat to his own ears.

"That's right. Where were you?"

"I wasn't scheduled, Colonel."

"Hell. You should have been there. They were everywhere today, some of them down at twenty-five thousand."

"Next time, I guess," Cleve said.

"Maybe. You can't get them if you don't fly," Imil said flatly.

Cleve did not reply. He fought down his pride and turned away. He knew what was happening. Even as an ordinary flight leader he was expected to get kills, but he had to live up to more than that. Everybody was waiting for proof of his ability, and somehow he had not been able to give it. He could sense the ebbing respect.

He wondered how this had happened to him, how despite himself he had been imprisoned by this inflexible choice of winning or losing; for there seemed to be no compromise between the two. If it was only bad fortune that had denied him the enemy, he could

had no kills either, got two on a single wild mission. It was like an evisceration for Cleve when he heard it. At the bar Moncavage took Cleve's congratulations smilingly, but soon turned back to Sheedy, sitting beside him, to resume a narrative of how it had been accomplished; and Sheedy was decorating the colonel's story with some experiences of his own.

There seemed to be nothing Cleve could do except devote himself to his flight—working on Pettibone, encouraging Hunter, cautiously opening himself toward Pell—and meanwhile live on the hope that the next day would be different.

THEN there came a morning that they were scheduled in one of the last flights and had been assigned the oldest, most troublesome ships. Hunter's was notoriously slow, and Cleve's drank fuel. Hunter laughed a little. "This is the day that we're bound to run into a hundred of them," he said.

The previous mission had been in a running fight along the Yalu, but with no conclusive results. It was the first time that the MIGs had been up in several days, and there was a good chance that they would be flying again this time, Cleve hoped. "I'll be surprised if we just make it up there and back in these dogs," he said.

Hunter was flying wing for Cleve. Corona was number three, wide on the opposite side, with Pell number four out beyond him. They climbed north, heading the shortest way for Antung.

A fight seemed to have started already. They could hear the loud, excited transmissions of one flight among the MIGs. Cleve pushed the nose of his ship down slightly, lowering the rate of climb and increasing the forward speed. He wanted to get to the Yalu as soon as possible.

At thirty-four thousand feet they began to leave smooth, persistent trails in the air. Cleve stopped climbing and dropped down several thousand feet to remain below the contrail level, where they would be less visible. The river seemed deserted when they reached it. They could not locate the fight. Cleve asked several times where it was, but he got no clear answer over the radio jammed with voices. He could hear train number four being called off. There were many MIGs in the air, somewhere.

"Bandit train number five leaving Antung." In the muffled voice of a stationmaster another one was announced. "Train number five leaving Antung, heading three five zero."

"Drop tanks," Cleve ordered.

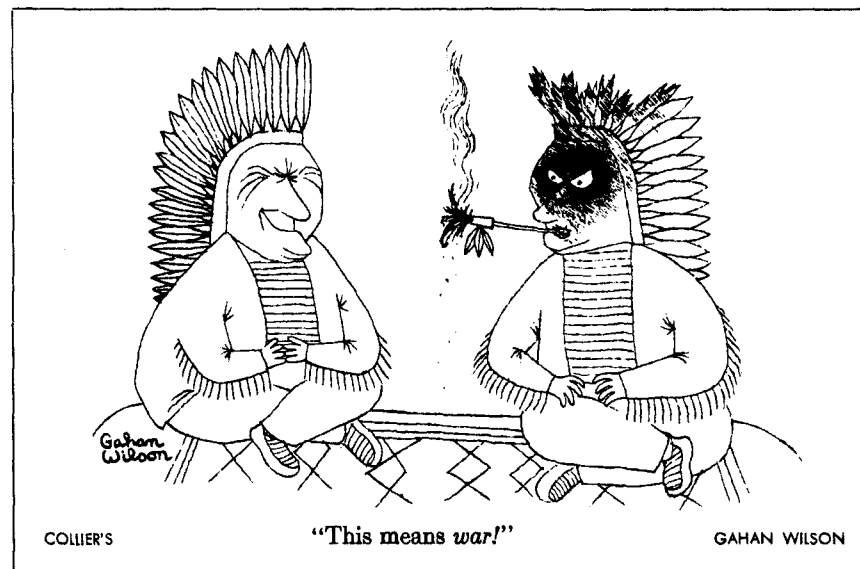
He felt a buoyancy that was both fear and expectation. From here on, he was working against time to find them. He headed up the river, passing occasional elements, all friendly. He scanned the wide sky meticulously, high and low. There was nothing, yet the radio was cluttered increasingly with cries of battle.

"Bandit train number six leaving Antung."

It seemed impossible to be traveling through so big a fight without finding anything. A desperate sensation of futility seized Cleve. He was certain he was heading in the wrong direction, but he had turned less than a minute before. He could not cover ground fast enough. He felt as if he were merely hanging in air.

Someone called out sixteen MIGs heading south.

"Where are the sixteen MIGs?" Cleve asked.



of barracks in the cold, Cleve waited to watch the ships return from the late mission. If they were carrying their drop tanks back with them he would know that nothing much had happened on the mission. That was always the first sign. If they came back without tanks and broken up into pairs and occasional singles instead of fours it would mean there had been a fight. As they trailed down the final approach and landed, it was possible to look closely and see whether or not the gun ports were blackened and the ship had fired. If many noses were black, it had been a big fight.

The news of what had occurred on a mission traveled unbelievably fast. It came from the radio in combat operations long before the planes were nearing the field, but not many heard it there. Most found out by watching the ships return.

Today, Cleve's eyes wept from the wind as he watched. They were coming back in pairs. None of them had tanks. There had been a fight. An intense sinking feeling came over him.

The word came, as it always seemed to, from nowhere. Cleve heard it as he walked down toward the line: Colonel Imil had shot down his sixth. Nolan had got another one. Four had been destroyed altogether.

The colonel was standing just inside the door of combat operations, smoking a cigarette, when Cleve saw him. Imil's face was still half-mooned under the eyes, where his oxygen mask had

outwait that; but he was increasingly tortured by the thought that it might be something more insidious, something within himself. He needed just a fragment of triumph, only that, to remove the doubts.

ONE afternoon when Cleve did not go, Daughters led and got a damaged. Hunter had been on his wing, and that evening everyone listened as he enthusiastically told how it had happened, the first bit of mutual success. Cleve tried to feel happy, but he couldn't; what had happened made him remember Imil's scornful remark after that last mission Cleve hadn't been assigned to. And in addition there was something that had happened just this afternoon. Carl Abbott, the World War II ace who had lost his nerve, who no longer lived up to Imil's idea of a fighter pilot, had come to Cleve with tears in his eyes. Imil had arranged for Major Abbott to be requested by Fifth headquarters; the colonel didn't want Abbott's record reflecting on the wing.

Well, it has to end some way, Cleve thought. The time came when you either did it yourself or it was done for you. Either was terrible.

Sometimes, when he sat in the briefing and looked at his name printed on the scheduling board at the head of his flight, Cleve burned with self-consciousness. It seemed to stand out vividly beside the others: Nolan's, Sheedy's, Imil's.

Finally, Colonel Moncavage, who

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"Heading south! Sixteen crossing the river!"

Suddenly Pell called out something at three o'clock. Cleve looked. He could not tell what it was at first. Far out, a strange, dreamy rain was falling, silver and wavering. It was a group of drop tanks, tumbling down from above, the fuel and vapor streaming from them. Cleve counted them at a glance. There were a dozen or more. He searched the sky above, but saw nothing. Then, from nowhere, there were two MIGs sailing past, headed the other way.

"There's two on the left!" Cleve called. "Let's go."

He turned—a delicate, speed-killing proposition at altitude—and fell in far behind them. It was another chase, long and useless, but they were going south. Sooner or later the MIGs would have to turn back. Cleve took a chance on that. He would never catch them otherwise, in the distended straight-away.

He looked back to clear Hunter. Corona and Pell were not following. Corona called that he was breaking off to go after some others. A moment later the MIGs Cleve was trailing started a wide, climbing turn. It was sooner than he had hoped for. He cut to the inside, gaining on them.

"You're clear! You're clear!" he heard Hunter shouting.

They continued to turn. He drew nearer. It all seemed childishly simple. He wondered if they had seen him yet. He was almost in range, closing on the second MIG steadily. He ducked his head to see the gun-sight reflection on the armor glass. The MIG was growing bigger and bigger.

"Keep me cleared."

"You're all right," Hunter answered.

BEFORE he could fire, the MIG banked steeper and tightened the turn. Cleve turned hard after him. The MIG rolled out and began to climb. Cleve fired a brief burst. The tracers lined out and fell short. He pulled the pipper forward a little as the MIG began to turn again, still climbing.

He squeezed off another burst. It fell around the wing. He could see a few flashes there and the minute debris of glancing hits. He moved the pipper forward again.

"There's two coming in on us," Billy Hunter shouted. "We'll have to break."

"Okay," Cleve said, "tell me when."

With just a few grains of time he could do it. He fought the impulse to look behind. The pipper refused to stay in the right place. He kept adjusting, holding his fire. He fired again. A solid burst in the fuselage. The silver lighted up in a great flash of white. Suddenly he saw something fly off the MIG. It was the canopy, tumbling away, and a second later, the pilot shot out.

"Did you see that, Billy?" Cleve shouted.

"Break left!"

Cleve turned hard, straining to look back. Two MIGs, firing, swept close behind and then climbed away. They kept going until they were out of sight in the direction of the river.

Cleve saw nothing more of the fight. He headed north for a while, but it was all over. The MIGs were gone.

He had never felt so fine as when finally they headed back through the quiet sky. At that moment, he could not remember ever having doubted that he would know this heady, sweet victory. Instead, it was just as he had

always felt it would be. He knew then that he would never lose. . . .

As he walked to debriefing, Cleve saw Corona waiting for him outside the sandbagged operations building. Corona appeared angry, tight with fury.

"What's wrong, Bert?" Cleve asked.

"Haven't you heard? Pell got a MIG, but the damn' wise guy went off and left me uncovered—"

"He didn't say anything to you?"

"Not about leaving me. I was going after a flight of four of them. It was after we left you, later; and he called that there were some more of them passing under us. I said okay, and the first thing I knew he was gone, and I had two MIGs right in back of me that I damned near never got away from."

PELL came up, his face circumspect, but subduing a grin. "How'd it go?" he said to Cleve casually. "I understand you got a MIG."

"That's right—and I hear you got one too."

"I did," Pell said happily. "I guess I was pretty lucky. I got hits all over him, though."

"Where did you get the idea that you could take off alone in the middle of a fight?"

Pell's expression was quickly innocent. "I didn't know I was alone," he protested, "until I was just about to start firing on this MIG, and then it was too late to do anything else. I lined up behind him—"

"What made you think you could go off and leave your leader?" Cleve interrupted.

"He said it was okay. I called out two MIGs passing underneath us and he said okay, go after them. I thought he was with me all the time."

"I didn't tell you to go after anything," Corona said flatly.

"I thought you did," Pell's expression was bland.

"I don't care what you thought, Pell. I didn't tell you anything about going after them. When you're flying wing, your job is to cover me, and you stay there and do that, no matter what you see or think. You almost got me killed today," Corona said.

Pell did not reply.

Cleve was tempted to let it go as a misunderstanding. Things like that could happen easily enough in the excitement of fighting, he knew. Meanwhile it seemed as if a dozen people were crowding around him, offering handshakes and asking how he had done it. He found it difficult to sustain any displeasure: there were two MIGs in his flight.

"Clever," Imil said, punching him on the shoulder. "I knew you'd do it. It took a while, but I knew you would."

"He bailed out," Cleve grinned. "I could have kissed him."

"You should have given him a squirt."

"Oh, no. That one's my friend. He may be back tomorrow with another MIG for me."

Imil laughed. "It's only the beginning. You're on the way now. I hear a wingman in your flight got one too."



"That's right—Pell. He's a second lieutenant."

"Pell, eh? They tell me it was only his seventh mission. Well, that's good work."

Everybody was saying nice going. Cleve's debriefing was continually interrupted. He felt the full warmth of exhilaration devouring him. So this was what it was like to win. Already he could no longer recall the hunger and despair of days past.

Corona stood in the background silently. Cleve took the opportunity to talk to him as soon as he could. "It was probably a misunderstanding. Bert, that's all," he said. "Give Pell the benefit of the doubt."

"Who do you believe anyway?" Corona asked. "Me or him? It has to be one of us."

"It is not a question of that. I'm just trying to say that it could have been an honest mistake."

"Honest?" Corona said. "He knew what he was doing."

They stood there for a while, not talking. Pilots still thronged about, and then Cleve caught sight of Colonel Imil talking to Pell near the doorway. The colonel seemed happy. Pell must have been elated too, but his expression was composed, a smile both modest and assured.

And then Hunter came by, brimming with words and excitement. "You should have seen it," he told Corona. "MIGs in front. MIGs in back. It was a circus." He turned to Cleve. "It worked out, didn't it? We'll get them again, too."

"You bet we will, Billy," Cleve said grinning.

IT WAS five days later that Cleve sat in combat operations listening to a mission. Colonel Moncavage was leading it. Half an hour before, it had taken off in a dawn as calm as a sea of glass. Four of Cleve's flight were on it: Corona leading, Pettibone, Daughters number three, and Pell. The weather briefing beforehand had indicated it would be nothing more than a milk run. North Korea was heavily clouded over. In addition, they were flying to provide escort for a photo-reconnaissance ship, and those missions seldom developed into anything.

Still, as Cleve listened to the curt radio transmissions, the familiar ominous feeling grew within him. He wished he had gone himself. Whenever they went off without him, he was certain he had made a mistake. He could not be on every mission, however; it was a question of picking the right ones.

He stood up and wandered about the room, trying to occupy himself, and paused to look at the claims board. On it was listed the name of every pilot in the group who had ever had a confirmed claim in Korea. Small red stars marked them. There were separate columns for aircraft destroyed, probably destroyed and damaged, but it was only the first column that really counted. His eye moved down the trail of names. There was Sheedy's, with five stars after it. Nolan had three. Bengert, seven. Imil, six. Tonneson, who had been shot down, had had fourteen. And there was his own name with one, and Pell's.

Cleve had seen men come in every day to glance at this board and admire their names on it. It was the roll of honor. Hunter had once told him that he would rather have his name there than anything else in the world.

Abrupt voices interrupted Cleve's thoughts. They had seen something up

north. "... at twelve o'clock, Blue Lead," somebody said.

"Roger, I have them."

"Four more at ten high."

It was garbled for a moment. They were all talking at once.

"One o'clock! One o'clock!"

"They're MIGs! Drop tanks, Blue."

The air filled with voices blocking one another out. It was difficult to follow what was happening, but somebody had got one. He heard a sharp call: "He's hailing out! There goes the chute!"

AS CLEVE sat listening intently, Colonel Imil came in to check on the mission's progress. "How's it going up there?" Imil asked.

"They're in a fight," Cleve said. "It sounds pretty big."

"They get any?"

"One at least," Cleve said.

"Fine!" Imil said.

They sat listening together, but the fight had already begun to dissipate. Like a storm, it was preceded and followed by incongruous calm.

"It must be over already," Imil said. "Do you know who got them?"

"You couldn't hear."

"Who's flying?" He walked over and read a scheduling board. "Nobody much. Maybe Moncavage did some good."

"My flight is up there," Cleve said.

"Who's leading? Corona?"

Cleve nodded.

"I can't place him right off. He hasn't done much, has he?"

"Not yet."

"Is he any good?"

"If he gets the chance."

"Well, we'll see. Maybe this was it for him."

"He's due."

Imil gestured toward the claims board. "That's what I judge by," he said. "That's where it shows. You talk about chances. Look at that, Tonne-son for instance. Fourteen kills. Nobody can convince me that he just had fourteen chances while some other guy had none. What he did have was the urge to go a little farther than anybody else was willing to, maybe not fourteen times, but most of them. There it is, right on the board."

"Yes. Of course, he was somewhat above average as a pilot, too."

"Oh, sure, he was good," Imil said. "The big thing, though, was that little extra courage and pride. That's what makes the difference." He paused.

"There are a few men who go beyond the rest. If it's fallen to you to do that, there's no other way. I mean it, Cleve."

"Yes, sir."

Suddenly the radio began again. The first flights were heading back. Imil picked up the microphone and called.

"Go ahead. This is Red Leader," Moncavage replied.

"Hey, Monk, this is Dutch. How many did you get?"

"Four, I think," Moncavage said.

"Who got them?"

"I don't know yet. Not me, anyway."

Cleve stared at the floor. He heard the colonel put the microphone down.

"They got four," Imil announced happily to the intelligence and weather officers who stood in the doorway. "They'll be getting back in about twenty minutes," he added, looking at Cleve. "Let's go out and watch them land."

They did not have long to wait. Soon the first ships began to return and enter the landing pattern. Cleve watched them streaking in on the initial approach. They were all elements of two,

with occasional singles. He looked closely when they swept by him, but he did not see many that had fired.

He listened and watched for his own flight as more and more ships appeared, school-like, around the field. Finally, he heard them. They had been split up like the rest. Daughters and Pell came in first. He watched them fly the pattern. Then they were banking steeply on the final turn and dropping fast. One close behind the other, they settled in on the runway. Cleve could see it from far off. It was as if he had known beforehand that it would be: Pell's gun ports were carbon black.

It was true. When they drove in after the last ships had landed, they heard that Pell had got another MIG.

"That boy must be really hot," Imil said. "He's the one in your flight, Cleve, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"He's a comer. He'll be one of our next aces."

Cleve said nothing. He walked to where his flight stood around a table, giving its account of the mission.

"Hey, Cleve," Pell said, grinning, "you missed a good one. You should have come along."

Cleve did not answer. He took Daughters aside. "How did it happen, Jim?" he asked.

Daughters told him. "I don't know how Pell ever spotted him," he admitted. "We were down to twenty thousand before I saw him. That Pell has a pair of eyes."

It came to that, time after time—who could see the farthest.

The furor of debriefing was at its peak. It had been a big morning, and excitement ran high. The enemy had been up in such strength that Colonel Moncavage had ordered the photo ship to turn back; but it had been a great victory, despite the abandonment of the original mission. Five kills and no losses. Everybody was talking about Pell: a second lieutenant, a wingman, with two kills.

"It had to be him," Corona said mournfully. "Now we suffer."

"Daughters thought he was pretty good," Cleve said.

"Just between us," Corona said, "Jim doesn't know Pell's kind. I've seen dozens like him. The wise ones. Where I come from, they end up in alleys, on their faces. Either the cops or the big boys take care of them. Pell's one. There's no way to change that."

"How about giving him half a chance, Bert?"

"I already have."

IN THE mess hall that noon, Pell was telling Hunter and Pettibone about the fight. They listened absorbed.

"I was lucky as hell," Pell said confidentially. "That pass I made on him: tom. Strictly tom. If I hadn't got him that first time, either he or his wingman would probably have got me. I really hit him good, though. You should have seen the flashes. He lighted up all over. Then, just as I went by him, pouf!"

"That was good shooting, Doctor," Hunter said.

Pell flicked his hand to show how difficult it had been. "I just hosed him from three thousand feet all the way in," he explained. "I was closing too fast to do anything else."

"How come Daughters didn't get the second MIG?"

"That old woman?" Pell laughed. "He's lucky it didn't get him."

Throughout the meal, pilots were stopping at the table to say something to Pell, to pay their respects. Hunter

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and Pettibone sat quietly, watching with envy and also—they could not resist it—pride. They were wingmen together, in the same flight. Regardless of what happened, Pell was one of them, and he had shown them hope.

The next morning there was rain and a low ceiling. It was the beginning of a spell of bad weather. There were days of no flying whatsoever. Throughout the dismal, dragging afternoons they sat, waiting for the sky to appear once more. But they waited in vain. Rain fell drearily from swollen skies. There were a few isolated missions, but in marginal weather and through shrouded skies. There were never any sightings.

In the cell-like rooms the men read or talked, the radio playing incessantly. In the evenings the club was loud with insane, continuous partying.

It was on such a night that Cleve and Corona decided to go to Japan for a few days of leave. Nothing was happening anyway, and the weather showed no sign of breaking. It was a perfect time to get away.

At first, Jim Daughters agreed to go along, but then in the morning he changed his mind and decided against it. He was too close to finishing, he said. He had more than eighty missions, and he wanted to stay and fly the rest as quickly as he could. He had written to his wife that he hoped to be back before the summer started. The fever was on him, the unbearable longing for home and love that came when the end was near.

But for the first time in days Cleve was elated. He felt as if a great holiday were at hand.

IT WAS early morning when Cleve and Corona arrived in Tokyo. They took a taxi to a hotel Corona knew, left their bags in the room and went down to the glass-enclosed terrace to have a drink in the gray, luminescent daylight. The hour made it seem like being in a resort off season.

Corona called for a menu. "What will it be for breakfast, Cleve? I think I'll order a steak."

"Order me one too. And let's have another drink first, what do you say?"

"You're only old once," Corona grinned.

Corona knew Tokyo well, Cleve found, or at least he knew the bars. That evening after dinner at the hotel they wandered happily from one bar to another, having a drink or two at each place, occasionally watching a floor show. As well as exhilaration at being on leave, away from the war, Cleve felt a grateful sense of well-being. He was a king. He and Corona were brothers, sharing the comforts of empire together.

"We should never come back here, Bert," Cleve said at one point. They were on a plateau of existence somehow, between escape and doom.

Corona summoned the bartender and ordered another drink for each of them. "Why not?" he said.

"Just so that we can remember this like it never was, the greatest life in the world."

"It's not that great."

"You'll remember otherwise. This life is a child's dream and a man's heaven. Tell me, Bert, what do you think is important here?"

"It's a war," Corona said. "MIGs."

"Nothing else?"

"Staying alive."

"That's not very much," Cleve said.

"Without the MIGs the rest doesn't matter."

"You may be right. But if a man tries . . ."

"It's not enough," Corona said. "In this greatest life of yours, you have to win."

Cleve was silent for a while. "If trying isn't enough," he said finally, "this isn't anything to be proud of."

"Maybe it's enough for me. Not for you, though."

"We're the same."

"I wish we were," Corona said.

THEY ended up quite late at the Miyatsu, which Corona called a place of great historical interest—for reasons of his own, he said. It was a night club the size of an auditorium. Hostesses in evening gowns came to sit with them.

Corona was introducing Cleve as Professor Pell, the father of the famous flier. "Can't we get away from him for a few days?" Cleve said.

"Hey, friendo!" a voice interrupted loudly. It was a second lieutenant, leaning across the table. He was drunk. "Did I hear right? Are you in that fabulous Pell's squadron?"

"It's not exactly his squadron yet," Cleve said.

The lieutenant threw back his head and laughed. "It will be soon, if I know the Doctor," he said. "I hear he has two MIGs already."

"Yes."

"That old son of a gun. You know, I'm probably the best friend he has. I've known him for years."

"Lucky you," Corona said.

The lieutenant was heedless. "Watch out for him, especially at cards!"

Cleve took a last swallow from his drink. "Are you ready to go, Bert?" he asked.

"No, not yet," Corona said.

"So you're in the same squadron with the Doctor," the lieutenant said. "I'll be damned! Did I tell you about when we were in flying school together? He was cadet captain. I don't know how he did it. He was always in some mess, but damn it if they didn't make him cadet captain! One time he made a crack at a dame on the street, and what do you know! She was the commandant's wife! The Doctor thought he'd had it, but she hadn't got a good enough look at him. The colonel himself came around to the barracks five minutes later to find out who it was. Lines everybody up. He was really mad, but Pell just looked him right in the eye and lied himself out of it! He's really fabulous. He got to be cadet captain right after that!"

"We've got to be going," Cleve said.

"Pell's terrific," the lieutenant said. "You just have to get to know him."

As Cleve and Corona left, the lieutenant was telling them to give his regards to Pell.

"Well, friendo," Corona said as they drove back to the hotel in a cab, "how does it feel to be in Pell's squadron?"

"You sound happy."

"I am."

"Well, don't be so happy," Cleve said. "I knew about Pell all along. I knew it before you did."

"Why the hell didn't you do something? Why didn't you get rid of him?"

"I don't know," Cleve replied. "It's too late now, anyway. It's gone too far, and I let it. You can't just turn that over to somebody else."

"Why not? That's what I want to know."

"It's mine to finish," Cleve said. . . .

The next morning, when Cleve was looking in his wallet, he came upon something he had completely forgotten:

a note of introduction to a Mr. Miyata, an artist, whose brother had been a close friend of Cleve's father in Washington before the war. In the afternoon, not knowing what to expect, he went to call.

The small weathered house where Miyata lived and worked was in an outlying section of the city. Cleve knocked at the door, introduced himself and presented the note.

Miyata read it quickly and smiled. "Come in, sir," he said.

Miyata was a handsome, grayed man in his late forties. Cleve was invited to remove his shoes in a narrow, sunken entrance just inside the door and then follow into the house.

The exterior had been deceiving. They came into a large, well-lighted room that seemed to be more than the house could have contained. In one corner were piles of books. There were a couch, a few chairs and a coffee table. Everywhere else were canvases. They were stacked against the walls. They hung side by side, higher up, in a feast of color.

They drank lemon soda and talked. As they did, Cleve felt he had somehow ascended to a level of the city that he had not realized existed.

After a time he heard the sound of someone removing shoes at the front entrance. It was a girl, and Miyata called her in. "This is my daughter, Eico," he said.

"How do you do," Cleve said, and his voice sounded isolated and distinct to him.

"How do you do, sir," she said.

Cleve could not take his eyes from her. She was small, like an exquisite figurine, with flawless golden skin and shining black hair. She was nineteen; she had twelve years to live that he would never have again.

Miyata motioned them both to sit down, and indicated that he and Cleve should resume their conversation. Miyata was fluent and intelligent. Nothing was beyond his curiosity. Gradually the girl entered into the talk, shyly at first but with growing ease.

They spoke briefly of Korea and then, without bitterness, of the past war with the United States. They talked of Japan, and of France, where Miyata had once lived and studied. Then they talked of movies and movie making. It was a subject Eico was obviously interested in, and about which she was well informed. Throughout the afternoon Cleve found his gaze coming to rest on her again and again.

For him, the whole experience of being with Eico and Miyata was hard to believe. Somehow, idly, he had found his way here, to this small house above a strange city and far from any of the world he knew. It was a split reality in which he was not sure of anything, only the pleasure of a few uncommon hours.

THE next day was Sunday, and Cleve spent the afternoon with Eico, bicycling by her side through oddly connected streets, down hills and past unexpected stretches of green park. They walked the bicycles up one final steep grade and then turned onto a lane between rows of whitewashed trees, at the end of which was a small lake. They sat in a shaded spot on the shore.

He had almost forgotten how to enjoy such an interlude, how to stop counting days, missions, years, kills. He breathed deeply. The afternoon was warm. There was a dreamlike air of perfect isolation. He sat with her happily, letting the world move on without him. Their talk was islanded

with long, unanxious pauses. Quietly and patiently they spoke to each other, as if waiting meanwhile for the shy inner person to emerge.

Cleve smiled when, much later, Eico confessed to wanting to be an actress. It was so unthinkable, a dream that only a child could afford.

"You want to be young forever," Cleve said.

"That would be fantasy."

"In a way."

There was a long pause. "What is your ambition?" she asked after a while.

Cleve closed his eyes. There had been many ambitions—all of them true at the time. They were scattered behind him like the white ashes of old campfires, although he had warmed himself for a time at every one of them. And now an ambition had been forced upon him.

"It's hard to trace," he said. "It was simple at first. When I was a boy, I wanted to be like my father. He's retired now, but he was in the Navy. A captain."

HE KEPT his eyes closed, concentrating on paring away all the complications of a lifetime. "For a long time I never even bothered to consider anything but going to the Naval Academy. My brothers could do anything they chose, but I was the oldest. I had a responsibility."

"You went?"

"Oh, yes. Not for very long, though. You took a physical the day you arrived, and I didn't pass. It seems funny now, but it was very serious. There were a lot of jokes during the war about old women on streetcars saying, 'What is a fine, healthy young man like you doing out of uniform?' None of them ever asked me, but I was ready. 'Madam,' I was going to say, 'I have a trace of albumin.'"

"I don't understand," she said.

"It's not important. It's only important not to have it if you're going to be a naval officer. I joined the Air Force when the war was almost over. I went 'overseas' just as everybody else was coming back. To Panama. Do you know where that is?"

"Yes. The canal."

"That's right," he said softly. "You know what fighters are? The airplanes?" She nodded. "I really started flying then there."

"Dangerous, neh?" she said. "My father says it takes bravery."

"In a small way," Cleve answered. "I can't explain it. At first it was dangerous. I inflicted it on myself. Then it changed. It became a sport. I began to like it. More than that—it was a delight. Finally it became, I don't know, a refuge. The sky was the last simple place. If you flew it alone, you could be a boy there as long as you wanted."

He stopped talking and then found himself beginning again. "Then one early summer day, like this, there was Korea. I couldn't wait to go. I thought I knew what I was supposed to do."

"What is that?"

"The point is," he said, "you do a thing well. You devote yourself to it, and after a while pride arrives—just plain, sinful pride. Well, here is the place where the fighter pilots live, and if you shoot down five planes you join a group, a core of heroes."

"You've done that?"

"Oh, no. I've shot down one."

"A man like yourself, perhaps," she suggested.

"I hope so. I hope it was no frightened, inept boy."

Cleve paused for a moment and then said, "You know, truth doesn't always come from truthful men. I have this colonel, an animal, but a brave one, who would never stand in awe of truth; but he spoke it to me one day: 'There are a few men who go beyond the rest. If it's fallen to you to do that, there's no other way.' You ask for my ambition: it's that. Not to fail."

"And afterward?"

He shrugged.

"What do you want to do?"

He did not answer.

In the Eden of a spring afternoon they lay, the clear light falling on them. Everything was immediately made into memory, on the spot. For Cleve there was no real present, only the close future and the past.

"We must go," she said at last.

"Will I see you tomorrow?"

"I hope."

Another day. Cleve began to try to plan it. He wanted to be able to present it to her, perfect, like a royal gift.

He thought, as the day faded and they made their way back through the dusk, of what he had not said. To come back. To stay in Japan. He suddenly felt the delight of thinking that he had not passed the age of choices.

Back at the hotel, Corona was in the bar with Drury, a pilot from one of the other squadrons. Cleve sat with them.

"Did you just get in?" he asked Drury.

"This morning."

"How are things back at Kimpo?"

"Haven't you heard? There was a big fight up at the Yalu yesterday afternoon. We lost three ships."

Cleve's stomach went empty as if under a blow. There had been a big fight, and he had been in Tokyo. "Who?" he asked.

"Captain Ausman in your squadron, for one," Drury said.

Up at the Yalu. It seemed a planet away. Ausman, in one agonizing moment of departure, had fallen from thrilling loftiness to doom.

"Did they get any MIGs?" Cleve asked.

"Eight."

It was worse than he had thought. "There must have been a lot of them up," he said.

"More than I've ever seen, but that's not all."

"What more? Did Pell make ace?"

"Oh, nothing like that," Drury said. "Casey Jones is back."

CLEVE could suddenly hear his own heart beating, and beyond it Drury, talking about the black stripes on Casey Jones's plane. So Casey was back—Casey the legend, the master pilot, the best the enemy had to offer. He had come back like a lost planet, changing the whole firmament.

Cleve stared at his watch. "I'm going up to pack. There's a plane we can go back on tonight." He got up and started out of the bar.

"But we've got three days left!" Corona protested. "What's the hurry?"

"Stay if you want to," Cleve said from the doorway. "I'm going back."

There was no way to telephone Eico. In his room, Cleve sat down and wrote a hurried note: . . . Suddenly it's ended. I find I must go back to my squadron tonight . . . I don't know when I'll be able to come to Tokyo again. In two months, perhaps. All the talking we did, all the things unsaid, and now only one word—good-by . . .

Before he was finished, Corona came in and silently began to pack.

—JAMES SALTER

(This is the first of two parts)



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“How do you start again?”

By HOWARD COHN

Everything a man owns washes

Disaster! The word conveys the terror of a hurricane or a tornado or a fire—the hungry and the homeless and the tragic bewilderment of a family which has seen everything it owns swept away. But the word also has come to symbolize quick and tangible help from a sympathetic public—food and shelter and money distributed primarily through the agency of the American Red Cross.

This year marks the 75th anniversary of this service organization, which was created to aid the wounded and imprisoned in time of war, and the stricken in disaster-hit areas at any time. The duties of the Red Cross have expanded manyfold since then, but its disaster-relief work continues as a major and vital function.

The program received its sternest test in history last year. No section of the nation was disaster-free. In the spring a tornado leveled Udall, Kansas, and Blackwell, Oklahoma. In mid-August, hurricane winds and floods gutted the Carolinas and Virginia. A week later and again in October, the Northeast reeled under even more devastating floods. Then, at year's end, torrential rains caused the floods that destroyed or damaged more than 18,000 homes in California, Oregon and Nevada.

In all, national Red Cross professional and volunteer workers were on the scene at 10 major disasters—and at 290 smaller ones which struck the United States in 1955. During the year, the agency delivered help to 100,000 families and spent \$30,000,000 on disaster relief—an all-time record.

Eighty-three of these families live in Washington, Connecticut, and 206,000 of the Red Cross dollars were spent there in the aftermath of the Northeast floods. The Red Cross operation in Washington, Connecticut, will be repeated over and over this year, wherever mass tragedy strikes. It illustrates just one phase of the organization's work, but helps show why the annual Red Cross appeal for funds this month should be answered generously.

LOOK out onto Washington's Main Street from the front door of Frank Leoni's shoe-repair and clothing store and you still see scars of the great flood. There are boards in the first-floor windows across the street where a meat market used to be, and the ground is brown and sandy and rutted where once there was lovely grass.

“It doesn't look the same yet on the outside, and I guess all of us wonder if it ever will,” says Leoni, a chunky, dark-haired man who's lived forty-one of his forty-four years in the town. “It is inside that we've seen the miracle. Homes are back on their foundations and filled with people, food and furniture again. Businesses like mine and the Anderson cleaners and the Harlequin dress shop, which looked finished, are operating again. Some folks did it themselves. But most of us can thank our stars for the Red Cross and the local Community Fund which saw us through.”

One of the loveliest towns in Connecticut, Wash-

Collier's for March 16, 1956

away. So the Red Cross rushes to his aid—first at floodtime, then to rebuild for the future

ington sprawls over 27,000 square acres in the western part of the state. Most of its 2,200 residents live in hilly subdivisions of the township which were not affected by the floods. But the Shepaug River, which measures perhaps 30 feet across at its widest, winds its way through the valley area known as Washington Depot, where the town shops are located and many families live. And an even smaller stream called the East Aspetuck flows through the district known as New Preston. Both spilled over their banks on the morning of August 19th, and roared through the streets and fields, inundating about one tenth of the town's total area. Before the flood waters receded two days later, two people were dead and 145 injured. Twelve homes were destroyed and 64 others damaged. Washington, along with 40 other Connecticut cities and towns during 1955, had become a disaster area.

Leoni, who lives with his wife and two children in a five-room apartment above the store, heard the siren which was sounded at 1:25 A.M. to alert the town to the water danger. He recalls wondering in his half sleep where the fire was and thinking: "Well, in the downpour it can't burn much." A short time later he was wide awake: someone screamed from the street, "Tell Frank to get up, we're having a flood."

THE NEXT HOURS were filled with desperate work. Frank Leoni labored with other townspeople to sandbag house fronts against the raging Shepaug. He fought to empty his basement and get his business stock off the shop floor. He tried futilely to get through the water to the apartment of his aged parents just around the corner on West Street. Then, with his basement water-filled and the level rising higher and higher on his store floor, he and his family went upstairs to stay until the danger was over.

A wood stick nailed horizontally on the store wall shows the approximate water peak. "We figure five feet, nine inches," he says. This was far from a record. In his parents' apartment, the water came within two inches of the ceiling and the old couple had to be evacuated in a boat.

By midmorning, the local Civil Defense unit had set up the first of three canteens. When Henry Mygatt, chairman of the Washington Red Cross chapter and a farmer and town assessor by profession, arrived on the scene, he guaranteed that the Red Cross would assume the cost of all meals served.

"People were trudging in with no other clothes than what they were wearing," Mygatt recalls. "They had no food, nor a house to eat in. Our first job was to help provide them with the necessities of life."

This emergency period lasted 10 days, with much of the aid volunteered. During this critical week and a half, the Red Cross paid out \$4,800 for food, clothing, shelter or medical care for 551 residents.

Frank Leoni had clothes and an apartment left, but he came down to his store after the flood to find his inventory destroyed except for some sneak-

ers he had managed to toss on a top shelf. His windows were gone, the store interior battered and his shoe-repairing equipment damaged.

"I took one look and was ready to call it quits," he says. "How do you start again when your business is wrecked and there's no insurance to cover the damage?"

"Red Cross? I wasn't surprised to see them feeding people. I had always figured them for doughnuts and coffee and then a quick exit. I had never heard of their long-range aid. Now I'll never forget it."

"I guess it was Mr. Mygatt who first told me to fill out an application for Red Cross help, although pretty soon the word was all over town that applications were being taken. My grant was okayed late in September and the local Community Fund also gave me an award. It was a miracle. On November 12th, I opened for business again in a store that had just as much stock and looked as good as it ever did. And because of the help I wasn't much worse off financially than I had been when the floods struck."

The Red Cross assigned 350 disaster-relief people from all over the country to work in Connecticut. Four, headed by John S. Gibson, a field representative from Clearwater, Florida, handled the Washington operation. They carefully screened each application for a rehabilitation grant; then a nine-member advisory committee, consisting of prominent Washington residents who had not been hurt by the flood, reviewed the decision and recommended possible changes based on their more intimate background knowledge.

The grants are a ticklish and, as the Red Cross itself admits, not a completely satisfactory business. "Our awards are made entirely on the basis of need," explains Edward J. Gully, the disaster specialist who directed the state-wide Red Cross relief program in Connecticut. "A disaster-hit family or business with sufficient other sources of income and a good credit standing is not eligible for cash aid and often is understandably distressed at our attitude. On the other hand, we've found through long experience that our policy of helping only people and small businesses that cannot otherwise help themselves is the most satisfactory way we have of bringing a stricken area back to its predisaster situation."

Most Washington residents agree that the Red Cross did the best possible job in their town. More than 95 per cent of the Red Cross funds allocated there were spent on the long-range aid program which so dramatically helped lift residents to their feet again. It is organization policy not to divulge the details of each grant, but the 80-odd awards ran as high as \$12,700 and averaged more than \$2,000.

The grants took several forms. In some cases, cash sums were given outright. In others—mostly in rebuilding—the Red Cross agreed to pay specific amounts, provided the work contracted for proved satisfactory. Gibson and his co-workers set up model budgets to help stricken families organize

their finances, and in two cases mortgages were paid off in full—after the banks agreed to reduce them somewhat—so that flood-battered businessmen could get started again without being saddled with massive old debts.

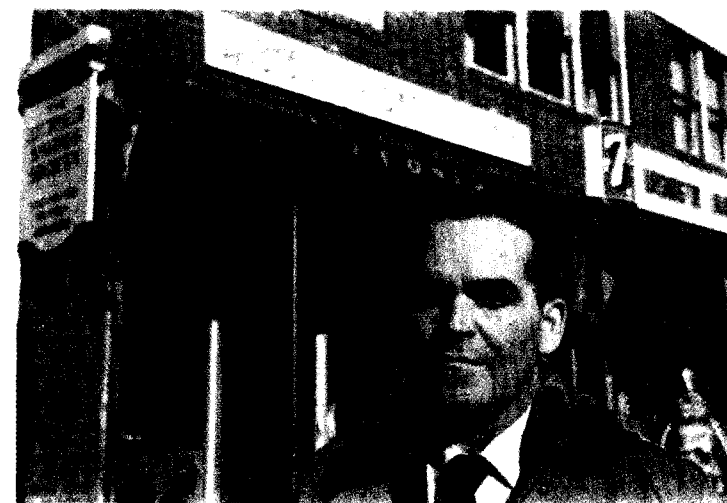
There was also flexibility in the Red Cross approach. Henry Mygatt remembers in particular the case of one old man who lost the workshop where he earned his living. The Red Cross did not feel it could re-establish him in business, but it urged the establishment of a six-year \$50-a-month pension fund for him. The advisory committee quickly and enthusiastically approved the award.

IN ANOTHER SITUATION, the Red Cross caseworkers increased a grant \$1,800 at the urging of the advisory committee. An elderly mother and spinster daughter had both their home and a building they rented out to a business wrecked by the storm. The original award would have restored the house and put the business building back on its foundation. When the committee pointed out how necessary it was to the victims' sustenance to be able to rent their building quickly again, area director Gibson agreed to raise the award so the interior also would be fixed up.

The Red Cross staff closed the Washington office on October 22d. They left behind a town they had helped mightily on the road to recovery. They had disbursed more than \$200,000 in outright gifts, with no repayment required. The townspeople they had encountered joined Frank Leoni in saying: "I can't imagine what kind of shape we'd be in today if it weren't for the Red Cross."

But one grateful woman in town delivered a more expressive comment. In a letter to Gibson, she recognized that the organization which had helped so much was more than just a small group of experts who had come to Washington for two months of work. "Bless you," she wrote. "The Red Cross! The whole world!"

THE END



Frank Leoni, of Washington, Conn., thought flood had wiped him out. Red Cross helped him reopen business



Wire-mesh hardware cloth? It didn't even slow up the pileated woodpecker (shown at right in close-up). No one can explain why vandalish bird attacks poles



A PECK OF TROUBLE

Power poles are simply no match for the pile-driving pileated woodpecker. He destroys them by the hundreds, at huge cost—and harassed power companies are powerless to stop him



No matter what the experts try, the woodpeckers go right on destroying poles. These pictures show some of the unavailing efforts of the Pennsylvania Power & Light Co., one of hardest hit. From left, gaudily striped pole, phony snake, noisy aluminum flashers, stuffed owl—all failed. Foresters at Penn State U. are working on problem

FOR the past 10 years electric-power companies in the eastern half of the United States have been harassed by a woodpecker whose sole ambition seems to be to peck to pieces every power pole he can get his beak into. Many of our 51 native varieties of woodpecker occasionally peck a modest hole in an attic dormer or a fence post, of course, but they are all puny, trifling birds compared to the one plaguing the power companies. This feathered vandal—he stands 21 inches high, has a 30-inch wing spread and is one of the largest members of his family—has to be seen to be believed.

On a recent afternoon, deep in Pennsylvania's Black Moshannon woods, I watched one of these birds attack a power pole. His powerful bill chiseled pencil-sized splinters from the pole with ease, and it was awesomely obvious that this creature actually could, as claimed, drive a nine- by five-inch hole through a 24-inch pole in a single working day. And it was equally obvious that any pole would have to be replaced if it was worked over by a woodpecker who was really trying, because it would quickly be so riddled it could no longer support the weight of its high-tension wires.

To make matters worse, the bird is also a hermit who shuns mankind and lives only in the deep forest. As a result, poles in remote mountain areas and isolated forest tracts, where high-power lines cut across country, are those most subject to his vandalism. Replacing such inaccessible poles is expensive—and hazardous: on many lines the power can't be shut off and the linemen must work with "hot" wires.

"Bo" Rush, transmission engineer for Louisiana Light & Power, says, "In some of our swamps it may cost us \$1,000 to get in and replace a pole. And we've had areas where we've had to replace all poles on an average of every two years, even though a pole's normal life expectancy is 35 years." In 1953, Connecticut Power &

Collier's for March 16, 1956



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JACK MANNING

By JAMES POLING

Light spent \$12,000 for replacements. Pennsylvania P.&L. has had to replace 230 of the 630 poles the woodpeckers have hit. Frank Keim, supervisor of operational planning for New Jersey P.&L., had to replace only 13 poles last year, at costs ranging up to \$900, but he has another 110 under attack. And he has a good idea what's in store for them.

"I've seen a woodpecker hack as many as 17 big holes in a pole before he finished," he says.

From coast to coast the story is much the same. And, as Keim points out, "While this isn't exactly a national calamity it could grow into a very serious problem. These birds are increasing rapidly and they're beginning to place a heavy strain on our bank rolls as well as our nervous systems. And this affects the cost of your electricity. By law, our rates are based on our expenses and anything that costs a utility company money costs the public money too."

THE VILLAIN of the piece is the pileated (*pie-lee-ated*) woodpecker, so called because the top of his head, or pileum, is red-crested. Some people might confuse Pileatus with his kissing kin, the redheaded woodpecker, whose pileum is also red-crested, but it would be an inexcusable error. After all, Pileatus has an outer hind toe that is shorter than his outer front toe and everyone knows this isn't true of the redheaded woodpecker.

According to the National Audubon Society, Pileatus is also known as the Great God, Lord God or Good God Woodpecker—nomenclature based on the exclamations that inevitably come to one's lips on first seeing the bird at work.

When I saw Pileatus in action he reminded me of an animated pile driver. He first braced himself against the pole with his

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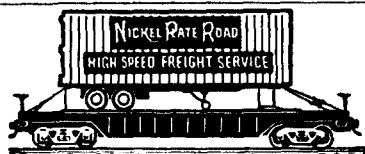
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Pileatus packs such power in his skull and bill that one peck can knock a man out cold

powerful tail feathers, pulled his head far back, and then drove forward with the force of a sledge hammer. He pecked so fast and furiously that his crimson pompadour looked like a blurred red arc in the air. And he struck with such vigor that when I finally returned to my car, a good mile away, his rapid thudding strokes could still be heard.

The secret of the pileated woodpecker's great strength lies in his bill and skull, which, unlike those of other birds, are fused into one piece. This enables him, with one wrenching stroke of his chisel-like beak, to send three-, four- and even six-inch chips flying through the air.

Despite his destructive prowess, however, Pileatus, like other woodpeckers, is protected by the federal Migratory Bird Treaty of 1916. Before that it was thought for a time he would become extinct. The thorough logging-over of the Eastern and Midwestern forests at the end of the last century cut him off from the food resources and hermitlike shelter he needed for survival. By 1908 he'd practically vanished. Now, however, with the forests of second growth approaching maturity, he is again reappearing in strength.

The utility companies first became uncomfortably aware that Pileatus was resurgent around 1945 and immediately began marshaling their resources to combat him. For the past 10 years a group of assorted scientists, power-line maintenance experts, line crews, company executives and wood-pole preservative specialists have worked together to produce an ingenious array of devices designed to discourage his sabotage. But the woodpecker has made a monkey of them all. He has either ignored their inventions, sneered at them, or pecked them to pieces too.

LAST MAY, the Pennsylvania P.&L., West Penn Power, New Jersey P.&L. and Northern Pennsylvania Companies finally established a Utilities Wood Pole Research Grant to finance a scientific three-year study of the problem, and thankfully turned the whole matter over to Pennsylvania State University's School of Forestry.

But Dr. Richard Jorgensen, the burly 225-pound, six-foot five-inch wood technologist in active charge of the project, says, "The utility companies threw us a curve ball. It turns out they've already tried about everything a man could think of."

In the beginning, the utilities and allied companies tried placing new poles alongside damaged ones, hoping the woodpeckers would continue to hack away at the pole of their original choice—but the birds immediately turned on the fresh poles and destroyed them. Then the companies lashed sections of damaged poles to the new ones, but again the birds perversely ignored the old and worked only on the new poles. Then the utilities attached red-flannel streamers and metal flashers to the new poles to frighten the birds off. The woodpeckers paused briefly to admire the flashing metal, then buffed their bills on the flannel and attacked the poles with renewed zest.

Next, artificial snakes and owls were attached to the poles. The woodpeckers cackled derisively, ignored the snakes, pecked the rubber owls to pieces, and returned to their appointed task. Then the poles were wrapped in

a heavy wire-mesh cloth, which the birds scornfully unwrapped before continuing their demolition work. Finally, the poles were treated with a variety of chemical repellents, but a determined woodpecker is so hard to repel that the Osmose Wood Preserving Company, of Buffalo, New York, was soon advertising a \$100 reward for "a commercially practicable idea to prevent woodpeckers from impairing standing pole strength."

THE PUBLIC did no better than the experts. Many, of course, suggested the use of steel poles, which are too costly to be practical. Several people suggested applying a sticky, gummy substance to the poles, but applications of this sort were just as effective in keeping linemen off poles as birds. One woman thought blue ceramic poles might be the answer, because birds refused to go near the new blue ceramic birdbath in her back yard. Another woman was convinced feather dusters would do the trick, since 24 of them, hung over the ledges of the Southern Pacific Building, in El Paso, had rid that structure of pigeons. No one has yet won the reward.

"You can see that the obvious possibilities have been pretty well explored," Dr. Jorgensen says. "And I don't see how we can expect to do much better until we can learn to think like a woodpecker. We just don't know enough yet."

When Penn State's School of Forestry agreed to take on Pileatus it wisely made no promises, even though its wildlife experts knew vastly more about the woodpecker family than the utilities people have ever known. Their knowledge ranged from highly scientific data through such tidbits as the fact that all woodpeckers can scratch their heads with their feet, and that a few of them are tipplers, getting drunk on sun-fermented sap and rollicking through the forest in a rude and highly boisterous fashion.

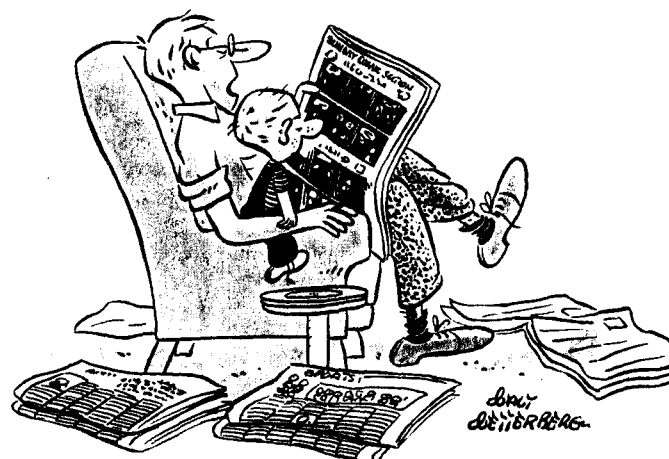
But with all their knowledge, Jorgensen and his associates lacked the answer

to the all-important question: What makes a woodpecker peck? Or, more specifically: What makes a woodpecker peck when a woodpecker would peck power poles?

All accepted theories of woodpecker pecking collapse in the face of the power-pole dilemma. Granted, Pileatus does peck nests in poles during the spring mating season. But why does he attack the poles with even greater zest in the fall and winter? His favorite diet consists of insects found beneath the bark of trees. But there is no insect life in a creosote-impregnated pole. Some experts think he is always able to find a meal because he can hear insects at work inside a tree. As an extension of this idea it was suggested that the hum of high-tension wires, passing down through the pole, misled Pileatus into thinking a meal lay inside it. This theory was pecked to pieces last year when a contractor erected a new 40-mile line of poles across the Alleghenies. When he had finished placing the poles he went back to begin stringing wire—and had to replace the first three poles.

THERE IS no explanation of a woodpecker's pecking that makes any sense when power poles are involved. For this reason Jorgensen, who is convinced Pileatus will never really be licked until the psychological impulse behind his feathery vandalism is discovered, assigned a graduate student in wildlife management, Todd Pfitzenmeyer, the unenviable task of learning to think like a woodpecker. But Pfitz, a wiry, deeply tanned young fellow of twenty-six, may be just the man for the job. Although he is shy with people, he already has a pileated woodpecker eating out of his hand.

As his first step toward an intensive study of the bird's behavior pattern, Pfitz went out in the woods last May, climbed 35 feet up a white pine, and kidnaped a baby Pileatus from her nest. He knew that no pileated woodpecker had ever been successfully raised in captivity except a nine-year-old bird named Phloeo, raised by Dr. Southgate



"... and then, in the next picture, she's sitting there lonely as can be because all the boys are avoiding her, when her best friend, Edith, says, 'Of course your hair looks stringy and lifeless if you're still using old-fashioned shampoos that actually harm the scalp by removing the natural oils nature supplies to keep the hair lustrous and radiant...'"

COLLIER'S

WALT WETTERBERG

Collier's for March 16, 1956



Hoyt, a Cornell University ornithologist. Phleo has pecked innumerable cages to sawdust and once, when Dr. Hoyt was careless, pecked him on the skull and knocked him cold. Phleo has also lost her tail feathers, because of a dietary deficiency.

It is essential, of course, that Pfitz's young bird retain her tail feathers. Without them she would lose her value as a feathered guinea pig because, just as a man can't swing an ax without bracing his feet, a woodpecker can't peck without bracing its tail feathers. In order to preserve his bird's tail plumage Pfitz spends more time in the woods hunting ant-infested logs to bring home to the bird's six- by six- by eight-foot cage than most wives spend in the kitchen. But the natural diet he is feeding his bird seems to be producing results. When I saw the youngster her tail feathers were already over five inches long.

While they are waiting for the captive bird to mature and reveal to them the innermost secrets of her nature, Jorgensen and Pfitzenmeyer are also experimenting with some ideas of their own for frustrating the pileated woodpecker's pecking proclivities.

Their first scheme died stillborn. They learned that there was no record of woodpeckers ever having damaged a South American wallaba tree, which is about three times as hard as the domestic wood used in poles. Unfortunately, while they were happily preparing to experiment with wallaba poles, they received word that the Pileatus, down in Louisiana, was already chomping large chunks out of poles made of greenheart, another South American wood even harder than wallaba.

Jorgensen and Pfitz then decided to see if woodpeckers were color-conscious and could be repelled by a painted pole. They painted bands of red, white, green and yellow on some poles in a region where there was considerable pecking. In brilliant sunshine these poles looked to me like gigantic pieces of stick candy—and the birds seemed to find them enticing, too. The paint had hardly dried before the woodpeckers went to work on them, attack-

ing every color except red. Their failure to attack the red sections may not be too significant, however. Pileatus, like any intelligent axman, takes things easy during the summer months. Jorgensen and Pfitzenmeyer want to see red go through an entire year untouched before they will believe the answer lies in anything as simple as painting a pole red.

They are also planning to place wooden models of the kingbird on some poles. The kingbird is a pugnacious little eight-inch creature who has been known to vent his displeasure even on vultures and eagles, and most birds head for the hills when they see him coming. The question here is: Does Pileatus know a kingbird when he sees one and, if so, is he scared of him? "Unfortunately," Jorgensen says, "we haven't found much evidence that this pileated fool is afraid of anything."

ANOTHER PROJECT under consideration stems from an experiment conducted by Dr. H. W. Frings, of the university's department of zoology. He has recorded the fright cry of the starling, broadcast it over an amplifier in a town infested with starlings, and driven the pests from the area. Jorgensen and Pfitzenmeyer are intrigued with the idea of placing amplifiers, capable of projecting sound five miles, along a power line and letting them blare out the fright cry of the woodpecker once every hour. They'd also like to know just how to go about frightening a pileated woodpecker. And there are some people connected with the project who would like to know just how you go about placating any citizenry who might live within hearing distance of the amplifiers.

Meanwhile, as Pileatus continues to peck away, the utilities emit their own fright cry. A recent issue of Electrical World reported, in obvious anguish, "This bird has defeated every stratagem devised to date, is increasing in numbers, and broadening its hostilities . . . no pole is immune!" All because man, entering the second decade of the Age of the Atom, still can't figure out what makes a woodpecker peck. THE END

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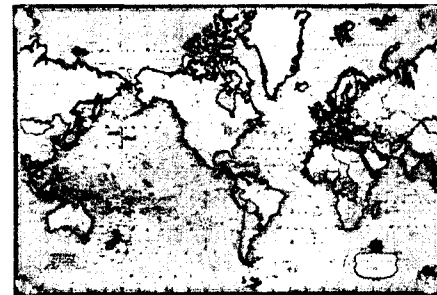
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There can be too much secrecy

WHILE WE and the Soviet leaders have moved from one postwar conference to another, each of us has been building up his supply of weapons and perfecting new ones, in case of war. On the basis of recent assertions in Washington by responsible political leaders, and on the evidence adduced by Hanson W. Baldwin in this issue of Collier's, it has become at last abundantly clear that we and the Soviets are involved in a critical contest to develop the first intercontinental ballistic missile, otherwise known as the ICBM. This is not a "guided" missile in the sense that its automatic guidance apparatus carries it through its flight until the moment it finds and strikes its target. Although some form of "terminal" controls ultimately may be included in the weapon, although it is subject to guidance and correction during its first several hundred miles of flight, it is for most of the great arc of its trajectory very like a bullet. While, as pointed out by Mr. Baldwin, severe engineering problems still exist, the ICBM ultimately will be able to take off, achieve a velocity many times the speed of sound, and descend perhaps half an hour later on its target 5,000 miles away. There is no presently known method of stopping—or, as the military say, of interdicting—the missile once it has been launched.

Whether or not this is, indeed, "the ultimate weapon" or "the absolute weapon," as it has sometimes been described, is a matter the experts may debate. Meanwhile, no one can argue the appalling capacities of a hydrogen bomb encased in a 5,000-mile-range missile which cannot be stopped. It is dangerous nonsense to quibble over the relative power of a weapon when, at a minimum, it can bring under the threat of total devastation any city on earth.

Nor may we, in relation to our military requirements, be greatly concerned with Soviet intentions. These, as has been abundantly illustrated, are highly fluid as to tactics, rigid only as to ultimate aims. To understand Soviet political aims and the various techniques used in pursuing them is the primary concern of our State Department. It is the task of the Department of Defense to make certain that regardless of Soviet intentions our defense establishment is at all times equal to or better than Soviet armed strength. That is its mission in peacetime no less than in wartime.

Yet there is increasing evidence that in the critical field of the ICBM the Soviets may well be ahead. As Mr. Baldwin points out, no one (including, fortunately, the Russians) can be entirely certain that this is so. But other statements have not been reassuring. Senator Symington has said flatly that the Soviets are well ahead in the race. Senator Jackson of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy also has indicated this in his speech in which he voiced the possibility that the Soviets soon may fire a 1,500-mile missile, with all that this threat implies against our present allies and our bases in Europe, Africa and Asia. Many a leader in defense, in science, in politics has expressed the same opinion—that the Soviets are ahead of us.

Assuming that this is true, we should like to raise and examine the question—why? In a nation which has achieved one technological miracle after another, which rightly prides itself upon its enormous gifts of scientific brains and technological know-how, why is it that we should fall behind a nation which we have all too often, out of smugness or vanity or plain bad judgment, underestimated?

Is it because the Soviets have concentrated their main effort on producing the weapon with the clearest decisive advantages while we have scattered our effort over a variety of weapons, all excellent but none with the essential capability required?

Is it because, through dilatoriness or indecision or mistaken preoccupation with cost, we have proceeded on the ICBM program on a

"business as usual" basis, keeping the essential plants on a single-shift basis when nothing less than a round-the-clock program will suffice?

The facts are, at least, that the plants have *not* been working at or anywhere near capacity; that only now, when the race has been in progress for nearly three years, has anything resembling a crash program been set in motion. And the apparent fact is that, as a result, we have let the Soviets get off to a head start in a matter which is of life-and-death importance to all of us.

Another, highly relevant, fact is that the vast majority of Americans have been going about their daily lives completely unaware not only of the fact that we are trailing in the race, but even of the significance of the race itself. In plain logic, such a situation is intolerable in a democracy such as ours.

This is not to quarrel with the basic requirement of maintaining essential security on many aspects of our national defense. It is obvious that a vast amount of technical data on individual defense projects, and information related to their progress, must be protected by secrecy. We clearly cannot afford to leak to the Russians data that enable them to widen their lead in the race for the ICBM—this is accepted by all.

But neither is it possible—and the ICBM may provide the grimmest example of this—for this democracy to exist in circumstances where the people are sealed off from all inkling of the great, strategic considerations which govern their very lives. This is a cynical denial of both the common sense of the American people and of the validity of the principle of self-government. More than that, it is harshly impractical, and self-defeating.

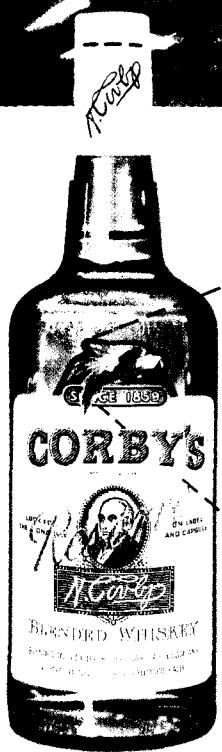
It is impractical, for one reason, because regardless of all else the people are invested with the *power* to govern, and they will govern, for better or worse, depending precisely upon the quality of information upon which their decisions are based. Every penny of money spent by the military on any project is provided by the House of Representatives, which alone has the power to initiate appropriation measures, and which, to a man, must return to the voters every two years for license to stay in office.

Ultimately any program such as that of the ICBM is inevitably based on public support, for it is only the public which can provide, out of pocket or through its existing institutions, the money, education and training, and scientific research programs to do the job.

The security of the United States is the primary, but not exclusive, concern of our elected representatives and our appointed military leaders. The great outlines of our defense policies and a broad knowledge of our relative defensive posture should be known not merely by a small group of leaders, but by all citizens. In a democracy, in a free society based on the wisdom and judgment of all its members, the final great decisions must be made by the nation as a whole.

But those final decisions can be made only when people have sufficient information to exercise thoughtful and careful judgment. The risk is great, but less great than when these decisions are made in an absence of public knowledge, when the public has been deprived access to information which will enable it to make competent decisions on the gravest matters of life and death and the survival of all we believe in.

It is not enough to know after the fact. It is necessary that the public be made aware of the great alternatives confronting it. Only thus do we, as a free people, retain ultimate custody of our lives and our freedom. Certainly neither history nor any possible future casualties will forgive those in power who feared to put into the hands of Americans the knowledge they needed to help prepare for their survival, but instead told them too little and too late.



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